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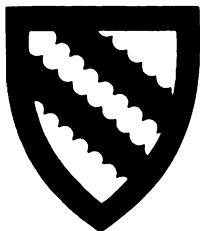


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LADY
HYMN WRITERS
M^{rs} & R Pitman



Frances R. Havergal

T. NELSON & SONS
LONDON, EDINBURGH & NEW-YORK

Lady Hymn Writers

By

MRS. E. R. PITMAN

*Author of "Vestina's Martyrdom," "Heroines of the Mission Field,"
"Mission Life in Greece and Palestine,"
&c. &c.*



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Preface.

HYMNOLOGY is attracting much notice at the present time, but only a student of the subject can realize how much we owe to lady hymn writers. It takes poetic feeling, fervent devotion, and religious experience to make a good hymn, and all these must be conceded to most of our women hymn writers, as we think the specimens here given will prove.

Many friends have helped me by indicating sources from whence information could be gleaned, or by furnishing such information. Among them I must name especially Mrs. C. F. Alexander, wife of the Bishop of Derry; Rev. Andrew Carter, editor of the *British Messenger*; Rev. C. G. Reskelly of Littledean; Mr. Arthur E. Grant of Burnley; Mr. George Penn of London, who passed away while the book was in the printer's hands; Miss K. Oxborrow of Ipswich; Miss Birkbeck; Mr. E. J. Ensor, and others. I am also greatly indebted to the Rev. W. Garrett Horder's "Hymn Lover," and Schaff's "Library of Religious Poetry," for various particulars concerning hymn writers.

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LADY HYMN WRITERS.

CHAPTER I.

God's Singers.

“ God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.”

LONGFELLOW.

IT has been said that St. Luke was “the first Christian hymnologist.” It is true that he has preserved to us the *Benedictus*, the *Magnificat*, the *Nunc Dimittis*, and the *Gloria in Excelsis*. But there were Christian singers before the days of Mary and Simeon and Zacharias. Miriam and Deborah sang songs of praise to God ages before the days of St. Luke. The whole Bible rings with music from the days when “the morning stars sang together” with joy at the creation, down to the time when John beheld and heard in prophetic vision the angels “harping with their harps before the throne of God upon the glassy sea.” It will be seen that in Biblical times, as well as

in our days, one spirit—that of devout praise to God—animated all these singers. There was then no difference whether the singer were a humble prophetess like Deborah, living under a palm-tree in simple fashion, or a great king like David, or a lowly maiden like Mary. So in later times. Congregations sing the strains of the early Christian fathers, like Ambrose; of medieval monks, like Bernard; of Anglican clergymen, like Ken and Lyte; of Romanists, like Newman and Madame Guyon; of Methodists, like Wesley and Whitefield; of Independents, like Baxter, Doddridge, and Watts; of Moravians, like Montgomery and Zinzendorf; of Unitarians, like Sarah F. Adams; of Baptists, like Anne Steele; of Churchwomen, like Frances Ridley Havergal, Charlotte Elliott, and Mrs. Alexander; of straitest Nonconformists, like Ann and Jane Taylor and Harriet Beecher Stowe. In singing hymns, the Church militant forgets to quarrel; and so our hymn-books bear musical and eloquent witness to the inward unity of our faith. In this one form of service there is neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Churchman nor Dissenter; for all alike praise God, and are “one in Him.”

What is a hymn? There are many answers to this question. Many of our best writers and thinkers have attempted a definition. Saunders says: “A true hymn is either prayer or praise—a heart-utterance to the divine Being.” Gill says: “Hymns are not meant to be theological statements, expositions of doctrines, or enunciations of precepts; they are utterances of the soul in its manifold moods of hope and fear, joy and

sorrow, love, wonder, and aspiration." H. W. Beecher says: "Hymns are the exponents of the inmost piety of the Church; they are the crystalline tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures." Lord Selborne says: "A good hymn should have simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling; a consistent elevation of tone; and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial." Augustine said: "Hymns are songs containing the praises of God." And as if to point the moral of Augustine's definition, Dr. Prescott, in his "Christian Hymns and Hymn Writers," gives the following medieval legend:—

Once seven holy men determined to forsake the world, and devote their lives to the service of God. Having no building suitable for their purpose, they worshipped God in a beautiful forest glade, far from the haunts of men. But they were old, and destitute of musical ability. Their abbot, therefore, gave them leave to *repeat* their chants instead of singing them, except the *Magnificat*, which they were to chant in the best manner they could. Things went on like this till one day a stranger possessing a beautiful voice accosted them, and entreated to be allowed to join them in singing. And they were only too glad to accept his offer; for, it is said, their unmelodious chant was so dreadful that it absolutely frightened every bird. The old men, on listening to the stranger's voice, mentally thanked God that now the *Magnificat* could be sung aright, and therefore in a manner acceptable to him. But little they knew the true state of

affairs. All the stranger's thoughts were upon himself and his own beautiful voice, and because of this the song was unacceptable in heaven—"Christ could not hear a word." At the end of the service an angel appeared to the little group, inquiring why no praise had been offered up as heretofore. Then the eyes of the old monks were opened, for they discerned that it was not beautiful music nor splendid voices that God required, but the *praises of the heart*. A good lesson this for modern worshippers.

What do we owe to hymn writers? It is difficult to tell all the debt of gratitude which the Church owes to them, whether we consider the worship of collective bodies, or the quiet hours of devout minds, who have had their aspirations wafted heavenwards by the strains of poets who were doubtless inspired by the Spirit of all wisdom to write those strains. To understand our debt we must go back a little and listen to the psalmody of the past. The "Psalms" as "done into English metre" by Sternhold and Hopkins furnished as many examples of the grotesque as of the devout. Fancy a congregation singing verses like these—

"He digs a ditch, and delves it deep,
In hope to hurt his brother;
But he shall fall into the pit
That he digged up for t'other."

Or—

"So many bulls do compass me
That be full strong of head,
Yea, bulls so fat as though they had
In Basan's field been fed."

One of our hymnologists tells a story of a divine in the pulpit announcing as the psalm to be sung for that service the one commencing,—

“ Like to an owl in an ivy bush,
That rueful thing am I ; ”

and at that moment the clerk put on such a rueful countenance that the people burst into laughter, seeing, as it were, the picture before them of the “rueful thing” about which they were singing. What profitable worship could there possibly be in singing or chanting such doggerel rhymes ? Yet these were the harbingers of a brighter day in the Church.

Sternhold and Hopkins were not responsible for all the nonsensical rhymes dignified with the name of hymns. Here is a specimen from Devonshire not so many years ago,—

“ There’s bread and fish for you and me,
And plenty more for two and three;
Your empty baskets you may bring,
And gather all the fragments in.”

Another specimen more lately adopted by the Salvation Army runs thus,—

“ The devil and me, we can’t agree,
I hate him, and he hates me.
He had me once, but he let me go ;
He wants me again, but I will not go.

“ The publicans are crying out,
Because the Army is going about ;
But still about we mean to go,
And rout the devil and every foe.

“ We'll sing and pray, and we'll believe,
And sinners shall the truth receive ;
We'll preach the truth in every town,
And pull the devil's kingdom down.”

But those uncultured people of other days sang with the heart, if not with the understanding. At one of John Wesley's services, the preacher was annoyed much by an old woman who sang most persistently out of tune. Mr. Wesley's fine musical ear could not bear that without remonstrance ; so he said, “ You are singing out of tune, my sister ! ” “ But my heart is singing, sir,” was the old woman's prompt reply. “ Then, sing on, my sister,” returned John Wesley. So that in this respect it is to be hoped that the discordant monks of medieval days and the old Cornish woman of Wesley's day stood upon an equality. “ Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.”

Of the power of hymns to sway multitudes we have frequent instances. One very remarkable instance is given by Dr. Goodell, American missionary at Constantinople. A meeting was once held in that city, consisting of people of various languages and nationalities. He says :—“ Addresses were given in four languages—German, English, Armenian, and Turkish ; and hymns were sung at the same moment, to the same tune, in three different languages—Armenian, Greek, and English. There was no confusion, no discord ; no one was out of tune or out of time. The harmony was perfect ; while each in the spirit, and with the greatest power and might, was singing in his

own tongue wherein he was born the high praises of our God. The effect was quite overpowering. It was the voice of a great multitude, and rose up like the sound of many waters."

Luther's hymns and chorals were a mighty force in the Reformation in Germany. They were sung from house to house, as well as in churches, until the national mind and memory were permeated with the truth of God. What could not be read in books could be sung and remembered in a hymn, so that the superstitions of Romanism fled before the clarion notes of hymns—the gospel in song.

Hymns have soothed the pulse of sorrow, have brightened darkest days, have nerved sinking hearts to conflict, and have comforted in the hour of death. "Give me a bairn's hymn," said Dr. Guthrie on his dying couch; and during the recent disastrous flood at Johnstown, United States, a woman's voice was heard above the roar of the waters singing, "Jesus, Refuge of my soul," until her voice became choked in death.

Hymns have cheered sufferers on beds of pain, and brought prodigals home to God. Dr. Neale tells us of a little child who was ill and in great suffering, but who, through long nights of anguish, would lie quiet, and almost even without a murmur, to listen to Bernard's hymn on Heaven. This is a long poem, over four hundred lines in length, and from it are taken our hymns commencing "Jerusalem the golden," "To thee, O dear, dear country," "Brief life is here our portion," and "The world is very evil." This Ber-

nard, monk of Cluny, was a saintly man. He would say to his fellow-monks when walking with them in the cloisters, "Dear brethren, I must go; there is some one waiting for me in my cell." That "some one" was his Lord and Saviour. He further said, "The name of Jesus is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, joy in the heart, medicine in the soul, and there are no charms in any discourse where his name is not heard." This saintly singer of the twelfth century will be "held in everlasting remembrance" through all the ages, because of the Christian hearts which his hymns have cheered.

A young prodigal, far from his native land, lay dying; but he persistently turned a deaf ear to the exhortations and entreaties of an aged minister who sat by his bedside. Finding at last that exhortation was useless, the minister commenced to sing a hymn of heaven—"Jerusalem, my happy home." "Why," exclaimed the youth, after a couple of verses had been sung through, "my mother used to sing that hymn!" and listening, he was led to Christ. These verses, part of a long hymn, written, as far as can be judged, by an obscure priest of the time of Queen Elizabeth, were thus the means of leading a modern prodigal back to God. How many a wanderer from home and God has been caught by the sound of an old familiar hymn tune; and while, like the Ancient Mariner, he could not choose but listen, old memories have crowded back and old prayers come to recollection, while the tear of penitence has started forth. The hymns sung

in childhood around the fireside or in the accustomed sanctuary have sometimes gone all through the changing years with the children, till they have borne blessed fruit in leading them home to God, and in comforting and strengthening them in seasons of temptation and trial. Were not these memories of hymns very blessed legacies? Doubtless.

Weary prisoners have beguiled their hours of loneliness with hymns. It is said that Sir Patrick Hume employed himself during a long and weary imprisonment in repeating over Buchanan's version of the Psalter, which he had before this committed to memory. Others have composed hymns in prison which the Church will not willingly forget. Madame Guyon's hymns were mostly written during her long years of prison life; the hymn referred to before, "Jerusalem, my happy home," was written in the Tower of London; George Wither wrote sweet melodies in prison; and many another captive has penned lines which lived either on their dungeon-walls or on hidden scraps of paper, only to be brought to light in happier times. Sir Walter Raleigh, while awaiting death, wrote a piece entitled "The Pilgrimage," from which we extract one verse:—

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to rest upon,
My scrip of joy (immortal diet),
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I take my pilgrimage."

Poor Sir Walter! Soon after writing these lines he

passed, we trust, by way of the block and the headsman's axe, from the Tower to a heavenly home.

When Mrs. Wesley, the mother of John and Charles Wesley, was on her death-bed, she said with quivering lips, just as her soul was departing, "Children, when I am released, sing a song of praise to God." Thus the aged saint would have her own thanks and those of her children expressed in holy song.

God's singers have in these latter times become so numerous as almost to defy any computation. A noted hymnologist computed that, up to 1863, there were known to be fourteen hundred and ten British hymn writers. Of these not a few are women; and as the total number of hymn writers has grown apace since that date, the increase in lady hymnists has been correspondingly large. Indeed, at the present day, many of the most esteemed and oftenest sung hymns are those written by women. This little work aims at recording the particulars connected with these hymns and their authors. Hitherto these particulars have been scattered here and there in many quarters; but now an attempt is made to gather them all together in one volume, when it will be seen that our hymn-books would be poor indeed were they purged of the productions of Anne Steele, of Charlotte Elliott, of Frances Ridley Havergal, of Anna L. Waring, of Mrs. Alexander, of Madame Guyon, of Mary Shekleton, of Harriett Auber, and a host of minor singers, whose hymns and poems as truly reflect Christ, the common Lord and Master.

One thing more. It will be noticed in these chronicles that God's singers have come from all ranks and conditions of life, as well as from all branches of the Church militant. Some have worn queenly crowns, others have toiled for a daily living; some have been nursed in the lap of wealth among the aristocracy, others have filled very humble positions in life; some have rejoiced in health and vigour, others have been life-long invalids; some have adhered to orthodox and fashionable church systems, others have clung to unorthodox faiths, and to the chilling shadows of dissent. Yet in one and all we can trace the family likeness. A congregation may sing at one and the same service hymns from Mrs. Adams, Charlotte Elliott, Frances Ridley Havergal, and Adelaide Anne Procter, and never find anything in one hymn to clash with another, so true is it that in the region of hymns all doctrinal differences are forgotten. In this fact we cannot but see a foretaste and earnest of the time when "the whole ransomed Church of God" shall be able to sing together with one heart and voice the song of "Moses and the Lamb."

Many of these women singers have been called home to Paradise. Many others have been singing for years, but are now nearing the end of their course. Some are still in the flesh, holding on their pilgrim way, and singing, meanwhile, every now and again, a fresh song in this "house of their pilgrimage," to cheer and teach and lighten the hearts of their fellow-pilgrims. May they be long spared to us!

CHAPTER II.

Psalms and Hymns.

THEIR ASSOCIATIONS AND MEMORIES.

MANY favourite psalms and hymns have histories of their own. They are parts of a grand total of about twenty thousand ; and were not only written with the life-experience and almost the life-blood of their authors, but they often furnish pages of autobiography. Thus the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way" was written by William Cowper after a fit of mental derangement, during which he had attempted to commit suicide. "Jerusalem the golden" speaks eloquently of the hopes and aspirations of the monk Bernard of Cluny in the seclusion of his cloister. "Oft in danger, oft in woe" was scribbled on the back of a mathematical exercise by Henry Kirke White ; as also was that hymn of Ray Palmer's, "My faith looks up to Thee." "Abide with me" was written by Henry Lyte after having preached his last sermon, and when drawing near to the end of his earthly course. "Lead, kindly Light," was composed by Cardinal Newman before he became cardinal, when tossing about on the

Mediterranean, and subject to much mental darkness and unrest in his passage from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism. We owe the hymn commencing, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord," to an incident connected with danger and possible shipwreck in the life of the author, Joseph Addison. He encountered a fierce storm when sailing along the coast of Italy, so fierce, indeed, that the captain of the ship himself gave up all for lost, and made what he supposed to be his last confession to a Capuchin friar who happened to be on board. The storm abated, however, and Addison composed this hymn, which is not only called the "Traveller's Hymn," but has been ever since a great favourite with sailors and travellers.

It is said that Robert Hall once composed a sermon on that sentence from the *Te Deum*, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting," and not until he had completed his sermon did he turn to his concordance to find the text. The rhythm of this grandest of all uninspired hymns had caught his ear, and lingered in the chambers of his mind until he was led to compose a discourse upon it.

Isaac Watts, a singer of songs for the sanctuary which are dear to all Christian hearts, was first led to compose hymns in consequence of the sadly discordant poetical compositions which were used in the public worship of his day. On expressing his opinion to his father, who was deacon of an Independent church at Southampton, in the year 1782, he was met by the reply, "Then give us something better, young man." Isaac,

then in his eighteenth year, accepted the challenge, and composed the hymn commencing,—

“ Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father’s throne ;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.”

The congregation was invited to close the evening service with singing this hymn, which they did, much to their own enjoyment. Once started on his hymn-writing career, Isaac Watts went on until his “ Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs ” furnished a rich treasury of praise for the service of the house of the Lord.

Traditions concerning others of his hymns are not wanting in interest. It is said that the hymn commencing, “ There is a land of pure delight,” was inspired by the beautiful view to be obtained across the waters of the Solent, as he sat looking at the distant beauties of the New Forest. Even his friendships furnished themes for praise and song ; for we are told that when the accomplished Mrs. Rowe (then Miss Singer) refused his addresses, telling the young divine that although she admired the jewel she could not endure the casket, he expressed his disappointment in a hymn commencing,—

“ How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.”

It was in response to a thoughtless remark about his personal appearance that Watts composed a stanza destined to live. A stranger, being permitted to see

him for the first time, exclaimed, "What! is that little man the great Dr. Watts?" To this he immediately replied,—

" Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul ;
The mind's the standard of the man."

Doddridge mentions that on one occasion, having preached from these words, found in the sixth chapter of Hebrews, "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises," he announced that hymn of Watts' commencing,—

" Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

" Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears."

But the hymn was drowned in sobs, and many were too moved to continue singing at all. We venture to say that few who are nearing heaven could sing it through feelingly without breaking down ; the sense of speedy reunion with those already "passed over" would be so strong.

No one can be acquainted with the life of Luther without being struck by the large part that music and hymnology played in it. When a lad he sang hymns for alms in the streets of Eisenach, and so commended himself to the kindly sympathies of Conrad von Cotta

woman, every boy, and every girl, wherever they are whatever they are doing, may truthfully say, "Thou God seest me!"

Therefore King David says, Psalm cxxxix, 7th verse,—"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee;" for "Thou God seest me!" Another person says, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro in the earth, beholding the evil and the good, and to reward man according to his works!" and so we find Jeremiah the prophet writing thus, "The great, the Mighty God, the Lord of hosts, is His name; great in counsel and mighty in work: for Thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men: to give every one according to his doings." And the Lord speaks, saying, "Am I a God at hand, and not afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? Do not I fill Heaven and earth? saith the Lord."

Now, if this thought were fixed upon our mind, and a consciousness that God is always with us were to rest upon us; and if we were fully aware that God is everywhere present, and that He knows all about us at all times;—our sins, our trials, our joys, our sorrows, our pleasures, our pains, our evil deeds, and our acts of kindness—one of two things must enter our minds;

namely—*fear*, if we do evil; or, *confidence and peace*, if we do well. God has so constituted us, that this is sure to be the case. He has seen fit to erect within our breast a throne of judgment, upon which is enthroned CONSCIENCE, judging our every action, and informing us whether it is right or wrong, good or evil; approving of those actions which are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, virtuous, and of good report; and condemning those that are selfish, and sinful, and base, and mean. So that every man, and every woman, carries about continually a written account of the actions of a life. Hence the fearfulness which takes possession of those who are commencing a life of sin. Fearfulness and trembling take possession of them, as they contemplate lying, and theft, and so on, lest they should be found out, and their evil deeds be laid open before the world.

Dear young reader, when assailed by the temptations of wicked men or women—fierce temptation from the great enemy of souls, or the evil desires of your own evil hearts—remember that the eye of an Omniscient and Omnipresent God is upon you, reading your thoughts; and in your time of need cast yourself upon Him for His special help and restraining grace; cry to Him for grace, through Christ your only hope. Thus, fearing God, and shunning the path of the evil-doer, you may with confidence apply to yourself the language of the 91st Psalm, in the greatness and fulness of its spiritual meaning; or this, "He will not suffer thy feet to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber nor sleep. The Lord will preserve thee from all evil. He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for evermore." When you are tempted to do that which is evil in itself, and evil in its consequences,

remember then that the eye of the Lord is upon you; and this will save you from ten thousand snares. "All things are open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. Thou God seest me! Thou knowest my down-sittings and mine uprisings. Thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways; for there is not a word in my tongue; but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether." Hence the words of the Apostle, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," whether it be good or bad. Reader, knowing this, let the prayer of thy heart be that of the Psalmist: "Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME!"

This should encourage all who love God, and seek, through Christ, glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life, (1.) To bear up in the midst of persecution for the cause of Christ; (2.) To trust in God in the time of bereavements; (3.) To trust Him in the time of physical pain; (4.) Of family affliction; (5.) Of business difficulties; (6.) On the bed of death.

For, even then, those words to the Christian are the harbingers of hope; the forerunner of immortality; the messenger of Heaven, saying, "All is well!"

"THOU GOD SEEST ME!"

T. W. R.

We are told that this hymn was written by Luther for a funeral hymn. Certain it is that it was used, with many tears, at his own funeral years afterward.

Coleridge said that "Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible." The monks said: "Luther has done us *more* harm by his songs than by his sermons." Another writer says: "These hymns made a bond of union among men who knew little of articles and creeds. While theologians were disputing about niceties of doctrine, every devout man could understand the blessedness of singing God's praises in good, honest German, instead of gazing idly at the mass, or listening to a Latin Litany. The children learned Luther's hymns in the cottage, and martyrs sang them on the scaffold."

Luther himself thought much of music. He said: "Music is one of the most beautiful and noble gifts of God. It is the best solace to a man in sorrow; it quiets, quickens, and refreshes the heart." The children learned his hymns, and sang them through the streets; while on more than one occasion, when priests were holding forth the errors of Popery, the congregations rose as one man, and commencing one of Luther's hymns, sang until they drove the preacher out of church. Such an incident happened with his hymn commencing,—

"Dear Christian people, now rejoice!
Our hearts within us leap,
While we are with one soul and voice,
With love and gladness deep,

Tell how our God beheld our need,
And sing that sweet and wondrous deed
That hath so dearly cost him.

“Captive to Satan once I lay,
In inner death forlorn ;
My sins oppressed me night and day,
Therein I had been born,
And deeper fell, howe’er I strove :
My life had neither joy nor love,
So sore had sin possessed me.”

We cannot quote the whole of the ten verses of which this hymn consists, but Mrs. Charles says that “it seems to have pressed into it the history of a lifetime—to be the essence of the ‘Commentary on the Galatians,’ which was one of Luther’s great works.”

Some hymns have been the outcome of sorrow and poverty. Notably this was the case when Paul Gerhardt, driven by persecution from the Nicolai Church at Berlin, because his Lutheranism did not quite coincide with that of the ruling powers, left the country, not knowing where to go, or how to provide for a helpless little family. Madame de Pontes, in her “Poets and Poetry of Germany,” says: “But no affliction, however terrible, could shake his confidence in divine wisdom and mercy. After some consideration, he determined on directing his steps towards his native land, Saxony, where he yet hoped to find friends. The journey, performed on foot, was long and weary. Gerhardt bore up manfully; his heart failed him only when he gazed on his wife and little ones. When night arrived, the travellers sought repose in a little village inn by the roadside, where Gerhardt’s wife, unable to restrain her anguish, gave way to an outburst

of natural emotion. Her husband, concealing his anxious cares, reminded her of that beautiful verse of Scripture, 'Trust in the Lord; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' These words, uttered to comfort his afflicted partner, impressed his own mind so deeply that, seating himself in a little arbour in the garden, he composed that hymn which has rendered his name famous." Here are some stanzas of it:—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands.

"Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thine head.

"Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day."

Several more verses follow, all expressive of the same strong faith. Madame de Pontes goes on to say: "Evening had now deepened, and the pastor and his wife were about to retire to rest, when two gentlemen entered the little parlour in which they were seated. They began to converse with the poet, and soon told him that they were on their way to Berlin to seek the deposed clergyman, Paul Gerhardt, by order of their lord, Duke Christian of Meresberg. At these words Madame Gerhardt turned pale, dreading some further calamity. But her husband, calm in his trust in an over-ruling Providence, at once

declared that he was the individual they were in search of, and inquired their errand. Great was the astonishment and delight of both wife and husband, when one of the strangers presented Gerhardt with an autograph letter from the duke himself, informing him that he had settled a considerable pension on him, to atone for the injustice of which he had been the victim. Then the pious and gifted preacher turned towards his wife and gave her the hymn which he had composed in his brief absence, with the words, 'See how God provides! Did I not bid you confide in him, and all would be well?'"

Paul Gerhardt was one of the chief singers of the Reformed Church of Germany, a century after Luther's day. He died in 1676, while Archdeacon of Lübben.

Another noted German hymn was the product of destitution and poverty. It is that commencing, "Leave God to order all thy ways," and was composed by George Neumark under the following circumstances:—He lived in an obscure street in Hamburg, after the close of the Thirty Years' War, and obtained a very precarious livelihood by playing on the violoncello. After a while, however, he fell ill, and was unable to go his usual rounds, with the result that, ill and feeble as he was, he was compelled to pawn the violoncello. The Jew with whom he pawned it lent him a small sum upon the instrument, upon the condition that if not redeemed within a fortnight it should be forfeited. As he handed it over to the Jew, his tears came, and he asked permission to play one more tune on it, adding, "You don't know how hard it is to part with it. For ten years it

has been my companion. If I had nothing else, I had it; and it spoke to me, and sang back to me. Of all the sad hearts that have left your shop, there has been none so sad as mine." Then he sang some strains of his own composition, until the Jew listened in spite of himself. After this, he calmly laid down his instrument, saying, "As God will, I am still," and hastened out of the shop. A strange gentleman was lingering near the doorway, listening to the strains within, and as Neumarck stumbled against this stranger, he said, "Could you tell me where I could obtain a copy of that song? I would willingly give a florin for it." "I will be glad to let you have it without the florin," replied Neumarck; and as he wrote the hymn out for the stranger, he told him the story of his trials. The gentleman proved to be valet to the Swedish ambassador, and he took the first opportunity of telling his master all about the young poet and his pawned violoncello. This proved to be the turning-point in Neumarck's career, for the ambassador was in want of a private secretary, and at once engaged the young man. With his first instalment of salary he redeemed his beloved instrument; and on getting home, called his landlady and friends together, to hear him play on it once more. Quickly his room was filled, and then he sang for the first time the beautiful hymn which had its birth in these struggles:—

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And trust in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient strength and guide.

Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

"What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies ?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

"Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope ; content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

"He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet ;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And art made free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

"Nor in the heat of pain and strife
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of him preferred.
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

"All are alike before his face ;
'Tis easy to our God most high
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

"Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways
But do thine own part faithfully ;
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee :
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed."

When asked if he composed the hymn himself, he modestly replied, " Well, yes ; I am the instrument, but God swept the strings. All I know was that these words ' Who trusts in God's unchanging love,' lay like a soft burden on my heart. I went over them again and again, and so they shaped themselves into this song ; *how* I cannot tell. I began to sing and to pray for joy, and my soul blessed the Lord, and word followed word like water from a fountain."

An incident which comes from across the Atlantic shows how hymns may sometimes prove passports to confidence and kindness. Many years ago a Methodist itinerant minister was travelling through the State of Louisiana to keep his preaching appointments. At length he lost his way, and being benighted when in the midst of a swamp, spent the whole of the night there. Praying for deliverance, but nearly starving, for he had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours, he at length reached a plantation. He entered the house and besought food and lodging ; but the mistress, who was a widow, with only some daughters and negroes about the place, probably feared the dirty, mire-bedraggled wanderer, and resolutely refused him. The poor man was cast down, and indeed overwhelmed by this unexpected unkindness—so rare from a woman ; but he craved permission to stand by the fire a few minutes and warm himself. This was reluctantly granted ; and as he stood warming himself, he began to sing this hymn,—

and his wife that they were his fast friends thereafter. The story of his struggles on behalf of the Reformation in Germany is an oft-told and thrilling one. It is said that he wrote thirty-seven hymns, but he certainly popularized a great many more. "God is our refuge in distress" was called the "Church's Battle-Hymn," and was written when the evangelical princes delivered their *Protest* at Spires against Romanism. The first verse runs thus:—

" God is our refuge in distress,
Our shield of hope through every care,
Our shepherd, watching us to bless ;
And therefore will we not despair.
Although the mountains shake,
And hills their place forsake,
And billows o'er them break,
Yet still we will not fear,
For thou, O God, art ever near."

The first line of this verse is inscribed on Luther's tomb at Wittenberg—of course in German.

In 1530, during the sittings of the Diet of Augsburg, it is said that Luther often fainted, strong man though he was, because of anxiety for the cause of Christ. But on recovering he would say, "Come, let us defy the devil and praise God by singing a hymn." Then he would start that one commencing with the verse—

" Out of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing !
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer prevailing.
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from thy book,
Or who can stand before thee ?"



“THOU GOD SEEST ME!”

TO THE

Young People of Great Britain.

“Do not I fill Heaven and earth, saith the Lord?”—**JER. xxiii. 24.**



Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,
—The words placed at the top of this page say two things to you; and they are these:—
God your Father, who made you, who gives you all the good things you enjoy, who protects you, and gives you health and life, is everywhere present at one and the same time; in the mansion of the nobleman, in the palace of the Queen; in the cottage of the labourer, and in the garret or cellar of the humblest pauper in our land. The other is,—That God your Father sees everything and all men, and that His eye is fixed upon you at all times and in all places, beholding all you say or do; so that every man, every

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Strength seemed to come with the song, and some were encouraged to make renewed efforts to keep afloat. Soon succour was seen to be approaching. Singing still, they kept afloat, and presently, with superhuman strength, laid hold of the lifeboat, upon which they were borne safely to land. This incident was related by the singer himself, who said that he believed that their singing of this hymn saved many another besides himself and his wife.

Around Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," cluster many touching memories. Its very composition was the result of persecution and mob-violence. The two Wesleys, along with a coadjutor named Richard Pilmore, were one evening holding a preaching service on a common, when they were attacked by a mob, and forced to flee for their lives. Their first place of refuge was a deep ditch behind a thick hedgerow; and they lay down with their faces to the ground, keeping their hands clasped above their heads, to protect themselves from the falling stones. As night drew on, the darkness enabled them to leave their temporary retreat for a safer one at some distance. They found their way at last to a kind of barn, and here they crouched in comparative security, hoping their foes would be tired of the pursuit. Finding they were left alone, they presently struck a light with a flint, cleaned their soiled and tattered garments, and after quenching their thirst, bathed their faces in the water that bubbled from a spring close by. After this, when quietly resting and waiting for the morning

light, Charles Wesley was inspired to write, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," with a bit of lead which he had hammered into the shape of a pencil. These touching circumstances attended the birth of a hymn which has since comforted thousands.

Nearly fifty years ago, on a wild winter's night, during a heavy gale, a little vessel struggled hard to reach some safe anchorage in the Bristol Channel; but after a long and fearful pull, the endeavour seemed so hopeless that the captain and crew took to the boat as a last venture for life. It proved, however, to be little more than a cockle-shell upon the angry ocean, and being quickly swamped every soul was drowned. As it turned out, the ship itself was borne high and dry upon the crests of the waves, and landed in a sort of cove, where she was jammed between two rocks. Not a living soul was on board; but in the captain's cabin lay his hymn-book, open at this hymn. Several pencil marks were seen opposite the verse,—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Another story comes to us from the battle-fields of the American Civil War. In 1881, on a beautiful summer evening, an excursion steamer was gliding down the river Potomac, and a singing evangelist who happened to be on board sang several Christian hymns, finishing up with this one. The singer gave the first

two verses with much feeling, laying a very peculiar emphasis upon the lines,—

“Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wings.”

As he ceased, a gentleman pushed his way from the crowd of listeners and said to the singer,—

“Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the singer; “I fought under General Grant.”

“Well,” rejoined the first speaker, “I did my fighting on the other side, and think—indeed I am quite sure—that I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this; and, if I am not mistaken, you were on sentry duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me, but your post led you into the clear moonlight. As you paced backward and forward you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart; and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night air rang the words,—

‘Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wings.’

Your prayer was answered. I couldn’t fire after that!

And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you singing this evening that you were the man whose life I was delivered from taking on that occasion."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and replied with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly recall the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and that probably it would cost me my life; and I went out to it feeling oppressed with the possibility of a violent death from some secret enemy. Then I remembered this hymn and its comforting thoughts. They seemed to fill all my mind, until, contrary to all martial rules, I began to hum, and presently to sing them. As I sang I felt secure in God's keeping; and now I *know* that he it was who sent his angel and stayed your hand."

The battle-hymn of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden recalls a story of warfare for Protestant principles which may quicken the love of many a reader. The history of the terrible "Thirty Years' War" may first be briefly summarized. After the death of Luther, the Emperor Charles V. entered into a solemn league with the Pope of Rome for the "extermination of heretics," and took up arms, in pursuance of this agreement, against the Protestant States of Germany. These States resisted for years, and so effectually that during Charles's life the war was suspended; but on the accession of Ferdinand II. to the throne, the great war of thirty years' duration broke out.

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, took up arms on behalf of the assailed Protestant States. Archbishop Trench says of him: "So far as the human eye can see, the Reformation, except for Gustavus Adolphus, would have been crushed in Germany, and probably in all Northern Europe, with the exception of England, as well." Gustavus Adolphus, however, made his appearance just at the critical period, and the Protestant princes and free cities of Germany formed themselves into a "Protestant League," to which the Romanists replied by a "Catholic League." Up to this date success had been mainly on the side of the Catholics. In fact, it has been said that "all Germany lay prostrate at the feet of the emperor, and of Wallenstein, his terrible commander." But in two short years Gustavus turned the tide. He fought again and again, like the lion-hearted hero that he was, leading his army into every battle, until, two years later, he fell at Lützen. Yet, although he fell there, he had put such heart into the Protestants, that when, sixteen years after his death, a treaty of peace was signed, the entirely equal rights of the two religions were recognized; and this provision has remained the public law of Germany to the present day. He had long used the following as his battle-hymn, said by some to have been composed by an obscure pastor in Thuringia. Others say that he wrote it himself:—

" Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power.

What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

“ Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs ;
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon, who shall rise
To save us and his word.

“ As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail :
A jest and byword they are grown.
Our God is with us, we his own,
Our victory cannot fail !

“ Amen ! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer ;
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again.
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise.
World without end. Amen.”

At the battle of Lützen the two armies were drawn up facing each other in the raw morning mist. Gustavus commanded his army to sing first Luther's battle-hymn, and then the battle-hymn given above, to the accompaniment of drums and trumpets. Then he knelt beside his horse and repeated his usual prayer: “ O Lord Jesus Christ ! bless our armies and this day's battle, for the glory of thy holy name.” Then he gave the battle-cry, “ *God with us,*” and the fight began. But in the course of the fight he fell, covered with wounds, saying with his dying lips, “ I seal with my

blood the liberties and religion of the German nation."

Of hymns which have proved instrumental in saving souls, the record is legion. A sweet story comes to us from the country of China, in connection with Phebe Cary's hymn,—

" One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer to my Father's house
Than e'er I've been before ;—
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea."

Two Americans—one young, the other old—were gambling and drinking together in a house of bad character in Macao. It came to the old man's turn to deal the cards; and while he did so the young man hummed unconsciously the lines given above. Probably he had been accustomed to hear this hymn at home, and the strains ran through the chambers of his mind almost without his thinking, shaping themselves into song. The tune and words attracted the old man's attention, and he looked for a moment in silence at his partner. Then he flung away the cards and exclaimed, "There, I've played my last game!" and repaid to the young man the money he had won from him. They left the house together, and renounced their evil habits of life. There is hope that the young man became a Christian; but it is certain that the old man did, and from thenceforth worked nobly for his Saviour.

Another man, under conviction of sin, was travelling at night by rail. The train stopped at a railway station in due course, and the porter, whose duty it was to test the soundness of the wheels, passed along the line of carriages, giving here and there a click with his hammer. As he did so he sang softly to himself the following lines,—

“What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”

That singing railway porter was an evangelist to the sin-burdened man in the carriage, and a sweet sense of Christ's forgiving love stole into his heart, causing him to rejoice in the preciousness of the “blood which cleanseth from all sin.”

Rev. W. S. Duffield, in his “English Hymns,” gives the following interesting story concerning one of Charles Wesley's hymns:—“An actress in one of the provincial towns, while passing along the street, had her attention arrested by singing in a cottage. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom was giving out the hymn,—

‘Depth of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

‘I have long withstood his grace ;
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls,’

which they all joined in singing. The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not. The words had rivetted her attention, and she stood motionless till she was invited to enter. She remained during a prayer which was offered up by one of the little company, and which, though uncouth in language, carried with it the conviction of sincerity.

"She quitted the cottage; but the words of the hymn followed her, and she resolved to procure a copy of the book containing it. The hymn-book secured, she read and re-read this hymn. Her convictions deepened; she attended the ministry of the gospel, and sought and found that pardon which alone could give her peace.

"Having given her heart to God, she resolved thenceforth to give her life to him also, and for a time excused herself from attending on the stage. The manager of the theatre called upon her one morning, and urged her to sustain the principal character in a new play. This character she had sustained in other towns with admiration; but now she gave her reasons for refusing to comply with the request. At first the manager ridiculed her scruples; but this was unavailing. He then represented the loss which her refusal would bring to him, and promised, if she would act on this occasion, it would be the last request of the kind he would make. Unable to resist his entreaties, she promised to appear at the theatre. The character which she assumed required her, on her entrance, to sing a song; and as the curtain rose the orchestra

began the accompaniment. She stood like one lost in thought. The music ceased ; but she did not sing, and, supposing she was embarrassed, the band again commenced, and they paused again for her to begin ; but she opened not her lips. A third time the air was played ; and then, with clasped hands and eyes suffused with tears, she sang, not the song of the play, but this hymn,—

‘Depth of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?’

The performances suddenly ended. Many ridiculed ; though some were induced, from that memorable night, to consider their ways, and to reflect on the power of that religion which could influence the heart and change the life of one hitherto so vain. The change in the life of the actress was as permanent as it was singular ; and after some years of a consistent walk, she at length became the wife of a minister of the gospel of Christ.”

Of the same character is that narrative of the daughter of an English nobleman, who, in the last century, wandered into a Methodist chapel and heard words which led her to Christ. Her father was incensed at her renunciation of the world, and determined to force her to attend a party and take part in the amusements. These amusements included singing and playing on the piano ; and when her turn came, her father led her to the instrument, expecting her to bear her part. She struck a few chords, and then com-

menced to sing—accompanying herself on the piano—this hymn of Wesley's,—

“ No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, for worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone—
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.”

As she sang the hymn through, the visitors were subdued, and her father wept aloud. The occurrence led to the father's conversion, and he became united with the Wesleyan Church, in which Connexion he is said to have contributed to religious and benevolent enterprises the sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

Another remarkable instance was that of a sea-captain of a vessel plying between London and one of our northern ports. He was long notorious for sin and iniquity of all kinds, as well as for defiance of Almighty God. Once he deliberately endeavoured to commit suicide by drinking himself to death; but his naturally strong constitution defeated this intention. He was, however, on returning to consciousness, so struck with the strange deliverance he had been vouchsafed, that he thought, “ Perhaps, after all, God may have mercy in store for me.” Impressed by this thought he turned into a little seaside place of worship, and there heard words that were like “ nails fastened in a sure place by the Master of assemblies.”

At the end the preacher invited all who felt interested in obtaining salvation to come on the next even-

ing and talk with him over their difficulties. This sea-captain resolved to go. He went, and found his way into the vestry, where he soon unburdened all his heart to the minister. For reply the minister took up a hymn-book, found out a hymn, and turning down the page, handed the book to the captain, and told him to take it home and read the hymn carefully before God, and "*mean what he read.*"

The captain turned away rather indignant at the supposed slight. "Have I come all this way," he thought within himself, "merely to be given a hymn-book?" Still he accepted the book, and walked away down to the door of the church. Then he halted, and thought he would see for himself the hymn that was indicated. So, turning into a pew, he sat down and read—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come."

"This must be written for me!" he exclaimed; and then and there, while reading the hymn through in the pew, he looked to Christ, and pleaded the sufficiency of his atoning blood. He went away home a saved man.

Hymns have played their part in all missionary work. A lady who is at work among India's women, telling of Jesus as the *Saviour of woman*, says that

the first idea of serving Christ in the honoured field of missions came to her when a child through hearing her mother sing—

“Oh that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace ;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.”

On Whitsunday 1862, an interesting and touching ceremonial was observed at Tonga, one of the South Sea Isles. King George, the sable monarch of the Tonga Isles at that date, gave his people a new constitution, and adopted a Christian form of government in place of a heathen one. Accordingly, on that day, some five thousand natives from Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa assembled under the spreading banyan trees for divine worship, and, full of Christian love and hope, rejoiced together. The service was commenced by the singing of Dr. Watts' hymn—

“Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.”

The entire audience commenced it, but as one and another remembered that he or she had been rescued from cannibalism, and the other unutterable cruelties of heathenism, the song died away in sobs. The emotion was too great to admit of the hymn being properly finished.

Many sweet memories have gathered around children's hymns. Who does not know the little song—

“There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day”?

It was composed more than fifty years ago by Andrew Young, who is now gone home to his reward; and it will keep his memory green and fragrant through many a generation yet to come. The melody to which the hymn is sung is an old Indian air, and on hearing it Mr. Young was so impressed that he composed the hymn to fit the tune. It quickly got into print, and has now been translated into nineteen different languages.

One day Thackeray, the great satirist, was walking through one of the lowest districts in London, and suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement singing. Getting nearer he distinguished the words of “There is a happy land;” and as he noticed how the melody comforted and pleased these little forlorn waifs, Thackeray burst into tears. Hundreds of children who sang the “Happy Land” song have now gone to the land of which they sang, and there doubtless have rejoined its author.

Todhunter, the great Cambridge mathematician, when on his death-bed, used to entreat his attendants to recite or read hymns to him, and if they faltered or stopped for one moment he would beg them to “go on.”

An old clergyman on his death-bed was roused to consciousness only by the words of a hymn he had

learned at his mother's knee in the far-distant days of his boyhood—

“Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me :
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near me ;
Keep me safe till morning light.”

Sometimes a hymn has brought scattered members of families together and reunited them. An affecting incident of this kind is given in connection with the war in Canada more than a hundred years ago. The Red Indians, then allied with the French forces, made frequent hostile incursions into English territory, and on one occasion surrounded the home of a poor family of German settlers, and after killing the father and son, took away the two daughters, then very young children, into captivity. The mother happened to be absent, or she would doubtless have shared the same cruel fate. Years passed by, and in the progress of the war the English, being victorious, arranged for the return of all the captives who had been carried away. A meeting was called at a central town, and about four hundred captives were brought to this spot, in order to see if any one would claim them. Among these four hundred captives was one of the young German girls, for the other had succumbed to the hardships of her lot. The prisoners were placed in a line, and the mothers and friends were told to walk up and down, and endeavour to recognize their long-lost children and relatives. Among the other parents was rejoicing at the finding of their long-lost children, but the tears of

the German flowed apace when she failed to discover her girls. The English colonel in command then suggested that she should remember something by which the children would know her voice again, and acting on this suggestion she sang a hymn which she used to sing to her little children in the evenings. It began—

“ Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear ;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer ;
I am with him, and he with me,
Even here alone I cannot be.”

With the very first syllables of the hymn the lost child came running out of the ranks to her arms, and taking up the words, joined in the hymn, and finished the verse.

CHAPTER III.

Psalms and Hymns.

THEIR ASSOCIATIONS AND MEMORIES.

(Continued.)

ONE scarcely knows where to stop when writing of the memories and associations connected with favourite hymns, for their name is legion. Scarcely a familiar hymn can be sung or quoted without stirring up some recollections connected with it, especially to the mind of a thoughtful reader. The Psalms of David have played no unimportant part in the history both of nations and individuals; but there is an unwritten history of individual lives which contains quite as much charm for the chronicler. We may therefore take it for granted that a few more instances of their blessing and constraining power on the minds of individuals will not be unwelcome to the reader.

The following illustration of Providence is quoted from a recent monthly:—"A young student of law was ill with fever in Berlin. The doctor ordered his bed to be moved to a corner of the room where the light would not trouble him, so that he lay with only a very

thin partition between him and the room of the master of the house. He was not long removed before he heard these words repeated over and over again—

‘To-day thou livest yet,
To-day turn thee to God ;
For ere to-morrow comes
Thou mayest be with the clod.

It had so happened that, on the day when the sick man’s bed was moved, the son of the master of the house had not learned his lesson at school. It was a lesson from the hymn-book containing these words. His father put him in a corner of the room to learn his lesson there, close to the place in the next room where the fever-stricken patient was lying. Thus the young man heard the words. They fixed themselves in his memory, so that they seemed burned into his heart, and led to his conversion.”

Most Protestant congregations are familiar with that hymn of the Rev. John Fawcett’s, commencing—

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above ;”

but the particular circumstances under which the hymn was written are not so well known. Mr. Fawcett was pastor of a small and poor Baptist church in Yorkshire, from which he derived a very insignificant salary, too small in fact to live upon at all comfortably. Being invited to London to succeed the distinguished Dr.

Gill, Mr. Fawcett accepted the invitation, preached his farewell sermon, and began to load his furniture for transportation to the metropolis. But when the time for his departure arrived, his Yorkshire people clung to him and his family with an affection beyond expression. In fact, the agony of separation seemed almost heart-breaking. Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were so overcome by the evidences of attachment to themselves which they saw that they sat down and wept. Looking into his face, Mrs. Fawcett exclaimed, "O John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," replied he; "nor will we go. Unload the waggons, and put everything in the place where it was before." The people who had wept for grief now wept for joy. Mr. Fawcett eventually wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible; so he buckled on his armour, and went to work again in the midst of his Yorkshire people, at a salary less by forty pounds per annum than that which he had declined in London. It was to commemorate this incident that Mr. Fawcett wrote the hymn.

In the "Life of General Grant" is recorded a touching incident respecting the singing of a hymn on the battle-field by wounded and dying soldiers. "As the wounded were borne from the field of Shiloh, a fatally-wounded captain, speaking of his sufferings through the previous night, said, 'I could not help singing that beautiful hymn, "When I can read my title clear." There was a Christian brother in the bush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took

up the strain, and beyond him another and another caught it up, all over the terrible battle-field of Shiloh. That night the echo was resounding, and we made the field of battle ring, with hymns of praise to God.'” A song-writer, writing in one of the magazines, thus throws the story into verse :—

“ Through the terror of the stillness,
Through the anguish of the moans,
Come the words, half-sung, half-whispered,
In exultant, hopeful tones—
‘ *When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.*’

“ Heads are lifted, groans are stifled,
Wounded men forget their pain ;
E’en the dying wait to listen
To that sweet and holy strain—
‘ *I’ll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.*’

“ Dying men smile as they sing it,
With their last-drawn earthly breath,
And their souls go out in music
To the shadow-land of death,—
‘ *Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.*’ ”

The Rev. S. W. Christophers tells us of a poor idiot called “ Foolish Dick,” who was a worker for Christ by the power of a hymn which he took into his memory and used on all occasions. “ Foolish Dick ” was going one morning to the village well for water, when an aged Christian looked over his garden-gate at him, and said, “ So you are going to the well for water, Dick ? ”

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Dick, the woman of Samaria found Jesus Christ at the well."

"Did she, sir?"

"Yes, Dick;" and the idiot lad went on his way to ponder over this one truth. He thought he would like to find Jesus too, and spoke aloud his wishes in his forms of prayer, that he might have his request. His request was granted, and the work of conversion passed on him then and there. From that time Dick devoted himself to telling his neighbours in his simple, incoherent fashion of the Saviour whom he had found at the well. He really became an itinerant evangelist on his own account, and visited every house and inglenook within a wide radius, singing the two or three hymns he had committed to memory. Among these was the "Pilgrim's Hymn" of John Wesley's, containing the verse, which was eminently true in Dick's case,—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I may Canaan gain."

"Billy Dawson," a well-known Methodist local preacher of half a century since, was one day preaching in London on the divine offices of Christ. First he spoke of Christ as the great Prophet and Priest, then as the King of saints. He went on to describe a coronation, and by his language seemed to marshal

before the very eyes of the listening people the grand procession of the redeemed, comprising patriarchs, kings, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors of every age. As the assembly listened spell-bound, expecting to see the very coronation scene depicted, he lifted up his voice and sang in triumphant tones,—

“ All hail the power of Jesus’ name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.”

The crowded audience was electrified. The people sprang to their feet as one man, and sang the hymn through with a power which seemed overwhelming.

If we turn to the popular Bliss and Sankey melodies, which have won their own way to acceptance among every section of the Christian Church, we shall find that interesting memories cling about many of them. The hymn entitled “Hold the Fort,” standing No. 1 in the “Songs and Solos,” carries with it a reminiscence of the American Civil War, in the following story:—“During October 1864, while the American War of Emancipation was proceeding, General Sherman began his famous march to the sea. While his army lay encamped in the neighbourhood of Atlanta the army of Hood, in a carefully-prepared movement, passed the right flank of Sherman’s army, and gaining his rear, commenced the destruction of the railroad leading north, burning block-houses, and capturing small garrisons along the line. Sherman’s army was put in rapid motion, following Hood, to save the sup-

plies and larger posts, the principal of which was at Altoona Pass, a defile in the Altoona range of mountains, through which ran the railroad. General Corse of Illinois was stationed here with a brigade of troops, composed of Minnesota and Illinois regiments, in all about fifteen hundred men, Colonel Tourtelotte being second in command. A million and a half of rations were stored here, and it was highly important that the earthworks commanding the pass and protecting the supplies should be held. Six thousand men, under command of General Fresich, were detailed by Hood to take the position. The works were completely surrounded, and summoned to surrender. Corse refused, and sharp fighting commenced. The defenders were slowly driven into a small fort upon the crest of the hill. Many had fallen, and the result seemed to render a prolongation of the fight hopeless. At this moment an officer caught sight of a white signal-flag, far away across the valley, twenty miles distant, upon the top of Kenesaw Mountain. The signal was answered, and soon the message was waved across from mountain to mountain :—

‘Hold the fort ; I am coming.—W. T. SHERMAN.’

Cheers went up. Every man was nerved to the full appreciation of the position, and under a murderous fire, which killed or wounded more than half the men in the fort—Corse himself being shot three times, and Colonel Tourtelotte taking the command, though also badly wounded—they held the fort for three hours,

until the advance guard of Sherman's army came up." Mr. Bliss wrote the hymn and music in 1870, on hearing from a soldier-friend of this stirring incident.

During the time of the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Liverpool in 1875, their fame was in every mouth, and thousands crowded to their meetings, either to laugh, pray, or make sport. Among these last was a young actor, who through some unaccountable lapse of memory had incurred his manager's displeasure. It seemed that on a very recent night he had come out as usual before the footlights to sing a comic song, as he had done many times before. But somehow, as he was about to begin, there filled his mind and memory the words and tones of a Sunday-school hymn which he had learned in the bygone days of his boyhood. He felt so confused that he completely forgot his part, and after standing a few moments trying to recall it, rushed from the stage covered with shame. The manager demanded an explanation; the young man gave it. But to all appearance the manager was more enraged than mollified at the Sunday-school incident; and paying the wages due to the young fellow, he peremptorily ordered him to quit at once. Taking his departure, the actor went to a public-house and there sought to drown his mortification in desperate drinking.

At length, however, he roused himself to the necessity of doing something for his support. He conceived the idea of writing a burlesque upon the two evangelists, Moody and Sankey, and putting it upon the

stage. But in order to do this he had to attend some of the meetings, so as to be able to reproduce the tones and gestures of the preachers whom he intended to lampoon. He went; but the same Holy Spirit who had brought to his mind the Sunday-school hymn at the theatre, wrought upon his conscience so that he remained behind among the penitent inquirers to pray for pardon. He found pardon, and ultimately was prepared for the work of the ministry.

The following touching testimony comes from Chicago, in the words of a young man who was recovered from the road to destruction through the singing of Mr. Bliss's song, "What shall the harvest be?"

"At the breaking out of the war in 1861, I hastened to take service in the army; and soon after, in August of that year, I was appointed a first lieutenant in the regular army. At that time I was not quite eighteen years of age, and never had been away from home influences. I had never tasted any kind of intoxicating liquor, and did not know one card from another. The regiment to which I was assigned was principally officered by young men, many of whom were old in dissipation. The new life was an attractive one, and I entered upon it with avidity. In a very few months I became a steady drinker and a constant card-player. I do not remember to have made any attempt to resist the encroachments of vice; on the contrary, I took a mad delight in all forms of dissipation. I laughed at the caution of older heads, and asserted with all the egotism of a boy that I could abandon my

bad habits at any time. But the time speedily came when I recognized the fact that my evil desires had obtained the complete mastery of my will, and that I was no longer able to exercise any control over myself. From that hour I knew no peace. The years that followed were but a succession of struggles against the dominion of my appetite, and a repetition of failures. With each failure I lost something of my power of resistance and gained something of evil. In 1870 I resigned my commission and returned to civil life, determined to make one last stand against my passions by breaking away from my old associations and beginning a new life. The result was attained in my condition a few months ago. I do not like to recall the past six years. They are as a frightful dream, from which, thank God, I was at last awakened, but the recollection of which will always bring sorrow and remorse.

“When Moody’s Tabernacle was opened last fall, I was in Chicago, presumably on my way to Minnesota. Only a few weeks before I had left my family, promising with my last words I would stop drinking, and try once more to be a sober man. I did not keep the promise five minutes—I *could* not. I stopped here, actuated by a desire to indulge, unrestrained, my appetite for liquor and cards; and in those few weeks I had taken a fearful plunge downwards. At last I made up my mind that there was absolutely no hope for me, and I wanted the end to come quickly. I gave myself up to the wildest debauchery, and speculated with a reckless indifference on how much longer

my body could endure the fearful strain. In anticipation of sudden death, I carefully destroyed all evidences of my identity, so that my friends might never know the dog's death I had died. It was while in this condition that I one day wandered into the Tabernacle, and found a seat in the gallery. I looked at the happy faces about me, and I hated them. I had all the vindictive feeling of a wild animal hunted to his last covert, and waiting in impotent rage the final blow that is to end his miserable life. I did not pay much attention to the service. I was drowsy and stupified with liquor. But after a while there was a perfect stillness, out of which presently rose the voice of Mr. Sankey in Mr. Bliss's song, 'What shall the harvest be?' The words and music attracted my attention, and I was roused to listen. They stirred me with a strange sensation; and when presently he sang—

‘Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddening brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?’

the words pierced me like an arrow. My deadened conscience was aroused, and with one swift glance memory recalled my bright boyhood, my wasted manhood, and showed me my lost opportunities. Every word of the song was true of my own case; and in bitter agony I was reaping the harvest my misdeeds had brought me. I thought of my old mother, of my loving, faithful wife and children, and of how they

were compelled also to reap of my harvest of dishonour. My awakened conscience lashed me as with a whip of scorpions, and I rushed from the Tabernacle and sought to drown its voice in more whisky. But it was of no use. Wherever I went, whether to the bar of the saloon, or to the gaming-table, or to the solitude of my own room, before my eyes in letters of fire were always the words, 'What shall the harvest be?' For two weeks I endured this torture, having no rest, until at last I cried on my knees to God for mercy; and he heard my prayer. He has removed from me my old desires and appetites, and made me a new creature in Christ Jesus."

These Sankey "Hymns and Solos" have found their way into every quarter of the globe, and are adding to their ceaseless ministry of service with every passing hour. True, they are not classical, in the accepted sense of that word; some of them are far-fetched in sentiment, and many more are poor and bald considered as poetry only; but they teach that best of all lessons—our Father's love to his erring children, by Jesus Christ. They have cheered the hearts of suffering paupers in workhouses; have given hope to the outcasts of the streets; have lightened the labours of the gloomy mine, until the darkest corridors of the coal-pit have re-echoed to the words; have sustained the departing souls of soldiers and sailors; have attuned the spirit of childhood to sacred things, and comforted the aged and the dying. The singing of sacred songs throughout England by the Lollards

was the harbinger of the Reformation; and the Rev. Stopford Brooke says, in his "English Literature," that the poem of "Piers Ploughman" wrought so strongly in men's minds that its influence was almost as great as Wycliff's in the revolt which had begun against the Church of Rome. It is said that, "as Luther sang Germany into Protestantism," so did William Williams, the renowned Welsh preacher, "sing the Wales of the eighteenth century into piety." He wrote two hymns, commencing, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," and, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," which are to be found in most English hymn-books.

We close with one incident taken from Welsh religious history, quoting it from "Sweet Singers of Wales." In February 1797, the French effected a landing at Fishguard, in Pembrokeshire. Napoleon was then a name of terror to England, and the news of the landing spread through the country with the rushing violence of a prairie storm, bringing with it wherever it went an overwhelming sense of doom. Mounted heralds posted through the length and breadth of Wales, without waiting to ascertain the force of the enemy. In every village and town the terrible message was left, and people generally made ready for the bitter end of all things. One of these fiery heralds happened to pass by the Independent chapel at Rhydybout, Cardiganshire, where a preaching service was being held at the time. Mysteriously he whispered his wild message to some one near the door; and

away he went again to scatter broadcast the intelligence. From one to another in the chapel the news mysteriously flashed, the curiosity of those who did not know being almost as tragic as the consternation of those who did. The preacher was confounded, and he was compelled to stop and ask for the cause of such unseemly commotion. Some one shouted, "The French have landed at Fishguard!" Bad before, it was worse now. Had a flash of lightning struck the chapel, the panic could scarcely have been more overpowering. No one durst move or speak; the preacher himself sat down in the midst of his sermon utterly overborne. Only one soul was found equal to the occasion, and that a woman's soul. She called to the preacher when he stopped, "Go on! If the French are at Fishguard, we have God to take care of us." But the preacher still declined. A neighbour of hers was present, remarkable for his gift in prayer. To him she turned next and asked him to pray. But even he was not one of five that could chase a hundred that day. "Well, then," she said, "give out a verse for us to sing." But he had no heart for such as that. "Very well," this mother in Israel added, "I shall give out a verse myself, and you shall start the tune." Calm and solemn and sweet echoed the words through the building—

"If thou wouldst end the world, O Lord,
Accomplish first thy promised word,
And gather home with one accord
From every part thine own.

“ Send out thy word from pole to pole,
And with thy blood make thousands whole,
Till health has come to every soul ;
And after that come down ! ”

She had to start the tune herself ; but scarcely had she struck the first notes before her courage, as with an electric thrill, restored the congregation to spiritual consciousness. They joined in the song of their new Deborah ; faith grew more steady and clear ; and the French were well-nigh forgotten in the glorious inspiration of the promised word.

It is a singular thing, and most noteworthy, that though Quakers do not sing hymns in worship, many of our best hymns come from Quakers. John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker-poet of America, may be instanced in proof of our assertion that hymnody is the spontaneous voice of Christian life. Even Unitarians—the most notable sect for heresy, as to the commonly received doctrine of the Cross—unite in the common formula when writing hymns. Notice, for instance, that well-known one of Sir John Bowring’s, the Unitarian, beginning—

“ In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime. ”

Somebody has well said, “ There is no heresy in hymns ; ” and we verily believe that there is more true Christian unity to be found in hymns than anywhere else. Matthew Arnold says : “ The strongest

part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry ;” and we take leave to say that our much-loved and well-worn hymn-books will survive many a goodly tome of theology and many a dry commentary. Hymns quicken the emotions and stimulate the feelings, when learned disquisitions disgust or disappoint. Thus, a child’s hymn will often live when a theological treatise is totally forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

Hymn Writers for the Sanctuary.

ENGLISH.

I.—ANNE STEELE.

ANNE STEELE was the daughter of a Baptist minister residing at Broughton, in Hampshire, and early developed a gift for rhyming upon religious subjects. She was descended from a family of Puritans, and was born in 1716. Her heart was early opened to receive divine influences, and in a sect which is perhaps the strictest of all sects she openly avowed the choice of her heart by being publicly baptized, and entering the communion of the church under her father's pastoral care, when only fourteen years of age. We can imagine that this spirit of outspoken confession of Christ would be encouraged by the father, for he himself was descended from a race of preachers. A story is told of Mr. Steele's uncle, who preceded him in the ministry at Broughton, which lets in light upon those early days. The clergyman of the parish reported to his diocesan, Bishop Burnet,

that the ministry of Mr. Steele had sadly thinned his congregation, asking, as he finished his tale, how he could best meet this emergency. "Go home," said Bishop Burnet, "and preach better than Henry Steele, and the people will soon return." The result of this conversation is not recorded, but, at any rate, the Baptist congregation at Broughton was a flourishing one at the time of Anne's union with it many years later.

Early in life she commenced writing poetry, both rhyme and blank verse, under the assumed name of 'Theodosia.' She also produced, some years later, a version of the Psalms, which manifests much merit. But her talent for sacred poetry did not make its appearance until after, like most poets, she had learned in suffering what she taught in song. While still very young, she had given her affections to one who was eagerly seeking her for his wife. Everything was arranged for the wedding, and the day was fixed. It dawned bright and fair, as did many another summer day; but, alas! it was destined to see the cup of bliss dashed from her lips. Early on that morning the intending bridegroom had gone to the river to bathe, and had sunk never to rise again. Some one who knew he had gone to bathe went to look for him, and aided in recovering his lifeless corpse. At the very time when, according to the nuptial arrangements, he would have been uttering the sacred vows, his lifeless body was brought home. The sight of the beloved dead almost made her brain reel, and it was hours and

days before she could even think of submission. It was a tempest of sorrow at first ; then it subsided, and she penned one of our sweetest hymns on resignation. It is said that the particular hymn written upon her recovery after this great trial was the following. It is a long hymn, and in our modern collections only the first two verses and the last three verses are generally found.

“ When I survey life’s varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

“ Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow ;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

“ Is health and ease my happy share ?
Oh, may I bless my God !
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad !

“ While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

“ In griefs and pains thy sacred Word
(Dear solace of my soul !)
Celestial comforts can afford,
And all their powers control.

“ When present sufferings pain my heart,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes,

“ Thy powerful Word supports my hope,
Sweet cordial of the mind,

And bears my fainting spirit up,
And bids me wait resigned.

“ And, oh ! whate’er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :

“ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

“ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.”

Anne Steele, both on account of an accident in girlhood and heavy attacks of illness at not infrequent intervals, loved the retirement of her Hampshire home. A quiet life suited her best. The garish foppery of fashion and the loud-voiced frequenters of life’s dusty arena were little suited to her taste. “The comfortable-looking old house in the village of Broughton, with its high roof and massive chimneys, its antique porch and rural garden palisades, overshadowed by the trees which beautified ‘Theodosia’s’ birthplace,” furnished the “calm retreat and silent shade” where she could pour forth her soul in sacred songs which, at that period of formalism and deadness, were eagerly welcomed and dearly prized by the few pious souls who knew of them. She says of herself: “I enjoy a calm evening on the terrace walk, and I wish, though in vain, for numbers sweet as the lovely prospect, and

gentle as the vernal breeze, to describe the beauties of charming spring; but the reflection how soon these blooming pleasures will vanish, spreads a melancholy gloom, till the mind rises by a delightful transition to the celestial Eden—the scenes of undecaying pleasure and immutable perfection.” She sometimes wrote hymns on creation and providence; and although these lack the powerful originality of those of classical hymnists, they are full of warm, tender, thankful feeling.

In her father’s diary we have these entries, and we reproduce them for the interest they bear to the lovers of her hymns:—“1757, Nov. 29. This day Nanny sent a part of her compositions to London to be printed. I entreat a gracious God, who enabled and stirred her up to such a work, to direct her in it, and to bless it for the good and comfort of many. I pray God to make it useful, and to keep her humble.” Again: “Her brother brought with him her poetry, not yet bound. I earnestly desire the blessing of God upon that work, that it may be made very useful. I can admire the gifts that others are blessed with, and praise God for his distinguishing favours to our family. I have now been reading our daughter’s printed books, which I have earnestly desired might be accompanied with the divine Spirit in the perusing.”

This twofold prayer was answered. Anne was certainly kept humble by her many sufferings, and it must be equally certain that her hymns have quickened and comforted many a suffering sojourner in this vale of tears. It seems likely that the correspondence

thus initiated with the London publisher resulted in the publication of Anne's compositions, for in 1760 her "Poems on Subjects chiefly Devotional" appeared. This volume contained many of the hymns which are to be found in the hymnals of to-day, including such as these—"Far from the narrow scenes of night;" "The Saviour calls; let every ear;" "Father of mercies, in thy word;" and, "When I survey life's varied scene." One other hymn is so full of Christian experience that it deserves quotation:—

"When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

"Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die,
Fixed on thine everlasting word—
The word that built the earth and sky?

"If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives—
Here let me build and rest secure.

"Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands;
Nor all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

"Here, O my soul, thy trust repose:
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine."

In 1769 Miss Steele lost her father, and this event proved a very bitter trial: indeed, it is said that she

never recovered from the shock. She, however, survived him for ten years, and passed away in 1778, at the age of sixty-one. Her last triumphant utterance was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Those who were privileged to know her, bore testimony to her worth in words of warmest praise. She was said to be a woman of unaffected piety, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion.

The Rev. W. Garrett Horder observes of her: "She is perhaps the first Englishwoman who contributed hymns of any importance to the Church's treasury of song." Yet he thinks that her fame as a hymnist is scarcely "justified by the quality of her productions." She was not a voluminous writer. In the volume of her collected poetical works, published by Daniel Sedgwick, there were included one hundred and forty-four hymns, thirty-four versifications of the Psalms, and about fifty poems on various moral subjects. Of these, one piece on the death of the Rev. James Harvey, commencing, "O Harvey, honoured name, forgive the tear," is said to be the original of the epitaph, "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear." All profits received by Miss Steele from the publication of her poems and hymns were devoted to benevolent objects. Her works were reprinted in America in 1808, in England in 1863, and again in 1882.

II.—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

MISS HAVERGAL is one of the sweetest singers of the Church militant. Her hymns have found their way into stately cathedrals, roadside conventicles, mission-rooms, and camp-meetings alike. They are sung everywhere, and by Christians of all sects, because they so beautifully express the power of religion upon the heart and life. Who that has read it can ever forget the "Consecration Hymn"? It seems to make the deepest chords of one's spiritual nature vibrate as with a touch of Heaven's own influence.

Miss Havergal was born on December 14, 1836, at Astley, a little village in Worcestershire; her father, Canon W. H. Havergal, being already known in the musical world as a composer of sacred music. Probably the child derived her musical and poetic faculty from him; at any rate, she was a tuneful successor of a worthy sire. She displayed extraordinary precocity in early childhood, and at seven years of age "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." By the time she reached womanhood she was known as a composer of hymns, and her experiences of foreign travel, frequent ill-health, successes and reverses in literary matters, and the common events of life, all were consecrated to the development of the poetic faculty. We find that some of her best poems were thrown off on the spur of the moment. Thus, "I gave my life for thee" was written in Germany in 1858, when, coming in weary from a ramble, she sat down opposite a picture with this

motto. The ideas and words flashed upon her with the speed of lightning, and at once she wrote them off in pencil upon a scrap of paper. Many of her best hymns were written in this way. She herself said once, "All my best poems have come in that way, Minerva fashion, full-grown."

Her own account of the way in which she used her talent of hymn-writing is most interesting. "Writing is praying with me; for I never seem to write even a verse by myself, and I feel like a little child writing. You know a child would look up at every sentence and say, 'And what shall I say next?' This is just what I do. I ask that at every line He would give me, not merely thoughts and power, but also every *word*, even the very rhymes. Very often I have a most distinct and happy consciousness of direct answers." It is not to be wondered at that hymns written in this spirit have accomplished such a wonderful mission.

This spirit of consecration was carried out in her life. She had many sharp attacks of illness, and consequent journeys in search of health; but all these dispensations were made means, in God's hand, of increasing her own spiritual life and her usefulness to others. Many a "turned lesson" was her lot: sometimes it was a long illness coming in the midst of well-arranged and all but finished work, sometimes a fire or a publisher's failure, at other times it was a bereavement; but in all these things she recognized the dealings of a Father's loving hand, and a wisdom that could not err. At such

seasons her song assumed an added note of submission and consecration.

Her humility was a striking feature in her character. Writing to Miss Mary Shekleton of Dublin, another hymn writer, she says, very characteristically: "My experience is that it is nearly always just in proportion to my sense of personal insufficiency in writing anything that God sends his blessing and power with it.I think he must give us that total dependence on him for every word, which can only come by feeling one's own helplessness and incapacity, before he can very much use us."

Another extract gives one an idea of her busy life, even amid the repeated attacks of illness. To a correspondent she writes: "Your letter would take two hours to answer, and I have not ten minutes—fifteen to twenty letters to write every morning; proofs to correct; editors waiting for articles, poems, and music I cannot touch; American publishers clamouring for poems or any manuscripts; four Bible-readings or classes weekly; many anxious ones waiting for help; a mission week coming; and other work after that." And wherever her lot was cast, whether it were on a short visit or a lengthened sojourn, she sought for, and set in motion, new ways of doing good.

In the autumn of 1878, Miss Havergal, having lost both parents, fixed on the Mumbles, Swansea Bay as her home. Accompanied by her sister Maria, she settled down there. She had come to the point of exhaustion, what with the death of her mother, her own

fragility, and the many demands made on her for work; so it seemed that the Lord was guiding her into a quiet resting-place, where she could take breath and recruit. It was her habit to keep a "Journal of Mercies" in 1879, and a few extracts from this Journal will indicate the thankful tone of her mind better than any words:—"January 1st. Able to come downstairs first time. 2nd. Sleep. 3rd. Maria, and all her care of me. 4th. Opportunities of speaking of Christ. 5th. Rest and leisure to-day. 6th. Warmth and comfort. 7th. Spirit of prayer in answer to prayer;" and so on.

But manifold Christian work among the poor population of the Mumbles entailed too great and continuous a strain upon her strength. She caught cold one day in May while talking to some donkey boys about religion and temperance, and though not at first seriously ill, the debility and feverishness increased so alarmingly that she became too ill for work. Inflammation supervened, and the pen fell for ever from the fingers that had worked so long and loyally for her King. A few days of agonizing pain followed, but through it all her words were, "Oh, how splendid to be so near the gates of heaven!" On June 3, 1879, she passed away In her own words,—

" She took
The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendour, shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light."

Miss Havergal's hymns may now be found in most

modern collections, for they give expression to the universal Christian experience, and nobody stops to ask whether she wrote as an Episcopalian or not. Her hymn for the New Year is both plaintive and trustful.

“ Another year is dawning :

Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee.

“ Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

“ Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

“ Another year of progress ;
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence ‘ all the days.’

“ Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

“ Another year is dawning :
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.”

It would be possible to quote many well-known hymns, including that precious gem, the “ Consecration Hymn,” as well as some which have more recently found their way into various hymn-books ; but to our

thinking a poem of hers, entitled "The Rest of Faith," surpasses many better-known hymns. Hence we make no apology for giving it in its entirety. It is purely a hymn of personal Christian experience.

" Master, how shall I bless thy name
For love so great to me,
For the sweet enablings of thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey thy word,
And cast my care on thee ?

" They tell of weary burdens borne
For discipline of life,
Of long anxieties and doubts,
Of struggle and of strife,
Of a path of dim perplexities,
With fears and shadows rife.

" Oh, I have trod that weary path,
With burdens not a few,
With shadowy faith that thou dost lead
And help me safely through,
Trying to follow and obey,
And bear my burdens too.

" Master, dear Master ! thou didst speak ;
And yet I did not hear,
Or long ago I might have ceased
From every care and fear,
And gone rejoicing on my way
From brightening year to year.

" Just now and then some steeper slope
Would seem so hard to climb,
That I must cast my load on thee ;
And I left it for a time,
And wondered at the joy of heart
Like sweetest Christmas chime.

“ A step or two on wingèd feet ;
And then I turned to share
The burden thou hadst taken up
Of ever-pressing care :
So what I would not leave to thee,
Of course I had to bear.

“ At last thy precious precepts fell
On opened eye and ear,
A varied and repeated strain
I could not choose but hear,
Enlinking promise and command
Like harp and clarion clear :

“ ‘ No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see,
No carefulness, O child of God ;
For nothing careful be,
But cast thou all thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee.’

“ Did not thy loving Spirit come
In gentle gracious shower,
To work thy pleasure in my soul
In that bright blessed hour,
And to the word of strong command
Add faith and love and power ?

“ It was thy word, it was thy will—
That was enough for me :
Henceforth no care need dim my trust,
While all was cast on thee ;
Henceforth my inmost heart could praise
The grace that set me free.

“ And now I find thy promise true
Of perfect peace and rest ;
I cannot sigh, I can but sing
While leaning on thy breast,
And leaving everything to thee
Whose ways are always best.

"I never thought it could be thus,
 Month after month to know
 The river of thy peace without
 One ripple in its flow,
 Without one quiver in the trust,
 One flicker in its glow.

"Oh, thou hast done far more for me
 Than I had asked or thought;
 I stand and marvel to behold
 What thou, my Lord, hast wrought,
 And wonder what glad lessons yet
 I shall be daily taught.

"And if it be thy will, dear Lord,
 Oh, send me forth to be
 Thy messenger to careful hearts,
 To bid them taste and see
 How good thou art to those who cast
 All, *all* their care on thee."

III.—ANNA LETITIA WARING.

ANNA LETITIA WARING'S hymns are very widely known and highly appreciated. Perhaps they are more fit for times of quiet meditation and consecration than for public use; but they have proved such faithful exponents of personal experience, that few hymnals are now destitute of them.

Miss Waring resided at Neath, South Wales, and in 1850 published a little volume of "Hymns and Meditations," from which the religious public quickly culled pearls to suit its fancy. Of these, perhaps the best known is that hymn commencing, "Father, I know that

all my life;" but some others are equally beautiful. We append two specimens. The first is one which, though not perhaps so widely used as the above, expresses the same quiet confidence in God. It commences thus,—

" My heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel thou hast made
No hand but thine shall fill ;
For the waters of this world have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

" I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set :—
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet ;

" Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known ;
And fears that send me to thyself
For what is not my own.
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see ;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

" My heart is resting, O my God !
My heart is in thy care ;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
' Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away."

The trustful attitude of Miss Waring's mind comes clearly out in the next hymn. Perhaps tender trust in "our Father's" loving-kindness is the strongest sentiment of this writer's hymns. It is difficult to read them without being profoundly touched by their expressions of loving, childlike confidence in that guiding Hand which yet we cannot see.

"Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away,
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

"On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress ;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness.

"Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees thee in the deep
Though darkness cloud thy face,
And communes with thee 'mid the storm
As in a secret place.

"When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay ;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

"There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ my Lord has died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified ;

And it is fellowship with him
That keeps me near his side."

IV.—CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE author of "Just as I am" has won nearly a world-wide fame; for this hymn, as well as many of her other compositions, is to be met with at this date in almost every hymnal of every Church. She was born in 1789, the year of the terrible French Revolution, and only passed away to her rest and reward in September 1871, so that she lived to be more than fourscore. Yet her life was that of an invalid—constant suffering and constant weakness were her lot; and though these experiences certainly precluded her from sharing in the active engagements of life, they as certainly fitted her for the special ministry which was given to her. More than most poets, she learned in suffering what she taught in song; for the verses and hymns which have made glad and tuneful the hours of sorrow and deprivation in thousands of lives, were the outcome of her own personal experiences.

Probably, if living, Charlotte Elliott herself would be the first to shrink from publicity or praise. So averse was she to the breath of applause, that before her death she destroyed a large mass of correspondence, in order that no materials calculated to "foster vanity and pride" might be available to those who would fain have embalmed her memory in loving words. We are

indebted to a sister's recollections for what few memorials we possess respecting her eminently holy and useful life, albeit a most hidden and quiet one. She was connected by birth with some of the leaders in the evangelical section of the Church of England, being grand-daughter of the Rev. Henry Venn of Huddersfield, who was noted for his co-operation with Wesley and Whitefield; while her two brothers filled important spheres as clergymen and authors. It may therefore be said in a sense that faith and culture were hereditary in her family. At any rate, the grand-daughter took up and perpetuated, by her Christian song, the sweet doctrines of pardon through the atonement of Christ, and justification by faith, which the aged Yorkshire clergyman had proclaimed in the great evangelical revival of so many years before—only, the power of song is such that a hymn can go through all the world, proclaiming the gospel, where neither preacher nor evangelist may ever gain a hearing. Thus it has been with "Just as I am" and other hymns.

In her youth she was exceedingly fond of music and drawing, and, being destitute of decided religious convictions, gave up much of her talent and time to the acquirement of these accomplishments. It was only natural, too, that refined accomplishments such as these should bring her into circles of society where she would meet with some of the most brilliant wits and writers of the day. This sort of artistic fascination was inimical to religion; and without attaining to a deep, full, spiritual life, it was impossible for her

to teach the gospel in song. So, in providence, serious illness laid hold of her, which withdrew her from these circles, and thus set her free from snares that had threatened to hide her talent, and, in fact, to render it unproductive in a spiritual sense.

Then came another crisis in her life. Dr. Cesar Malan of Geneva visited her father's house for the first time. Following his usual mode of conversation with strangers, he one evening, when talking with Miss Elliott, desired to know if she were a Christian. The young lady somewhat resented the question at that time; and Dr. Malan, not wishing to give needless offence, observed that he would not further press the subject, but would pray "that she might give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for him." Some little time elapsed, and the seeds of thought thus sown became fruitful. She sought to renew the theme of conversation, owning that Dr. Malan's remarks had troubled her. "But," she added, "I do not know how to find Christ. I want you to help me." Never was a request more to Dr. Malan's mind. "Come to him *just as you are*," he replied.

These were the very words needed to quicken the impulse of faith in a crucified Christ. She had been fearing and lamenting secretly that Christ would not save such an one as she felt herself to be. Religious controversy, and the disturbing influences of various theorists in regard to faith in Christ Jesus, had unsettled her mind so far that she concluded that it was difficult for her to be saved at all. Dr. Malan quoted

to her those glorious passages of Scripture which peculiarly show the fulness and freeness of salvation, and about a fortnight later, after his return home to Geneva, wrote her a long and wise letter of advice in regard to the soul-crisis through which she was then passing. In his letter these passages occur: "One look, silent, but continuous and faithful, at the cross of Jesus is better, is more efficacious, than all besides.....Dear Charlotte, cut the cable—it will take too long to unloose it; cut it—it is a small loss; the wind blows and the ocean is before—the Spirit of God and eternity." God's Spirit blessed this advice, and from that day the burden of sin was lifted off the weary and sin-laden spirit. The stores of literature and poetry were laid aside for fuller and deeper study of the Bible; and clearer light shone upon her way, while her spirit grew serene and calm in the confidence that she was the Lord's.

From that time life wore a new guise for Charlotte Elliott. Poetical talent was not looked upon as a gift wherewith to amuse an idle hour or an equally idle circle. She left off the composition of humorous poems, in which she had formerly excelled, and gave utterance to her newly-found faith in hymns and poems which winged their way in no long time all over the land. Yet most of them were written in the midst of pain and suffering. It would almost seem as if she were baptized with a baptism of suffering, for, from the date of her consecration to God, severe forms of illness laid hold of her. Every winter was marked by sickness and

confinement to her room; while the summers were spent in seeking health at various places, and under different physicians. A short extract or two from a letter written by herself to a beloved sister at this time will, however, illustrate the circumstances in which she found herself, and the frame of mind in which she regarded those circumstances:—"Even in the vale of suffering there are blessed companions to associate with, sweet consolations to partake of, heavenly privileges to enjoy. For myself, I am well content to tread it and to remain in it, till my weary feet stand on the brink of Jordan.....How many hard struggles, and apparently fruitless ones, has it cost me to become resigned to this appointment of my heavenly Father; *but the struggle is over now*. He knows, and he alone, what it is, day after day, hour after hour, to fight against bodily feelings of almost overpowering weakness and languor and exhaustion;.....and I trust he has made me willing to do this, and has also made the sorrows and sufferings of my earthly life the blessed means of detaching my heart from the love of it, and of giving me a longing, which seems each day to grow stronger, only to be made meet for my great change—to be sanctified wholly in body, soul, and spirit."

In consequence of the illness of Miss Harriet Kiernan, Miss Elliott undertook the editorship of the "Christian Remembrancer Pocket-Book"—an annual which was conducted by Miss Kiernan up to that time, for the purpose of raising funds for a Dublin charity. This publication was carried on upon the same lines,

and the profits were devoted to the same charity, by Miss Elliott, seeing that she received this piece of literary work as a kind of legacy from its founder. She also edited and published, after Miss Kiernan's death, a little volume of poems written by that lady in her last illness, entitled "*The Invalid's Hymn-Book.*" To it, however, she added one hundred and twelve hymns of her own composition, among which was that world-famous one, "*Just as I am, without one plea.*" A young lady friend, who saw it in this collection, had some printed in leaflet form for distribution, having meanwhile no idea of the composer. Curiously enough, Miss Elliott happened to be sojourning at Torquay soon after; and one morning, while there, her physician presented her with a copy of this very leaflet, thinking to give her pleasure by its perusal. She then owned herself as its author. Since then the hymn has been translated into several European languages—into the Welsh and into the Latin; while two versions of it may be found in the *Raratongan Hymn-Book*—one by Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, and the other by the late Rev. Aaron Buzacott. Mr. Gill's account of this fact is as follows:—

"The occasion was painful. Two dear little ones had been suddenly snatched from us. '*Just as I am*' was one of the hymns we sang together on their last Sabbath in life. After the death of the dear boys, I could find no rest until I had rendered their favourite hymn into the native dialect. On reading my translation, Mr. Buzacott became so interested that he produced an independent translation of his own. The

natives of Raratonga regard this version with a special interest, for it was the last hymn Mr. Buzacott composed for his beloved people. The hymn is a favourite one in all the islands of the Harvey group. It has also been rendered into the Samoan language. My friend, the Rev. W. Lawes, has also translated it into the dialect of Savage Island, and it is deemed to be the best of the one hundred and sixty hymns constituting the hymnology of that interesting island."

A critic and translator says of this hymn: "Perhaps there is no hymn in the language which has been more blessed in the raising up of those that are bowed down. Its history has been wonderful. It is surely a leaf from the tree of life which is for the healing of the nations." And another critic, herself a hymn writer, says: "Any one of Miss Elliott's hymns might have been written in half-an-hour, but more than half a century of patient suffering went to the making of them." And when we remember that from early life she was more or less of an invalid, we can realize how forceful and true are these criticisms.

The other well-known hymn, commencing, "My God, my Father, while I stray," was composed after the death of her beloved brother, Rev. H. V. Elliott. As he was younger than Charlotte, she had hoped that he would have been permitted to minister to her dying needs; but in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence he was called away first. To this circumstance we owe this hymn, which breathes the true spirit of saintly resignation. It took not only years of patient suffer-

ing, but many bereavements, to make that hymn; but how many stricken souls have found comfort from it will never be known till "the day shall declare it."

She often said that she was clinging to Christ as the limpet clings to the rock, so constant and perfect was her reliance upon him. Another time, she expressed the opinion that so great an age as hers required three things—"great faith, great patience, and great peace." These she possessed in much plenitude. She descended to the grave peacefully and gently, and at last "fell asleep" so quietly that the watchers could not say when she had really passed away, on the evening of September 22nd, 1871.

We will now proceed to quote some of her less-known poems, which will be found to possess the sweet trustfulness and living faith of those more fully known. The hymns commencing, "Let me be with thee where thou art," "O holy Saviour, Friend unseen," and "Christian, seek not yet repose," may be found, along with the two most famous ones, in almost every hymnal of recent date. It will be best, therefore, to quote others less known, but not less beautiful.

The following is in the metrical form which she made so popular and telling—the metre of "Just as I am:"—

" My God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer ?

" Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,

When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

“ For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

“ Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

“ No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind !

“ Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

“ Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.”

The following is also written in the same metre, and
is for “ the sick : ”—

“ Leaning on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest ;
Though weary, thou dost condescend
To be my Rest.

“ Leaning on thee, this darkened room
Is cheered by a celestial ray ;
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom,
Turns night to day.

“ Leaning on thee with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide,

Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

" Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat ;
Thy will, as now, becomes my own—
Thy will is sweet.

" Leaning on thee, 'midst torturing pain,
With patience thou my soul dost fill ;
Thou whisperest, ' What did I sustain ?'
Then I am still.

" Leaning on thee, I do not dread
The havoc slow disease may make ;
Thou, who for me thy blood hast shed,
Wilt ne'er forsake.

" Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak—
' Be of good cheer.'

" Leaning on thee, no fear alarms ;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink,
I feel the everlasting Arms ;
I cannot sink."

Another poem, entitled "Paternal Chastening," is
a gem of comfort:—

" Oh, cheer thee, cheer thee, suffering saint !
Though worn with chastening, be not faint ;
And though thy night of pain seem long,
Cling to thy Lord—in him be strong.
He marks, he numbers every tear,
Not one faint sigh escapes his ear.

" Oh, cheer thee, cheer thee ! though thine ear,
Quickened by suffering, scarce can bear
The voice of those who love thee best.
Not lonely art thou, not unblest ;

Thy soul's Beloved, ever nigh,
Bends o'er thee, whispering, '*It is I.*'

" Oh, cheer thee, cheer thee ! now's the hour
To him to lift thy cry for power,
His all-sufficiency to show,
Even in extremity of woe ;
While in the furnace to lie still,
This is indeed to do his will.

" Then cheer thee, cheer thee ! though the flame
Consume thy wasting, suffering frame ;
His gold ne'er suffers harm or loss—
He will but purge away the dross,
And fit it, graced with many a gem,
To form his glorious diadem.

" And he will cheer thee, he will calm
Thy pain intense with heavenly balm,
Show thee the martyrs' white-robed throng,
Thy place prepared that host among ;
That weight of glory will o'erpower
The anguish of life's suffering hour.

" Yes, he *will* cheer thee, he will prove
The soul encircled by his love
Can meekly, 'midst her anguish, say,
'Still will I trust him, though he slay.'
And he will make his words thine own—
'Father, thy will, not mine, be done.'"

V.—ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THIS accomplished and at one time distinguished woman of letters was one of a literary family. She was born in 1743 at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicester-shire, where her father, Dr. John Aikin, was master of

a school for boys. Anna being his only daughter, and partaking largely of the doctor's taste for intellectual pursuits, was trained by him very carefully in various branches of study not usually followed by girls. This training bore good fruit; for, as the child grew up into girlhood, and thence into womanhood, she manifested a remarkable quickness of intellect. In this way she acquired a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin. Indeed, it is recorded that she was enabled to read Latin literature with pleasure as well as profit until her life's end.

In 1773 Miss Aikin, after several fugitive essays and poems had appeared, issued a small volume of poems. It ran through four editions within a year, and as the result the authoress was much sought after. Many distinguished men were acquainted with the Aikins—among them, John Howard, the philanthropist; Dr. Priestley; Dr. Taylor of Norwich; Rev. Gilbert Wakefield; Pennant, the naturalist; and others. She also formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a clergyman of French extraction, descended from a good old Huguenot family, a gentleman and a scholar, and, when about thirty years of age, married him. At the time of the marriage, Mr. Barbauld ministered to a congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk, where he subsequently opened a school for boys, probably in order to eke out a not too plentiful income. This school became a success, principally, it is said, because of the exertions of Mrs. Barbauld, who threw herself into the work of tuition with a loving enthusiasm which secured the attention and esteem of the lads. Among these lads

were some who afterwards became remarkable men, such as Lord Chief-Justice Denman, and many others. It is said that Lord Denman used to attribute much of the success of his after-life to his teacher's influence upon his mind and principles. Mrs. Barbauld taught the boys Latin, English, geography, and history; and wrote for them "Hymns in Prose," which have been pronounced by a recent critic to be compositions "as perfect as anything in the English language." It is true that Dr. Johnson, and Charles Fox, the statesman, both expressed their surprise that "such a mind should waste its powers in writing hymns for children;" but the fact remains that that same mind exercised a most beneficial influence upon that generation. Sir James Mackintosh was one who profited by Mrs. Barbauld's works; and in after years, hearing of her widowhood, wrote thus to a friend of his desire to call upon and personally sympathize with her in her affliction:—"It would have been only payment of a long arrear of instruction and pleasure for thirty years. I could have said little but what I learned from herself. If ever there was a writer whose wisdom is made to be useful, it is Mrs. Barbauld." This testimony speaks for itself.

From Palgrave the Barbaulds removed to Stoke Newington, then a real country village outside the metropolis. Mr. Barbauld had accepted an invitation to take charge of a Dissenting congregation there; and the quality of the society and surroundings at Stoke Newington may be measured by the fact that such eminent people as Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, Dr.

Price, and the family of Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, were, or had been, connected with this place of worship. Further, the Barbaulds had the advantage of the companionship of such literary lions as Joanna Baillie, Charles Lamb and his sister Mary, Wordsworth, James Montgomery, Coleridge, the Martineau family, and Sir Walter Scott. The latter was not *Sir* Walter then, but only an aspirant to literary honours; and he used to say that Mrs. Barbauld had greatly helped to develop in him the poetic art, since she had first drawn his attention to a ballad called "Leonore," which ballad had induced him to try a new style of metrical composition.

It was at Stoke Newington that Mrs. Barbauld stepped into literary name and fame. Among her works—most of which were written during her widowhood—we may mention, in addition to those spoken of before, "Devotional Pieces compiled from the Psalms of David," "Thoughts on the Devotional Taste," and a "Selection from the British Essayists." Further, she edited the "British Novelists," and wrote many essays and poems. One poem, entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," full of gloomy forebodings as to the future of England, was received with a bitterness of satire which amounted to insolent hatred, from the *Quarterly Review*. As one consequence of this scathing article, Mrs. Barbauld retired from publicity, stoutly refusing ever to publish again, so that all which afterwards came before the world was issued after her death. Even in death it is recorded that the *Quarterly Review*

could not restrain its venom ; for in the same year that Mrs. Barbauld passed away, she was there referred to as "the venerable sibyl, who took up her parable against England." But as both writer and critic have now "passed over to the majority," these things are of little consequence, save as literary memories.

Besides trials pertaining to authorship, Mrs. Barbauld had others which touched the tenderest chords of life. Her husband, the Rev. Mr. Barbauld, became insane, and required the most constant care and loving attention. It is recorded, much to the credit of the poor wife, that though his state was the abiding grief and terror of her existence, she could not be induced to consent to his being placed under restraint, until one day, in a paroxysm of insanity, he attempted her life. He seized a knife from the dinner-table, and ran round the dining-room after his wife, who only avoided being wounded and possibly killed, by leaping from the window into the garden. This incident led the relatives to interfere, and for the sake of Mrs. Barbauld's life the poor lunatic was placed in a private asylum. Here, however, he was allowed to have money ; and one day, having succeeded in bribing his keeper, he was permitted to walk out alone. Going to the New River, he committed suicide ; and the wife knew that, as far as he was concerned, her terror was over. But she mourned him sincerely all the remainder of her life, and composed an affecting poem to his memory.

She lived to a good old age, honoured by her contemporaries, and filling a distinguished niche in society ;

for lady poets and authors were not then so plentiful as now. She died in the house of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aikin, on March 9, 1825, aged eighty-two years.

It has been said that "hymn-writing was the least of Mrs. Barbauld's labours, and indeed was no labour at all, but an occasional diversion." Yet we know her mainly by those hymns which are scattered in various hymn-books. Few readers know anything of her other works, and even her "Hymns in Prose" are reckoned among literary relics and curiosities. Yet, although wanting in the genius of some other authoresses of that period, Mrs. Barbauld holds her own as a good, refined, God-fearing woman, who "did noble deeds" and lived a spotless life. The following passage from the pen of Professor Eric S. Robertson sums up his verdict upon her, as given to the world in "English Poetesses":—

"Clearest-headed, strongest-minded of all the ladies, Mrs. Barbauld might have easily taken rank as the female Johnson of her day, had not circumstances, together with a natural indolence of temperament, largely associated with modesty, prevented her from making more than occasional use of her powers. As it is, this writer leaves behind her a body of very respectable verse, and some prose of the highest excellence, with a private reputation which every writer cannot boast of—namely, the reputation of having lived a God-fearing spotless life; as a tender wife to an afflicted husband; a cheerful toiler in the shadow of trouble; a charitable critic of all her acquaintance; and a woman who died

at a very advanced age, idolized by a large family circle. The serene nobility of such a life as Mrs. Barbauld's is a refreshing thing to come across. It was a most natural nobility, and

' Deeds of week-day holiness
Fell from her noiseless as the snow.' "

Of hymns proper we will quote two or three specimens. They are couched in very tender language. We shall give the beautiful little poem "Life" in another section of this work.

" Our country is Emmanuel's land,
We seek that promised soil ;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts
While strangers here we toil.

" Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

" We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore,
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

" Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love ;
And while our bodies wander here
Our souls are fixed above."

The following may be seen in many hymn-books,—

" How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

“ So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks a gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

“ A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

“ Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

“ Life's labour done, as sinks the clay
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies ! ”

A noble harvest hymn, to be found in many hymnals,
 and one of the most popular of her compositions, runs
 thus :—

“ Praise to God, immortal praise
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :
 All to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

“ All the blessings of the fields,
 All the stores the garden yields,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

“ Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores ;

Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

“ Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.”

VI.—SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

MRS. ADAMS was not a voluminous hymn writer, although possessed of undoubted poetical and literary powers. She is said to have written only thirteen hymns, all of which were published in a collection of hymns and anthems issued by a Mr. Charles Fox. She also wrote other works, such as “The Flock at the Fountain;” a dramatic poem in four acts, entitled “Vivia Perpetua;” and many articles on art and poetry for the periodicals of her time. Her hymns were included in the collection used at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, a Unitarian place of worship, and, as may be expected, they breathe a Unitarian's ideas of Christianity.

Mrs. Adams was the daughter of Benjamin Flower, the proprietor and editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, and was trained under him to the pursuit of literary occupations. She married William B. Adams, a well-known engineer, but was not destined for long life. She died in 1849, at the age of forty-four, of pulmonary disease. It has been claimed by some

writers that Mrs. Adams was an American; but this error appears to have arisen from the fact that her well-known hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee," found its way so early into the service-book of the Unitarians of that country. Perhaps no hymn of modern date has had a more wonderful history, or has been more acceptable to hymn-lovers at large. It has been sung by all sects and denominations, and translated into many languages. The hymn itself is founded upon that part of Jacob's journey to Padan-aram when, halting for the night at Bethel, he fell asleep on his stone pillow, and dreamed that he saw angels ascending and descending on a ladder let down between heaven and earth.

Of touching incidents connected with this hymn there are many. Perhaps the most affecting is that of a little drummer-boy, who, after the battle of Fort Donelson, was found dying, and singing with his failing breath, as well as he was able, "Nearer, my God, to thee." One arm had been carried away by a cannon-ball, but he was comforting himself with the words and tune of the hymn he was accustomed to hear at home.

Another incident, which reveals the *lack of the Saviour* in the teaching of this hymn, is related by Rev. S. W. Christophers. Some few years ago a Christian minister in the north of England was asked to visit a dying woman. He went, and found that she was a member of a Unitarian congregation, but although educated in these peculiar views, she had learned her need of Christ in sick and dying circumstances.

"I was born of Unitarian parents," she said. "I was brought up a Unitarian, trained to take the Old Testament as my guide; and the Unitarian minister still visits me as one of his flock. But the future is dark to me; I seem to have hold of nothing. I want to be right—right for the future, right with God. Still I feel as if I cannot be. I want to get at God so as to speak, but cannot. I think of him as a Father, yet he is absent. I am like Job—'I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him.' I think and try to pray, and then I repeat from my heart a hymn I learned—

'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'

What shall I do?" she said.

"Let the cross raise you. Come to your heavenly Father by the cross, through the Crucified, through Jesus Christ his Son."

She was advised to read St. John's Gospel with prayer; and she did so, with the result that she found peace to her troubled soul.

"Oh! how blessed, how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Now I have found what I wanted—a Saviour, a Father, my reconciled God through Christ."

The hymn runs thus, and is probably familiar to the reader:—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

“Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

“There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

“Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise :
So by my woes I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

“Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.”

The revisers of the Baptist Hymn Book, feeling that this hymn, though sweet, was deficient in faith in Christ, supplied a sixth verse, as follows. The stanza is not, however, largely accepted or used.

“Christ alone beareth me
Where thou dost shine ;
Joint-heir he maketh me
Of the Divine ;
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.”

Another most popular hymn of Mrs. Adams's runs thus,—

“He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment :
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

“Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs those they trust and love ?
My Father, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee :
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

“Oh, ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that thou hast made it mine ;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath—
As comes to me, or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !”

VII.—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER was the eldest daughter of B. N. Procter, the poet (better known in literature as Barry Cornwall), and was born in Bedford Square, London, on October 30th, 1825. As a very little child

she became conspicuous for her love of poetry, and made for herself "a tiny album of note-paper," into which her favourite poems were copied for her, at her urgent request, by her mother, before she herself could write. This little album was cherished and carried about by the child, much as dolls are by other little girls. She became remarkable for facility in acquiring languages, as well as for her musical and artistic faculty; and it is recorded that when quite a young child she mastered several difficult problems of Euclid. Besides this, she was a most voracious reader, reading all that came in her way, and ever adding to her mental stores of knowledge. Yet none of her family suspected her of being a poetess.

Some time in 1853 she became known to Charles Dickens through sending a short poem to *Household Words*, but under the assumed name of "Miss Berwick." This poem, said Mr. Dickens, differed from the ordinary "shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical," and possessed very much more merit. It was accepted, and an intimation was sent to the writer that more of her productions would be welcome. Dickens wrote in a preface appearing in a recent issue of Miss Procter's poems: "This went on until December 1854, when the Christmas number, entitled 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that

it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter."

Miss Procter's life was one of intense earnestness. Always of a deeply religious turn of mind, she determined not to dream her life away, but rather to devote herself "a living sacrifice" for the good of her fellows. Partly stimulated by this conviction, and possibly drawn to the Romish communion, as so many earnest souls are, by the prospect of self-sacrifice which that Church holds out, combined with its authoritative deliverances on matters of faith, she entered that Church in 1851. Here Dickens's description of her will do more than any words of ours to show how fully she followed her Master in going about "doing good." He says: "Naturally enthusiastic, and consciously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbour, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now it was the sheltering of the homeless; now it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to

sympathize, and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden and began to sink. To have saved her life then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed."

She lingered through fifteen months of suffering, borne quietly and even cheerfully, then, just after midnight on February 2nd, 1864, she sank into the arms of the "beautiful angel, Death," in her thirty-ninth year.

Before giving examples of those hymns suitable for congregational singing, we will quote one or two of her tender lyrics. Among these "Legends and Lyrics" there are to be found so many gems that it is difficult to make a choice; but perhaps it will be well to quote first one or two poems not used as hymns, and afterwards a specimen or two which have found their way into hymn-books of recent date and of all denominations.

Our first specimen is a short poem entitled "One by One."

ONE BY ONE.

- " One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
- " One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.
- " One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
- " One by one thy griefs shall meet thee—
Do not fear an armed band ;
Some will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.
- " Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.
- " Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.
- " Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
- " Hours are golden links ; God's tokens,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, ere the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done."

OUR DAILY BREAD.

“ ‘Give us our daily bread,’
O God, the bread of strength !
For we have learned to know
How weak we are at length.
As children, we are weak :
As children, must be fed ;
Give us thy grace, O Lord,
To be our daily bread.

“ ‘Give us our daily bread,’
The bitter bread of grief :
We sought earth’s poisoned feasts
For pleasure and relief ;
We sought her daily fruits, —
But now, O God, instead,
We ask thy healing grief
To be our daily bread.

“ ‘Give us our daily bread,’
To cheer our fainting soul.
The feast of comfort, Lord,
And peace to make us whole.
For we are sick of tears,
The useless tears we shed ;
Now give us comfort, Lord,
To be our daily bread.

“ ‘Give us our daily bread,’
The bread of angels, Lord,
By us so many times
Broken, betrayed, adored ;
His body, and his blood,
The feast that Jesus spread —
Give him, our life, our all,
To be our daily bread.”

The poems entitled “A Lost Chord” and “The Pilgrims” have been set to music, and are therefore

well known to musicians. The latter piece would be a valued addition to any hymn-book, the two lines,

“ O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,”

expressing real scriptural prayer and adoration. The following hymns may be met with in various hymnals.

“ The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us when we pray.

“ The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise ;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

“ Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

“ Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling souls defend.

Give us a respite from our toil ;
 Calm and subdue our woes ;
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord :
 O give us now repose."

The following hymn has been adjudged by an eminent critic to be more suited for the quiet hour than for public worship. Still, it is to be seen in many hymn-books.

- " I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road ;
 I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
 Aught of its load
- " I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet ;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.
- " For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
 Lead me aright,
 Though strength should falter, and though heart should
 bleed,
 Through peace to light.
- " I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
- " I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see ;
 Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
 And follow thee.
- " Joy is like restless day : but peace divine
 Like quiet night.
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
 Through peace to light."

AMERICAN.

VIII.—MRS. H. B. STOWE.

IN consequence of the publication of Mrs. Stowe's works on slavery—notably "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred"—her name has become familiar throughout the English-speaking world. No reader who has attained middle age can forget the *furor* which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" caused. But a life's experience and a life's education went to the making of that book; and to it must be largely attributed the kindling of the enthusiasm which eventually accomplished so much towards the freedom of the slaves.

She was born in 1811, in the little New England town of Litchfield, Connecticut, in which place her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was known and honoured as a sound divine. The family was numerous and gifted, and every one of them fulfilled the early yearnings of their mother for them in becoming remarkably useful. But that mother was early snatched away by death; and at four years of age Harriet was taken home by an aunt, who failed to understand the needs of child-life beyond a plentiful diet of discipline and Catechism. Under these somewhat doleful conditions of existence the child grew up, her only solace and chief good, meanwhile, being an inordinate love of reading. At ten she wrote essays, and gained some little fame among her friends by her able treatment (for a girl) of the subjects she selected. One of these

subjects was, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?"

Early in life she made a religious profession, although very greatly frightened at times by the grim Calvinistic theology which prevailed in those days. When she arrived at the age of twenty, her father became president of a theological seminary in Cincinnati; and the removal thither opened up to Harriet fresh phases of life. She was brought in close proximity to the "peculiar institution," and she visited on an estate that afterwards figured in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as Mr. Shelby's. But soon after settling at Cincinnati she became the wife of Professor Calvin Stowe, one of the tutors at the college over which her father presided.

Professor Stowe was a widower, and thought himself "passing rich" with £300 a-year; but the claims of a large family and experiences of sickness caused the household to make acquaintance with poverty and hardship. Accidentally she was led to commence writing stories for periodicals, and her husband, perceiving her literary talent, encouraged her to persevere. After some years of patient authorship she was able to boast of making "£80 annually" by her pen; and with her first earnings she increased the stock of household comforts. But she was forty-one years of age, and the mother of seven children, before fortune and fame came to her. The passing of the Fugitive Slave Law led to the writing of her great work. By that law the slave-owner was entitled to track out and

recover his poor coloured human chattel from whatever State he had fled to for refuge. This iniquitous Act had profoundly stirred all the hearts that felt for the slave; and Mrs. Stowe's brother Edward wrote to her: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." She took his advice, and wrote the tale as a serial for the *National Era* at Washington, taking about ten months to run through. It was soon re-issued in book form; and within a year one hundred thousand copies were sold in America. At the same time, eighteen English publishers reprinted it, so that one million and a half of copies were circulated in England; and very speedily the work was translated into a score of languages. As one result, Mrs. Stowe netted so large an income that she was enabled to buy lands and houses; but neither she nor her husband knew how to open a banking account when the first large cheque reached their hands, so little had they been accustomed to deal with money beyond a mere sufficiency for the wants of the day. As another result, it is not too much to say that the work itself was the greatest factor in bringing about the emancipation of the slaves.

Other works followed in quick succession, such as, "Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," another slave story of singular power; "The Minister's Wooing;" "Old Town Folks;" and others, all of them evidencing much literary power.

Mrs. Stowe is now living at Hartford, Connecticut,

enfeebled, and a widow. Nearly eighty years of age, and stricken with paralysis, she is only waiting the call to "go home." She said, writing to a friend lately, "I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in a hotel after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed, but what of it? I am going home soon."

Some of her hymns have found their way into English hymn-books. Of the three specimens we quote, two have been so used, but the first, entitled, "Have Faith," seems not yet to have been adopted by any hymn compilers. It, however, speaks confidently of the things most surely believed among Christians.

" Have faith in a third-day morning,
In a resurrection hour ;
For what ye sow in weakness,
He can raise again in power.

" Have faith in the Lord of the thorny crown,
In the Lord of the piercèd hand ;
For he reigneth now o'er earth and heaven,
And his power who may withstand ?

" And the hopes that never on earth shall bloom,
The sorrows for ever new,
Lay silently down at the feet of him
Who died and is risen for you."

The following, written on the passage " Abide in Me," is exceedingly good. Rev. J. Garrett Horder quotes it in his " Congregational Hymns."

" That mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;

Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

“ Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee;
From this good hour, O leave me never more;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o’er.

“ Abide in me; o’ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

“ As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven’s own sweetness seems around it thrown.

“ Abide in me; there have been moments blest
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

“ These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer—
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.”

A third hymn, commencing, “Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,” has been adopted and used for years in the Congregational Hymn-Book:—

“ Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

“ Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

“ As in the dawning o’er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

“ Still, still with thee, as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given;
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

“ When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings o’ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

“ So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and the shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight’s dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.”

IX.—MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

THIS lady, although known to tens of thousands of readers in England by her stories—notably by “*Stepping Heavenward*”—has been very little recognized as a hymn writer. The three specimens we quote are, however, now beginning to be known and used in English hymn-books; and possibly, in years to come, many more will be adopted.

Mrs. Prentiss was favoured in her home and ancestry. She was born at Portland, Maine, U.S., in 1818, a daughter of Dr. Edward Payson, of honoured memory. Her father was esteemed among the American churches for his earnest and devout piety, while

his name was familiar among evangelical circles in Great Britain. He came of an old Puritan stock, "noted during two centuries for the number of ministers of the gospel who had sprung from it." But he died while yet in his prime, in 1827, leaving the little Elizabeth and five other children to face the loneliness and perils of orphanhood. She seemed to inherit her father's frailty of constitution along with much of his intellectual vivacity and activity, and more than once during her girlhood was brought very near the grave by violent illness.

After receiving an advanced education, she commenced a school-teaching career, and won a wealth of love from her pupils. Even in those days we find that she was accustomed, as a special reward or encouragement, to "write stories" for her scholars to read after school hours. In 1845 she was married to the Rev. George L. Prentiss, minister of a church at New Bedford, Mass. In process of years, and amid family cares and joys, the disposition to insomnia, from which she had frequently suffered in youth, became more developed, so that she was greatly weakened by this cause. She had also inherited much of her father's predisposition to intense headache, an affection which grew more persistent as time went on. Amid all this, however, the bent of her mind was plainly to be seen. "Consecration to the Lord" was written upon all her life; and to this end home joys, home sorrows, personal griefs, and personal rejoicings were all subservient. In a letter written about this time she gives utterance to

this sentence: "I see now that to live for God, whether one is allowed ability to be actively useful or not, is a great thing, and that it is a wonderful mercy to be allowed to suffer even, if thereby one can glorify him."

In 1851 Mr. Prentiss received a call to New York, and thenceforth that city became their home. There they lost a child—the first break in their family circle. Another death soon followed, that of the youngest born, an infant of a few weeks. How these dispensations tried her, may be judged from two brief extracts from her diary: "Empty hands, empty hands, a worn-out, exhausted body, and unutterable longings to flee from a world that has so many sharp experiences."

"I thought that prattling boys and girls
Would fill this empty room;
That my rich heart would gather flowers
From childhood's opening bloom:
One child and two green graves are mine,
This is God's gift to me;
A bleeding, fainting, broken heart,
This is my gift to thee."

As years went on, other family joys and sorrows, births and deaths, home-work and foreign travel, united to develop a character of singular sweetness and unselfishness. As a pastor's wife, she sorrowed and rejoiced with her husband's people with all the strength of her nature; as a mother, she became the loving companion and guide of her children; while as an authoress she wrote works which conveyed lessons of light and leading to thousands of readers who never knew her

in the flesh. A sentence or two from her diary will serve to show in what spirit she lived her life and used her gifts and graces:—"Holiness is not a mere abstraction: it is praying, and loving, and being consecrated; but it is also doing kind deeds, speaking friendly words, being in a crowd when we thirst to be alone, and so on, and so on.....We can do nothing well unless we do it consciously for Christ.....People who set themselves up to be pastors and teachers must 'learn in suffering what they teach' in sermon and book.....I think there is such a thing as peace of conscience even in this life; I mean calm consciousness of an understanding, so to speak, between the soul and its Lord."

Mrs. Prentiss had suffered from very broken health for some time, and at last passed away, almost unexpectedly, into the "home land" of heaven, on August 13, 1878, while on a summer holiday at their country home.

Of her works, "Stepping Heavenward" obtained the most remarkable success, even so far as mere circulation was concerned, for it was translated into several languages, and won plaudits from all lands. It was sold by the million, and is still lovingly read. Of this book it has been said that it best represents her life and work. She was by it a comforter and teacher to all women struggling in the battle of life. It illustrates Madame Guyon's words: "God rarely, if ever, makes the educative process a painless one when he wants remarkable results." Of the influence of this book eternity alone can tell.

Her best-known hymn is entitled, "More Love to Thee, O Christ."

" More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee !
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee ;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !

" Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now thee alone I seek—
Give what is best ;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !

" Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !

" Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise ;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee ! "

Another specimen runs thus,—*" Alone with God,"*—

" Into my closet fleeing, as the dove
Doth homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er thy love,
Alone with thee !

“ In the dim wood, by human ear unheard,
Joyous and free,
Lord, I adore thee, feasting on thy word,
Alone with thee !

“ Amid the busy city, thronged and gay,
But One I see,
Tasting sweet peace, as, unobserved, I pray
Alone with thee !

“ O sweetest life ! life hid with Christ in God ;
So making me
At home, and by the wayside, and abroad,
Alone with thee ! ”

The following hymn, entitled, “ Our Corner-Stone,”
was written for the laying of the corner-stone of a new
church :—

“ A temple, Lord, we raise ;
Let all its walls be praise
To thee alone.
Draw nigh, O Christ, we pray,
To lead us on our way ;
And be thou, now and aye,
Our Corner-Stone.

“ In humble faith arrayed,
We these foundations laid
In war’s dark day.
Oppression’s reign o’erthrown,
Sweet peace once more our own,
Do thou the topmost stone
Securely lay.

“ And when each earth-built wall,
Crumbling to dust shall fall
Our work still own.
Be to each faithful heart
That here hath wrought its part,
What in thy Church thou art—
The Corner-Stone.”

FRENCH.

X.—MADAME GUYON.

MADAME GUYON was born at Montargis, about fifty miles south of Paris, on April 13, 1648. She was of noble birth, delicate constitution, and refined and active mind, taking much delight in various branches of study. Educated at first by Ursuline nuns, and afterwards by Benedictines, she had her young affections powerfully exercised on religious matters. She says in her Autobiography, writing of this time in her life: "Young as I was, I loved to hear of God, to be at church, and to be dressed in the habit of a little nun." When a year or two older, but still quite a child, she was transferred to a Dominican convent, under the care of a lady who was a friend of the family. Here a Bible being left in her chamber—whether designedly or not cannot be said—she became a diligent student of the newly-found treasure. "I spent," she says, "whole days in reading it, giving no attention to other books or other subjects from morning to night; and having great powers, of recollection, I committed to memory the historical parts entirely." From that time, it seems probable that she followed the Lord Christ, though sometimes it might have been "afar off," through all the changes and trials of her changeful life.

At sixteen she was married to Monsieur Jacques Guyon. According to the French custom, she was betrothed to him by arrangements entered into be-

tween her father and M. Guyon. She signed the articles of marriage after only three days' acquaintance with her future husband; but so strong was her habit of unquestioning filial obedience, that she never once dreamed of opposing these arrangements. Yet all the circumstances and surroundings of the case boded ill. She was only sixteen, he a man of thirty-eight; she was religious and studious as well as inclined to the life of a recluse, he was indifferent to all religion; she wished to honour and love her husband, while he looked on a wife as a kind of convenient housekeeper or servant. It was no wonder, therefore, that the married life—lived, too, under the roof of an imperious, quarrelsome mother-in-law—became one of misery and suffering to the young wife.

Referring to this experience, she wrote: "No sooner was I at the house of my husband than I perceived it would be to me a house of mourning.....If I uttered my opinions on any subject of discussion, I was charged with desiring to enter into a dispute; and instead of being applauded, I was told to hold my tongue, and scolded from morning till night." These and other entries in her Autobiography amply prove how painful and humiliating was her position. Yet her religious principles led her to submit quietly and uncomplainingly, not only to these indignities, but to others not less distressing. For instance, her mother-in-law was miserly and coarse-natured, compelling the refined young wife to do the most menial things in order to save, and this even in the presence of visitors. They

were extremely wealthy ; but she was allowed no room whither she could retire alone, but was expected to sit constantly in the same apartment with her tormentor ; while, if she walked abroad, a footman followed her, who was tutored to give an account of everything she said and did. Altogether her life was intolerable, but with meek submission Madame Guyon accepted the trial as coming direct from the hand of God, and as designed to break her spirit and lay her low in the dust of self-abasement. Her own words were : " My proud spirit broke under the system of coercion. Married to a person of rank and wealth, I found myself a slave in my own dwelling rather than a free person. The expression of thought and feeling, which was natural to me, faded from my countenance. Terror took possession of my mind. Under the rod of my despotic mistress I sat dumb and almost idiotic."

Yet more and more the stricken spirit turned to God. She found comfort in frequent communion with him, and in recognizing that he *permitted* these trials for her good. Children were given her, and these somewhat softened her lot for the time ; but as the eldest son grew up to boyhood, the mother-in-law succeeded in alienating the child's affections from his mother. Other children followed, and some of them died ; but in all the vicissitudes of life she ever kept fast hold upon God. Small-pox disfigured her until her " whole body looked like a leper," while her second son died of the same malady. Soon after this her daughter died ; and, to crown her bereavements, by the time she

was twenty-eight years of age, she became a widow, and was left, with three children out of five, to face the world. Yet she had to meet still severer trials.

Soon after her husband's death she quitted her mother-in-law's residence, and devoted herself to the education and care of her children, determining to live more fully to God's honour and glory. Accepting in its entirety the doctrine of justification by faith, she not only believed it but taught it. And seeking for a wider sphere, she left France for Switzerland, taking up her residence at Thonon, near Geneva. She taught the doctrines pertaining to the life of faith to all who would listen, holding meetings in her own house, and sowing the seed of the Word of God at all times and seasons. From this time until the end of her life, her portion in life consisted of wanderings, persecutions, and imprisonments. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which occurred in 1685, and drove fifty thousand families of Protestant faith, wealth, and influence out of France, increased her difficulties and aggravated her trials. Madame Guyon was truly a Protestant, although a nominal member of the Church of Rome; and, what was more to the purpose, she was also a Reformer. She belongs to a little band which is known in history as "Reformers before the Reformation." And in due course the report of the so-called "heresies" reached Paris, where the ecclesiastical mind was incensed against her beyond all bounds.

Her home at Thonon having become distasteful in consequence of annoyances and petty mischiefs, con-

nived at, if not instigated, by the priests, on account of her religious beliefs, she decided to remove to Piedmont, and afterwards to return to Paris. But wherever she went she found the same eagerness to hear the truths of salvation by grace, as distinct from salvation by works. She writes: "People flocked together from all sides, far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maidens, wives, widows—all came, one after the other, to hear what was to be said. So great was the interest felt, that for some time I was wholly occupied from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening in speaking of God." She also wrote a book on prayer, which immediately received a large circulation.

Her return to Paris was the signal for a furious outbreak of persecution. She was arraigned before the Archbishop of Paris on the following charges—that she maintained heretical opinions; that, for the purpose of teaching those opinions, she held private religious assemblies, contrary to the rules of the Church; and that she had published a dangerous book. She was condemned, and banished to the Convent of Ste. Marie as a prisoner. Madame de Maintenon procured her release from this place; but as she taught the same doctrines at intervals, she was arrested again by the *gendarmes*, and imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes. After this she was removed to the prison at Vaugirard, and finally to the terrible Bastille—the *Inferno* of French prisons.

In this latter dreadful place she remained nearly

four years. But we have no records of her sufferings there, because she was bound by the fearful oath of her jailers to reveal nothing, upon pain of coming back to end her days. A maid-servant, who shared her religious principles, was also confined in the Bastile, because she would not be base enough to bear testimony tending to incriminate her mistress. She ultimately died there, not long before Madame Guyon's release. One entry in her Autobiography refers to this imprisonment: "I, being in the Bastile, said to thee—O my God, if thou art pleased to render me a spectacle to men and angels, thy holy will be done! All I ask is that thou wilt be with me. Purify me in thy blood, that I may be accepted of thee."

She was released from the Bastile in 1702, at fifty-four years of age, but instead of being allowed to reside quietly with her daughter, was banished to Blois, a hundred miles away. Here she lingered about fifteen years, with a broken and enfeebled constitution, and died in 1717, aged sixty-nine years. Her own touching words sum up the story of this part of her life: "My life is consecrated to God, to *suffer* for him, as well as to enjoy him. I came out of my place of confinement in the Bastile; but in leaving my prison, I did not leave the cross. My afflicted spirit began to breathe and recover itself a little after the termination of my residence there, but my body was from that time sick and borne down with all sorts of infirmities. I have had almost continual maladies, which have often brought me to the verge of death."

The two following hymns were written during her periods of imprisonment, along with many others which we have not space to quote. These perhaps are the best known of her poems, and may be met with in different hymnals of the present day. They were translated by Cowper, along with the remainder of her "Spiritual Songs," numbering about nine hundred in the total.

" A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my Lord, it pleases thee.

" Nought have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long ;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
And still he bends to hear me sing.

" Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude
Thou wouldst not hear the less,
Because thou knowest as they fall
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

" My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

" Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;

And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

Another, and perhaps the best known one, is this:—

" O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

" All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

" To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

" While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul can find repose in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

" Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

" My country, Lord, art thou alone,
No other can I claim or own—
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love, life's only sweet.

" I hold by nothing here below ;
Appoint my journey, and I go ;
Though pierced by scorn, oppressed by pride,
I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

" No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love ;

Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

“ Ah, then, to His embrace repair—
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.”

GERMAN.

XI.—ANNA SCHLATTER.

AMONG German-speaking people, Anna Schlatter's hymns are known and valued, although comparatively strange to English hymn-lovers. No account of German hymn writers would be complete without some notice of this lady, who resolutely refrained from courting the public ear, and veiled her productions under the disguise of anonymity, till death made her life-story public property.

Anna Schlatter disliked publicity so much that she frequently refused overtures from publishers for the publication of her hymns during her life-time; and when some productions of hers found their way into print without her knowledge, the fact caused her great annoyance. She was so well-known and honoured for her talent and Christian worth, that she carried on an extensive correspondence with the foremost evangelists and philanthropists of the time in different countries, including Stephen Grellet, Lavater, Martin Boos, Steinkopf, and others; but she chose the quiet

walks of home and home duties for her best and most treasured efforts.

She was born at St. Gallen, Switzerland, in November 1773, of pious, patriotic ancestors. Anna's father was a manufacturer and magistrate, as was also her maternal grandfather. She was one of a large family of children, whom the manufacturing business scarcely managed to sustain. Times were bad, business was risky, kingdoms were disturbed and thrones unsettled in the closing years of the eighteenth century; and the St. Gallen family felt their full share of difficulty. Indeed, it ended at last in the father giving up his business and trying to live quietly on the small income arising from his investments; but this step did not lessen the hardships and economies of the family at home.

The children were trained most carefully; for in addition to the police regulations then prevailing in Switzerland as to the observance of the Lord's day, the parents entertained very strict ideas as to its sanctity. Church twice each Sunday; no walking after services; and finally, reading and prayer by the father in the evening of the day;—these things filled up the measure of the Sabbath duties. And as Anna was already inclined to religion, she received this training and discipline with humble and receptive mind.

In 1793, she was married to one Hector Schlatter, a widower with one child, and a manufacturer also. After this date hers became a very busy life. In addi-

tion to the ordinary work of a housewife, she assisted her husband in his shop, and further became the mother of thirteen children. A letter of her own thus describes her life :—" I was a housewife who required to make the most of every penny, and often did not know how to provide for the needs of all. I was also my husband's assistant in the shop. In addition to this, I was nursery-maid and needle-woman to the whole house; not a shirt nor a dress, not a mattress nor a sheet, not a bed nor a cap was there in the house which my own hand had not stitched, for many years, without reckoning the innumerable stockings which I knitted and darned. Often I had to cook, wash, hang up, and iron. I had to do it all myself, and to nurse the children when they were ill."

After the children grew up she took much interest in the circulation of the Bible, as well as in missions, and made many short journeys in pursuance of these objects. She wrote her hymns and songs as circumstances called for their production during these years.

One of her sons became a minister of a Protestant congregation, and several of her daughters married merchants of good standing. In 1824 her health broke down, and after two years of much suffering she died in February 1826.

We are indebted to the Rev. John Kelly's sketch of Anna Schlatter in a recent volume of the *Sunday at Home* for the foregoing particulars, as also for the following specimen of her hymns :—

ON AWAKING.

" Now in thy name, Lord Jesus Christ,
I from my couch arise ;
To thee, who omnipresent art,
I lift my hands and eyes.

" How much of toil and work and care
Awaiteth me to-day !
Teach me to order everything,
I ask of thee alway.

" According to thy mind and will,
Though small the work may be,
And, 'mid the crowd, O may mine eye
Be fixed alone on thee.

" Thou knowest, Lord, that little time
For prayer and thought have I ;
Thou read'st my heart—do thou behold
My conflict from on high.

" With what displeaseth thee, my God,
O give me strength to fight ;
And if thy hand upholdeth me,
I'll victor be at night.

" And should the load of cares oppress,
I will in thee abide ;
And do thou bid the storm within
My anxious heart subside.

" Teach me in all to see thyself,
And only wait on thee ;
If at thy word I tread the waves,
And sink, uphold thou me.

" Ah, never let me sink, O Lord !
Thou knowest I am thine ;
And if my spirit fail to-day,
Say to me, ' Thou art mine. '

XII.—ANNA DOBER.

It has been recently stated that Germany claims to have produced over twenty thousand hymns. A large portion of this total was the work of women, though few of them, as compared with those of Paul Gerhardt, Count Zinzendorf, Luther, and other "song-masters," are sung by the people. Some remain, however, still as "household words" in the country of their birth, and others have become incorporated with our English hymnology.

To Anna Dober we owe a hymn commencing, "Holy Lamb! who thee receive," No. 572 in the new Congregational Hymn-Book. This hymn is taken from a poem of ten stanzas, written by Anna Dober in the year 1735, and the whole piece stands No. 1046 in the German Hymn-Book of that date. Anna Dober's maiden name was Schindler, and she was born at Kunewald, in Moravia, April 9th, 1713. She was only short-lived, but she spent much of her brief life in Christian service. When quite young, she joined the settlement of Moravian Brethren at Herrnhut, founded by Count Zinzendorf, and governed by him. There, it is said, she surpassed her companions in talent and in the faithful discharge of Christian work. On July 13th, 1737, she was married to John Leonard Dober, who had been engaged in mission work in the West Indies for a short time previous, but was at that time recalled from the West Indies in order to be appointed to the general eldership, or superintend-

ence of the whole work of the Brethren at home and abroad.

Frau Dober did not publish any work, but several of her hymns were inserted in the Moravian Brethren's Collection. Her hymns speak of much personal devotion to Christ, and thirsting after his love. Some of them, this among them, were translated and adapted for English Christians by John Wesley. The hymn stands No. 350 in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book.

“ Holy Lamb ! who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

“ Jesus, see my panting breast,
See I pant in thee to rest ;
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

“ Fix, O fix my wavering mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.

“ Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God ;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

“ Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives ;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

“ See, ye sinners, see the flame,
Rising from the slaughtered Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way
Leading to eternal day.

“ Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee ;
When thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

“ Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.”

XIII.—HENRIETTA LOUISA VON HAYN.

To another member of that Moravian settlement, Henrietta Louisa Von Hayn, we owe a splendid child's hymn, commencing, “ Seeing I am Jesus' lamb.” She was born near Frankfort, May 22nd, 1724, of a respectable family, her father being master of the hounds to the Duke of Nassau. She joined the Moravians in 1744, and became Superintendent of the Unmarried Sisters' Home, in the settlement of Herrnhut. While in this position she composed the following hymn for children, which, indeed, is not only the most favourite child's hymn in all Germany, but also in many other parts of the world. The translation is by Miss Catherine Winkworth.

“ Seeing I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am ;
He's my Shepherd, kind and good,
Who provides me daily food ;
And his lamb by name doth call,
For he knows and loves us all.

“ Guided by his gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,

I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need ;
When I thirst, my feet he brings
To the fresh and living springs.

“ Must I not rejoice for this ?
He is mine, and I am his.
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in his arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven ;
Ah, what joy hath Jesus given ! ”

In their gift of hymn-writing, the two last-named singers followed their leader, Count Zinzendorf. It is said that he wrote over two thousand hymns. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that some of his productions have become household words. “ Jesus, still lead on,” is said to be the first hymn taught to little children by pious parents in Germany ; and this, together with the one commencing, “ Jesus, thy robe of righteousness,” are as household words among the “ household of faith ” in England.

CHAPTER V.

Minor Hymn Writers.

ENGLISH.

IT has been observed that women have not made a trade of hymn-writing as men have. Hence we have no female Watts, with hundreds, or Wesley, with thousands of hymns; but what hymns they have written have been mostly composed under the pressure or stimulus of very special emotions. We can fairly trace in Anne Steele, in Charlotte Elliott, in Sarah F. Adams, and in many others, the presence of overmastering emotion, dictating the subject and inspiring the words of their compositions. Perhaps this is one reason that of the comparatively few hymns written by women, as compared with the great bulk of our hymnology, so many are loved and remembered as household words. In this section we propose to treat of those hymn writers who are known only as the authors of single hymns, or of very few hymns.

One of our best known Whitsuntide hymns was produced by Miss HARRIET AUBER, who was born in London in 1773, and who lived to be eighty-nine years of age, dying in 1862. It appeared first in a small

volume published in 1829, containing other poems by Miss Auber, entitled, "The Spirit of the Psalms ; or, A Compressed Version of Select Portions of the Psalms of David." This volume was not entirely original, as it contained some hymns by other writers. Miss Auber's father was rector of Tring, Herts, but she herself spent a large part of her life at Broxbourne and Hoddesdon, in the same county. It is stated that in both these places her memory is affectionately cherished. This hymn, however, serves to keep her memory green among all lovers of sacred poetry, and is doubtless sung in many sanctuaries every Whitsuntide Sabbath morning—

"Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

"He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On each to shed.

"He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind he came—
As viewless too.

"He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

"And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

“And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

“Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for thee.”

Respecting this hymn the Rev. Andrew Carter, editor of the *British Messenger*, gives a curious fact. Writing in that journal under the signature of “Eusebius,” he says:—“I happened to pay a visit some nine years since to old Daniel Sedgwick’s out-of-the-way shop of hymn literature, and while there met the late Rev. Dawson Campbell of Ware, Herts, an ardent lover of hymns, who, like myself, had gone to the little shop in Sun Street in search of hymn-books. In the course of an interesting conversation, he told me that he had for some time occupied the house at Hoddesdon in which Harriet Auber had formerly lived. She had written her beautiful hymn, ‘Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed,’ on a pane of glass in one of the windows with a diamond, and when Mr. Campbell came into possession the pane of glass was still intact. Anxious to have it as a curiosity specially interesting to him, he asked permission of the landlord to remove the pane, and put another in its place ; but the landlord declined. And so, up to that time, some seventeen years after the author’s death, the valuable manuscript of this sweet hymn remained in its place. Mr. Campbell died, I believe, only a short while afterwards ; and

I have often wondered what became of that pane of glass—whether it still remains unbroken, or whether some child's elbow, or some street boy's ill habit of stone-throwing, has made an end of it. Among all the curious forms in which hymn writers have written their compositions, I fancy this is the only case on record of a hymn written by its author on a window pane."

It may be added that this incident is here given at Mr. Carter's request, and I would say that I have also much to thank him for in the way of furnishing suggestions as to materials for this book.

There is one other hymn by Miss Auber in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," No. 294, commencing—

"O praise our great and gracious Lord,
And call upon his name ;
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim !"

We owe a beautiful confirmation hymn to Mrs. MARY FAWLER MAUDE, wife of the late Rev. Joseph Maude, formerly vicar of Chirk, near Ruabon, North Wales. The hymn was written for a confirmation class at Newport, Isle of Wight, and first appeared in a little book, entitled, "Twelve Letters on Confirmation," published in 1848. To many the lines will bring back serious memories of the day when episcopal hands were laid on their heads, and the solemn prayer uttered, "Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever, and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more,

until he come into thy everlasting kingdom." The words of the hymn are as follow :—

"Thine for ever, God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

"Thine for ever, Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

"Thine for ever, oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest ;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

"Thine for ever, Saviour, keep
Us, thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

"Thine for ever, thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven."

Miss HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, author of one hymn often sung, was born in the north of England in 1762. When about eighteen years of age she went to London, and entered on a literary career. In 1786 she visited France, and became so enamoured of the French capital that she settled there in 1790. She was in some danger during the awful scenes of the French Revolution, and was actually imprisoned in the Temple during Robespierre's "reign of terror." One cannot help thinking

that the composition of this hymn was connected with the circumstances of danger in which she found herself while imprisoned in the Temple.

“While thee I seek, Almighty Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

“Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o’er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

“In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

“In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

“When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

“My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart at rest in thee.”

A very favourite hymn, commencing, “Go when the morning shineth” (sometimes attributed to the Earl of Carlisle), was written by JANE CROSS SIMPSON for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of February 1831. Mr. Bell, the then editor, was the brother of Mrs. Simpson, and he frequently inserted some of his sister’s poems

in that periodical under the signature of "Gertrude." The hymn, which is a stirring little exhortation to prayer, was afterwards reprinted in a volume of poems, entitled, "April Hours." The whole of it runs thus:—

"Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

"Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

"Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends surround thy way;
E'en then thy silent breathing
Of spirit raised above
May reach his throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

"Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all."

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON, *née* FOX, born in 1809, died in 1863, was highly educated, but was also a great sufferer. She wrote, while confined to a sick-room, several small volumes of poems, among which are "Lays of the Reformation, and other Lyrics;" "A Little While, and other Poems;" "The Singer of Eisenach;" and "Aunt Jane's Verses for Children." Two of her hymns, commencing respectively, "There is no sorrow, Lord, too slight," and, "O Saviour, I have nought to plead," have found their way into several hymn-books; but the following poem seems to convey to the reader much of her devout and prayerful spirit. We therefore quote it in preference. It may be sometimes seen on leaflets for letters. Another hymn, commencing, "I've found a joy in sorrow," may be seen in Sankey's "Songs and Solos."

"Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright 'for ever,'
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while.'

"'A little while' for patient vigil keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
'A little while' to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

"'A little while' to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary steps through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"'A little while,' 'midst shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, 'He doth all things well.'

“ ‘A little while,’ the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.

“ ‘A little while’ to keep the oil from failing,
‘A little while’ faith’s flickering lamp to trim ;
And then, the Bridegroom’s coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

“ And he who is himself the gift and giver,
The future glory, and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad ‘for ever,
Will light the shadows of the ‘little while.’ ”

We have religious poems from the pens of the BRONTË sisters ; and some of Anne’s hymns have found their way into hymn-books. These sisters, buried in the seclusion of their Yorkshire home, wrote works which have become classical ; but it is a little-known fact that all of them tried their pens at the composition of religious poems. Readers of their works of fiction, such as “Jane Eyre,” “Shirley,” “Agnes Grey,” “The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,” and others, little think that these lonely women, living their solitary, repressed lives amid the wild moors, sometimes gave vent to their feelings in hymns.

They were the daughters of the Rev. Patrick Bronte, B.A., rector of Haworth ; and as Mrs. Bronte had died while they and a little brother were very young, their training was somewhat neglected. Indeed, they were much left to themselves ; and for this reason, perhaps, the son, as he grew up, became wild and dissipated ; but the daughters only grew more thoughtful, and

more addicted to study. In 1846 the three sisters, under the assumed names of Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, issued a little volume of poems, partly secular and partly sacred. These attracted very little attention; and seeing this, the three sisters agreed each to write a tale. Charlotte wrote "Jane Eyre," Emily, "Wuthering Heights," and Anne, "Agnes Grey." For a long time these novels met with neglect from the literary world; but gradually the critics began to realize that their authors were people of genius, though as yet unknown, and the reading world endorsed the verdict. But literary labours, together with the strain of their efforts as governesses, in time undermined their strength. Emily Bronte died of consumption in December 1848; Anne died of the same disease in May 1849; and Charlotte, after a brief married life, followed her sisters. They seemed to have lived lives too self-contained, too sad, and too intense, so that the sword wore out the sheath, the spirit the body.

One hymn of Anne Bronte's, entitled "Confidence," may be found in the new Congregational Hymn-Book, and is taken from "Wuthering Heights." It commences,—

" Oppressed with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair."

Charlotte Bronte added this note to the hymn when a new edition of the tale in which it first appeared was called for:—"My sister had to taste the cup of life as

it is mixed for the class called 'governesses.'" We prefer, however, to quote another, evidently written when she was drawing near to her grave. It is so touching and plaintive, that one can almost seem to hear the fast-whitening lips murmuring the words, as the journey to the tomb was accomplished. A friend, speaking of her at that time, says: "Her belief then did not bring to her dread, as of a stern Judge, but hope, as in a Father and Saviour; and no faltering hope was it, but a sure and steadfast conviction, on which, in the rude passage from time to eternity, she threw the weight of her human weakness, and by which she was enabled to bear what was to be borne, patiently, serenely, and victoriously." About a month before she died, Anne wrote as follows to a friend: "I wish it would please God to spare me, not only for papa's and Charlotte's sakes, but because I long to do some good in the world before I leave it. I have many schemes in my head for future practice—humble and limited indeed, but I should not like them all to come to nothing, and myself to have lived to so little purpose; but still God's will be done." After this, she wrote the hymn which we now proceed to quote, and then the pen fell from her hand for ever. The Rev. W. Garrett Horder gives it in his new "Congregational Hymns."

" I hoped that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie,
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high.
But God has fixed another part,
And he has fixed it well;

I said so with my breaking heart
When first this trouble fell.

“ These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tossed,—
Can I but turn to thee ;
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

“ If thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on thee.
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow ;
But, Lord, whatever be my fate,
O let me serve thee now.”

To Mrs. EMMA TOKE, daughter of the Bishop of Kilmore, and wife of Rev. Nicholas Toke, rector of Godington, Ashford, Kent, we owe two or three hymns, first introduced by the committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge into their hymnals, and now copied into many other hymn-books. One composed for Ascension Day is generally sung to the beautiful tune “ Olivet,” and commences thus,—

“ Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
Our songs of praise arise.”

The other hymn is written on the words of Christ spoken to Thomas, in St. John xx. 29, “ Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”

“ O thou who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide,
Bidding the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side,
Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
Faith in the incarnate Lord.

“ And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
O let us, Lord, the lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;
And grant that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve,
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.”

To Miss MARIANNE NUNN, born in 1779, died in 1847, we are indebted for a favourite hymn, founded on the text, “There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

“ One there is above all others,—
Oh, how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,—
Oh, how he loves !
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,—
Oh, how he loves !

“ 'Tis eternal life to know him,—
Oh, how he loves !
Think, oh, think how much we owe him,—
Oh, how he loves !
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us,—
Oh, how he loves !

“ Blessed Jesus ! would you know him ?

Oh, how he loves !

Give yourselves entirely to him,—

Oh, how he loves !

Think no longer of the morrow,

From the past new courage borrow,

Jesus carries all your sorrow—

Oh, how he loves !

“ All your sins shall be forgiven,—

Oh, how he loves !

Backward shall your foes be driven,—

Oh, how he loves !

Best of blessings he'll provide you,

Nought but good shall e'er betide you,

Safe to glory he will guide you,—

Oh, how he loves ! ”

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS, wife of Thomas Mills, M.P., is known only by one hymn, but that is a universal favourite—“ We speak of the realms of the blest.” She was born in 1808, and died at the age of twenty-one, in 1829, having written this poem shortly before her death :—

“ We speak of the realms of the blest,

That country so bright and so fair,

And oft are its glories confessed ;

But what must it be to be there ?

“ We speak of its service of love,

Of the robes which the glorified wear,

Of the Church of the first-born above ;

But what must it be to be there ?

“ We speak of its freedom from sin,

From sorrow, temptation, and care,

From trials without and within ;

But what must it be to be there ?

“ Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,

Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;

Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there."

To Mrs. CONDER we owe a sweet Saturday evening hymn, which may be found in many hymnals, and is still a favourite with devout minds. It puts into melodious form thoughts which pass through many minds on the approach of the holy Sabbath, more especially through the minds of tired mothers and workers. Mrs. Conder was a mother herself, and knew of what she sang. She was grand-daughter, on the maternal side, of Roubiliac the sculptor, and was married to Rev. Josiah Conder in 1815. This hymn, which we quote, is included, along with six others from her pen, in a volume, entitled, "Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation," by Rev. Josiah Conder, but now edited by their son, Rev. E. R. Conder, formerly of Leeds.

" The hours of evening close;
The lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

" So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care,
Nor thought for 'many things' assail
The still retreat of prayer.

" Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep,
And safe from violence or fear
Will fold his flock to sleep.

" So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows."

TO HARRIET PARR, known to the literary world by the pseudonym of Holme Lee, we owe one beautiful hymn, which has crept, and is creeping, into many collections of hymns for public worship. Curiously enough, it appeared first in *Household Words* Christmas issue for 1856, in the course of a story called "The Wreck of the *Golden Mary*." The story recounts the adventures that befell the *Golden Mary* on her voyage from California, and her wreck by an encounter with an iceberg. The crew and passengers were compelled to take to the boats, and in order to while away the time they tell their experiences. Among the rest, poor little Dick Tarrant tells his tale thus:—"What can it be that brings all these things over in my mind? There's a child's hymn that Tom and I used to say at my mother's knee when we were little ones, keeps running through my mind. It's the stars, maybe. There was a little window by my bed that I used to watch them at—a window in my room at home in Cheshire; and if I was ever afraid, as boys will be after reading a good ghost story, I would keep on saying it until I fell asleep." "That was a good mother of yours, Dick. Could you say that hymn now, do you think? Some of us would like to hear it." "It's as clear in my mind at this minute as if my mother was here listening to me," said Dick, and he repeated it:—

"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

- “ Great my sins are, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.
- “ Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade ;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.
- “ None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought ;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son has wrought.
- “ Pardon all my past transgressions ;
Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thine angels bid me home.”

Another authoress, favourably known by one hymn only, and that hymn a prayer, is ELLEN ELIZABETH BURMAN. It is this one:—

- “ Teach me to live ! 'tis easier far to die,
Gently and silently to pass away,
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realm of day.
- “ Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve thee in the darkest paths of life ;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.
- “ Teach me to live, thy purpose to fulfil ;
Bright for thy glory let my taper shine.
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will,
Closer round thee my heart's affections twine.
- “ Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet ;

Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

“ Teach me to live ! no idler let me be,
But in thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully,—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

“ Teach me to live, my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me ; let me feel thee near ;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkened road.

“ Teach me to live and find my life in thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away ;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each day.

“ Teach me to live ! with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom ;
Waiting with cheerful patience till thy call
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.”

ADA CROSS, *née* CAMBRIDGE, is the author of a widely-known hymn, commencing, “The dawn of God’s dear Sabbath.” As it is a long hymn, we transcribe only two of the six double verses of which it consists. We may premise that a communion hymn, commencing “Jesus, great Redeemer, Source of Life divine,” comes also from her pen, and may be found, along with many other beautiful hymns, in a volume of hers, entitled, “Hymns on the Holy Communion.” Mrs. Cross was born in Norfolk in 1844, and while unmarried produced several volumes of poetry and prose. The one entitled “Hymns on the Holy Communion” has been re-issued in New York with much acceptance. She

was married to the Rev. G. T. Cross of Australia in 1869, and has doubtless continued to "sing for Jesus" at the Antipodes ever since her departure.

" The dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain ;
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

" O day, when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing,
That foes may not destroy ;
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast."

There is a sweet little sacred poem, by a writer named ANNA MONTAGUE, which seems to come in fitly in this chapter. But although I have diligently searched many sources, I cannot find any biographical information concerning the writer, so well has she kept herself concealed from public knowledge. The poem is entitled "Waiting." Although not a hymn, strictly speaking, it possesses many of the characteristics of good hymns.

" I stood by the Master's vineyard
In the light of the morning sun ;
I thought of the day's sweet labour,
And the great rewards to be won.

“ For I longed to be up and doing
In the harvest-fields so rare ;
That my hands should be busy toiling,
Plucking the clusters rare.

“ As I turned to enter the vineyard,
The sound of coming feet
Caused me to pause and listen,
That the comer I might greet.

“ And my Master stood before me
In the golden morning light ;
His smile cast a heavenly radiance
That blinded my mortal sight.

“ But it entered my heart, and filled it
With a love and a rapture sweet ;
I bowed in glad adoration
Before my Master's feet.

“ And his words, like silvery music
From the distant starry sky,
Came into my listening spirit
As an echo from strains on high.

“ And thus spoke the Master, ‘ Daughter,
I know thy longing heart,
In the toil of my laden vineyard,
Is eager to bear a part.

“ ‘ But from thee no active labour
Thy Master's cause demands ;
Within thy cottage doorway
Only sit with folded hands,

“ ‘ And the patient endurance of sorrow,
And a burden sore of pain,
Till I come with a welcome summons
To bring thee eternal gain.’

“ So he led me to my cottage,
And left me within the door ;

But the brightness of his presence
Stays with me for evermore.

' I see on the fair sweet uplands
The pleasant vineyard ground ;
And the echo of happy voices
Comes to me a cheering sound.

" I wait for his welcome footsteps,
Perchance they are coming to me ;
I watch for his radiant smiling,
That I his face may see.

" And this, like a sweet bird, nestles
In my heart, else desolate,—
They also serve who patiently
But fold their hands, and *wait*."

Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY, wife of Lieutenant Mackay,
a Scotchman, contributed the following hymn to the
"Amethyst," an annual published in Edinburgh, in
1832:—

" Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

" Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

" Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

" Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be !

Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

“ Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place ;
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

“ Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.”

Mrs. JANE E. SAXBY, *née* BROWNE, born in 1811, issued a volume of hymns and poems, entitled, “ The Dove on the Cross.” Many of these poems are beautiful in the extreme, and some have found their way into collections of hymns both here and across the Atlantic. One entitled “ The Border-Lands ” runs thus:—

“ Father, into thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border-lands,
Until thy voice shall summon it.

“ Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death ;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

“ These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their evening shades ;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life’s long evening fades.

“ I hear them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places ;
Shades where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other’s faces.

" But since thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border-land,
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

" There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul ; how could I fear,
While thus encircled by thine arm ?
I never felt thee half so near.

" What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer thee ?
When I may almost see thy face,
Surely 'tis here my soul would be."

Among well-known mission hymns, we may mention that one in Sankey's "Songs and Solos," commencing, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay," composed by Miss ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, a Scotch-woman. The writer well remembers hearing it sung in a little "upper room" at Weston-super-Mare, some years since, before it became popular, by a travelling evangelist, and being thrilled at the way it represented the manner in which the Lord Jesus goes to seek his wandering sheep "until he find it." Miss Clephane, by this hymn, has set in motion a sermon on the love of Christ which will never die as long as the English tongue is spoken. Only in the last great day will it be known how many wandering sheep have been brought to Jesus by its means. It is like most of the hymns that come from the heart of woman—tender, touching, and true.

" There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;

But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold ;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

“ ‘ Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine ;
Are they not enough for thee ? ’
But the Shepherd made answer, ‘ This of mine
Has wandered away from me ;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep. ’

“ But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

“ ‘ Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track ? ’
‘ They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back. ’
‘ Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn ? ’
‘ They are pierced to-night by many a thorn. ’

“ And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
‘ Rejoice ! I have found my sheep ! ’
And the angels echoed around the throne,
‘ Rejoice ! for the Lord brings back his own ! ’ ”

CHAPTER VI.

Minor Hymn Writers

ENGLISH. —(Continued.)

THE wonderful "revival" of 1859-60 in the north of Ireland unloosed the tongues of some singers for Jesus, hitherto silent. Of these we may instance Miss CHARITIE LEES SMITH, the young daughter of a clergyman, who, in the first impulses of the wonderful change and joy she experienced in that revival time, composed the following hymn:—

" Oh, for the robes of whiteness !
Oh, for the tearless eyes !
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies !

" Oh, for the no more weeping
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above !

" Oh, for the bliss of flying
My risen Lord to meet !
Oh, for the rest of lying
For ever at his feet !

" Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face ;

The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place !

“ Jesus, thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with thee ;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me.

“ Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now, before thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In thee and thee alone.”

A hymn written towards the end of last century expresses the same desires. It is entitled “Panting for Heaven,” and was written by MARIA DE FLEURY, a lady who published a volume of “Divine Poems” in 1791. Although possessed of very little education, Miss de Fleury evidently owned the gift of song. This piece has found its way into some books of praise:—

“ Ye angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
And tune your soft harps to his praise.

“ He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

“ Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

“ He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair ;
For you he was ‘mighty to save,’
Almighty to bring you safe there.

“ Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song ?
I am weary of lingering here,
And I to the Saviour belong.

“ I'm fettered and chained up in clay ;
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

“ I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.”

MARY SHEKLETON is another invalid who, from her sofa, influenced many and many a heart by her poems and other quiet ministries of love. She formed what was known as an “Invalid's Prayer Union,” which not only made a bond of union between Christians in Dublin—her home—but got to be known farther and wider. Her hymns seem full of that quiet confidence which comes only from long and fervent communings with Jesus, the Friend of all lonely sufferers in sick-rooms. One of Miss Shekleton's hymns, to be found in Sankey's “Songs and Solos,” is very widely known. It commences, “It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine;” but the specimen which we give is not so well known. It is written on the clause. “That I may know him,” and speaks the earnest longings of a heart panting after more Christ-likeness:—

“ One fervent wish, my God ! It speaks the whole
And every longing of my weary soul ;
To know my Saviour is my one desire—
The great high prize to which I most aspire.

" To know him in his depth of love to me,
The poorest, weakest, vilest though I be,
His lost one whom he came to seek and save,
His loved one for whose life himself he gave.

" To know him as my chiefest, dearest Friend,
Who loveth and will love me to the end;
Who feels my every pain, my griefs, my fears,
Who tasted oft the bitterness of tears.

" To know him as my wise and skilful Guide;
A pilgrim I, yet safe with him beside;
The path to me untrodden heretofore,
He knoweth well, who traced each step before.

" To know him as the ' All in all ' to me—
All mine for time, all for eternity;
And in each gift of providence and grace
Himself in all his loveliness to trace.

" To know him as he sits at God's right hand,
All things in heaven and earth at his command.
All things are his, and what are his are mine;
Oh, what shall ever such rich grace outshine!

" To know him as earth's rightful King and Lord,
Who soon shall claim his great and full reward;
The travail of his soul he then shall see,
And at his feet creation bow the knee."

Yet another singer whose name is very specially linked with suffering and pain, is JEANNETTE THRELFALL. The names of such hymn writers remind us of the passage in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: " Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Miss Threlfall's poems were published some few years since, under the title of

"Sunshine and Shadow;" and the reader was told that those poems were "written during long and dangerous illness." They were taken down, indeed, by a friend when the poet's strength had sunk so low that she could only faintly whisper a line at a time to her amanuensis. Of one hymn which we shall quote, Miss F. R. Havergal says: "It has brought more 'strong consolation' to invalids within the range of our own knowledge than any other uninspired words. We could tell of one sufferer under whose weary pillow that hymn was kept for two years of incessant pain, and of another who drew comfort from it almost daily for eleven years." It almost seems as if some hymn writers were permitted—indeed appointed—to suffer nights of pain and days of languishing that they might know how to write such hymns and poems as would comfort others in like circumstances. Nobody in the full flush of health, ignorant of what was meant by pain and weakness, could write thus. The hymn which has proved of such special comfort to invalids is as follows:—

"I think of thee, O Saviour!
And count affliction gain,
If aught of suffering aid me
To realize thy pain.

"I think of thee, O Saviour!
And bless the chastening rod,
Conforming to thine image,
Thou chastened Son of God.

"I think of thee, O Saviour!
My trial hath been long;

But night hath not seemed weary,
For thou hast been my song.

" I think of thee, O Saviour,
When loving voices seek,
In tender tones of pity,
Their sympathy to speak.

" How different the revilings
Which thou didst bear for me,
The scorn, the taunts, the tumult
Sounding on Calvary.

" I think of thee when brightly
The Father's love doth shine,
Lighting as with a sunbeam
This fainting heart of mine ;

" Oh ! then, thy cry of wailing
Seems sounding in my ear,
God's billows rolling o'er thee,
Forsaken in thy fear.

" More often still, my Saviour,
I meditate of thee
When by my couch some dear one
Sits watching silently ;

" For no fond ear bent sadly
To catch thy parting breath ;
The stranger and the foeman
Sat watching for *thy* death.

" Uncheered, unmitigated,
The cup to thee was given :
My every pain is lightened
By love from earth and heaven.

" Each feverish fancy granted,
Almost before expressed ;
Luxuriously pillowed,
And soothingly caressed.

“ Oh ! 'tis well-nigh presumption,
In sufferings light as mine,
To speak, my stricken Saviour,
Of fellowship with thine.

“ But by the restless aching
Which findeth no relief ;
And by the hidden conflict
With sin and unbelief ;

“ By life's slow, weary ebbing ;
By death so long delayed ;
By the dark grave familiar,
Because so oft surveyed ;—

“ By each of these, my Saviour,
I learn to realize,
Though but in feeblest measure,
Thy dying agonies.

“ My sufferings no atonement
For sins could make to God ;
Alone, of all the people,
Thou hast the wine-press trod.

“ So there is nought of anger
In this my Father's stroke ;
He is but gently teaching
My neck to bear his yoke.

“ And it is joy, my Saviour,
A blessed joy to think,
The cup I am but tasting
Thou didst vouchsafe to drink.

“ I would press closer to thee,
A heavier cross would bear,
So I might better know thee,
And more thy spirit share.

“ It was thy cloud which drew me
All through the joyous day ;

And now the fiery pillar
Is shining on my way.

“ And I shall better praise thee,
Seeing thee thus by night,
Than if the desert pathway
Had been all tracked in light.

“ Soon, as thou overcamest,
I too shall overcome,
And bless the love which kept me
So long away from home.

“ I had been lost for ever,
Hadst thou not thought of me
Cold is my heart, and selfish;
Yet, Lord, I think on thee.”

Miss Threlfall also wrote a beautiful and bright hymn for children, which is slowly but surely finding its way into sundry collections. Rev. W. Garrett Horder has adopted it in his newly-issued “*Congregational Hymns*.” It is there numbered 673. Such hymns as these, breathing the spirit of true poetry, will soon supersede many of the old-time hymns, and induce in the singers truer perception of what a hymn should be.

“ Hosanna ! loud hosanna !
The little children sang ;
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang ;
To Jesus, who had blessed them
Close folded to his breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

“ From Olivet they followed,
'Mid that exultant crowd,

The victor palm-branch waving,
And shouting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

"Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground;
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound.
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on his bidding wait.

"'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song *we* sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
Oh, may we ever praise him
With heart, and life, and voice!
And in his blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!"

We now meet with a Welsh singer, who, although unknown to the world of hymn writers until very lately, has touched no insignificant lyre. We are indebted to a volume recently issued by the Religious Tract Society for the story of ANN GRIFFITHS and her fellow-bards. In this volume, Mr. Elvet Lewis tells us that Ann Griffiths was born in 1776, at Dolwar, near Llanfyllin, in Montgomeryshire. She was a farmer's daughter, full of life and high spirits, as well as of robust health. So far was she from being religiously disposed in her girlhood, that she was often known to make sport of those pedestrians and riders who were

accustomed to journey to Bala for Association meetings in connection with the Baptist denomination, saying, "See the pilgrims going to Mecca!" But once, when at Llanfyllin, for the purpose of joining in a merry-making, she was persuaded by an old farm-servant of her father's to go to an Independent chapel, and there heard words which sank so deeply into her heart that she was brought under deep conviction of sin. She eventually found peace through the blood of Christ; and with peace and joy came the sense of poetic power. Her first hymn was written after attending a meeting of a very exciting nature, where Welsh fire and Welsh eloquence moved every hearer as English people rarely can be moved. Coming home, the tumult in her mind was so great that she turned down a narrow by-lane in order to be able to pour out her soul in prayer. After some time, she rose to go home, and the following lines seemed to rush into her mind:—

" My soul, behold the fitness
Of this great Son of God ;
Trust him for life eternal,
And cast on him thy load.
A Man ! touched with the pity
Of every human woe ;
A God ! to claim the kingdom,
And vanquish every foe."

This verse afterwards became part of a hymn expressive of her confidence in God. It is recorded of her that she used to attend the communion services at Bala, although this involved a rough mountain journey of over twenty miles. Once, on returning from this

service, she was so absorbed in devout contemplation that she rode many miles out of her way over the Berwyn Hills before becoming alive to the fact of her being at a long distance out of the proper track. The composition of hymns seemed sometimes to have occupied her thoughts at these seasons. But it is remarkable that she scarcely ever *wrote* her hymns, and had it not been for the faithful memory of a servant in her home, they would have been quite lost. To this woman—named Ruth—Ann Griffiths used to repeat her hymns as soon as composed ; and then the two women would sing them over to hymn tunes until they had learned them. After the hymnist's death, Ruth repeated these hymns to her husband, who wrote them from her dictation. Thus they have been preserved to this day.

The tone of Ann Griffiths' piety was high—so high that the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala once expressed the opinion that, "considering the depth and rareness of her experiences, and the marvellous dealings of God with her spirit, he said that she seemed very likely to experience one of three things—either she would meet with sore trials, or her life would soon be ended, or she would fall back." But the fear of falling back was to her very terrible. Anything rather than that! She wrote many letters in which this feeling is again and again expressed.

Her daily life was full of toil,—“a woman's ordinary life of a century ago,”—busy from morning till night with what constituted farmstead labours of that day.

She had long journeys to the house of God, if she would participate in the services there, and over rugged hills; but all this made no difference. She was one of the most constant worshippers there, and frequently composed hymns on her way home, as an expression of her joy. At other times they were composed in the midst of household work. These labours, journeys, and transports of joy seemed, however, to wear out her frame, for she died at the age of twenty-nine years, after a short married life of about ten months.

We quote one hymn which seems too good to be passed by, but there are many others of the same high character:—

“ Must I face the stormy river?
There is One to break its flood—
Christ, my great High-priest and faithful,
Christ, my all-sufficient good.
Through his blood shall come the triumph
Over death and hell to me;
And I shall be, in his likeness,
Sinless through eternity.

“ Disembodied of all evil,
I shall pierce with earnest eyes
Into Calvary’s deep wonders,
And its infinite surprise;
The Invisible beholding,
Who is living, and was dead,
In a pure unbroken union
With the ever-living Head.

“ There I shall exalt the Person,
God’s own Sacrifice divine,
Without any veil or fancy—
And my soul like him shall shine.

With the mystery revealed
In his wounds, I shall commune ;
Losing sight no more for ever
Of the all-belovèd Son.

“ From salvation’s highest fountains,
Oh, to drink with each new day !
Till my thirst for earthly pleasures
Has completely passed away.
Waiting always for my Master,
Quick to answer to his call ;
Then to hold the door wide open,
And enjoy him, all in all.”

Congregationalists are familiar with a hymn commencing, “God of pity, God of grace.” This hymn is an extract from a long poem, entitled, “The Voice, and The Reply,” by ELIZA FANNY GOFFE (afterward MORRIS). Miss Goffe was born in London, but spent her girlhood amid country surroundings, on account of her delicate health. After marriage, Mrs. Morris’s home was fixed at Malvern, where she became known as a poetess of some power, besides a writer of papers contributed to periodicals. The poem from which this hymn is extracted consists of two parts or sections—“The Voice,” which contains eighteen pieces, descriptive of God’s utterances, whether in public or private, by conscience, or the spoken word, to man’s soul ; and “The Reply,” which expresses the cry of the human heart back to God. This hymn was entitled “The Prayer in the Temple,” and describes penitent sinners returning to their heavenly Father.

“ God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek thy face,

Bend from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear, forgive, and save.

“ When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.

“ When thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

“ Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold—
Lord, forgive and save.

“ Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess—
Jesus, hear and save.

“ And whate’er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free—
Hear, forgive, and save.”

The following little poem cannot strictly be called a hymn, but it is so beautiful that it ought to be more widely known. It appeared in a volume, entitled, “Songs for Silent Hours,” by LUCY A. BENNETT, published in 1879. The poem is written on the martyrdom of St. Stephen—“ And so saying, he fell asleep.”

“ Asleep ! asleep ! men talk of sleep
When all adown the silent deep
The shades of night are stealing ;
When, like a curtain soft and vast,
The darkness over all is cast,
And sombre stillness comes at last,
To the mute heart appealing.

“ Asleep ! asleep ! when soft and low
The patient watchers come and go,
 Their loving vigil keeping ;
When from the dear eyes fades the light,
When pales the flush so strangely bright,
And the glad spirit takes its flight—
 We speak of death as ‘ sleeping.’

“ Or when, as dies the orb of day,
The aged Christian sinks away,
 And the lone mourner weepeth ;
When thus the pilgrim goes to rest
With meek hands folded on his breast,
And his last sigh a prayer confessed,
 We say of such, ‘ He sleepeth.’

“ But when, amidst a shower of stones,
And mingled curses, shrieks, and groans,
 The death chill slowly creepeth ;
When falls at length the dying head,
And streams the life-blood dark and red,
A thousand voices say, ‘ He’s dead !’
 But who shall say, ‘ He sleepeth ’ ?

“ ‘ He fell asleep !’ A pen divine
Hath writ that epitaph of thine ;
 And though the days are hoary,
Yet beautiful thy rest appears,
Unsullied by the lapse of years,
And still we read with thankful tears
 The tale of grace and glory.

“ Asleep ! asleep ! though not for thee
The touch of loving lips might be,
 In sadly sweet leave-taking ;
Though not for thee the last caress,
The look of untold tenderness,
The love that dying hours can press
 From hearts with sorrow breaking.”

To Mrs. JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, wife of the Rev. H.

V. Elliott, and therefore a sister-in-law of Charlotte Elliott, we owe two or three good hymns. One of these, written for an evening hymn, is given in Rev. W. Garrett Horder's "Congregational Hymns" (No. 574). It is creeping into general use.

" On the dewy breath of even
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,
Nature's evening sacrifice.

" With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be,
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to thee.

" Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, which knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

" Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath our Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.

" And when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know thee, feel thee near."

Many years ago the foundation of a Methodist chapel was about to be laid in Ancoats, Manchester, in order to furnish accommodation for the increasing population of mechanics who were congregating there. At that service a gentleman produced a hymn in manuscript, which, he said, he had requested a lady to write specially for this stone-laying ceremony. The lady was

Mrs. AGNES BULMER, author of "Messiah's Kingdom," and a daughter of early Methodism, having been admitted by John Wesley himself into the society. It is recorded that this request for a hymn was made to her just as she was stepping into a stage-coach on a journey to Preston; but as she mused, the fire burned, and the hymn was composed and hastily scribbled off ere she came to her journey's end. Mrs. Bulmer passed away from earth in 1836; but her hymn is now to be found in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book (No. 989), and is constantly sung at services connected with founding and building new chapels. Thus she, "being dead, yet speaketh." It runs thus:—

"Thou who hast in Zion laid
The sure Foundation-stone,
And with those a covenant made
Who build on that alone;
Hear us, Architect divine,
Great Builder of thy Church below,
Now upon thy servants shine
Who seek thy praise to show.

"Earth is thine—her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven, thy awful presence fills,
O'er all thy glory reigns:
Yet the place of old, prepared
By royal David's favoured son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.

"We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts his praise,
His saving name record;

Dedicate a house to him
Who once, in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

“ Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame ;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name,—
That great name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone ;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.”

Mrs. ELIZABETH FRY, a member of the Society of Friends, and known to fame the whole world over as the “ Quaker philanthropist,” tried her hand at the composition of hymns. Seeing, however, that the Quakers do not *sing* in their meetings, and possess no hymn-book, it is only fair to suppose that she intended her hymns for reading only, as a means of private devotion. The one which we shall quote has crept into several hymn-books, and has become a great favourite with devout and intelligent readers. It is stated that Mrs. Gobat, wife of the late Bishop of Jerusalem, frequently murmured lines of this hymn during lucid intervals in her last illness. It runs thus—

“ For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace ?

“ Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed,
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight,
For the slumbers that sat on my pillow at night ?

"For this I would praise thee ; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss :
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

"For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears—
A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.

"The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown ;
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone :
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to thee !"

Although Mrs. Fry's life and career are known to the majority of readers, it may not be amiss to give a slight sketch of them. She was a Gurney by birth, and was born in Norwich in 1780. The celebrated Friend, Joseph John Gurney, was her elder brother. From youth she was remarkable for her benevolent aspirations and efforts, and before her marriage established a school for eighty poor children in the large kitchen of her father's house. After her marriage she continued and increased, with the consent of her husband, her disinterested philanthropic labours. Quite accidentally one day Mrs. Fry visited Newgate, and from this visit her efforts for the amelioration of the condition of prisoners arose. Her visits were repeated, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the jailer and turnkeys, she insisted on remaining alone in the midst of one hundred and sixty women, who were more like wild beasts than anything else. They listened in silent astonishment at first ; but the astonishment soon gave way to respect

and affection. Mrs. Fry was besought to repeat her visit, which she did, and passed a whole day with them, reading the Bible, talking with them, and hearing their tales of sorrow and of sin. By degrees she won their confidence, set up a school for them, gave them employment, made rules for their guidance, and appointed one of their number as superintendent of the rest. As they left the prison on the completion of their sentences she befriended these outcasts, and either restored them to their homes or obtained situations for them. Afterwards she travelled through England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as through Continental countries, seeking to assuage and improve the condition of prisoners, lunatics, and similar helpless members of the population. She was not less active in works of goodness near home; and though visited by much affliction at times, she ever took an active interest in all these things, until she passed away, at the age of sixty-five, honoured by kings, queens, and emperors, beloved by all Christians of whatever sect, and regretted by the poor and needy. She cared nothing for fame, but she found fame of the most enduring kind.

The name of Mrs. PENNEFATHER is best known in conjunction with the Mildmay Conference, which was founded by her husband, the Rev. William Pennefather, M.A. She also wrote a few hymns expressive of Christian experience. Of this character is the one we now quote, and which is also included in Rev. W. Garrett Horder's "Congregational Hymns" (No. 826).

“Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow’s foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father’s home.

“Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love ;
Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where’er they rove.

“Not now, for I have loved ones, sad and weary,—
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow,—
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

“Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing ;
Not now, for orphans’ tears are thickly falling,—
Gather the children ’neath some sheltering wing.

“Not now, for many a hungry one is pining,—
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free ;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives his answering messages to thee.

“Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power ;—
Why should thy fainting heart grow sad and weary ?
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour ?

“One little hour, and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor’s palm !
One little hour, and then the Hallelujah,
Eternity’s long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !”

CHAPTER VII.

Minor Hymn Writers.

ENGLISH.—(Continued.)

WOMEN DISTINGUISHED IN LITERATURE.

WE now come to a group of talented women who have each made their mark in English literature, and although not hymn writers in the common acceptation of the word, have written some hymns and sacred poetry which are too good to be passed by. Their names are Agnes Strickland, author of "The Queens of England;" Mrs. Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and many other works of that kind; Jean Ingelow, the poetess; Mrs. Mary Howitt and Miss Betham-Edwards, well known for their contributions to literature; Frances Browne, a blind Irish-woman, known as a poetess of no mean order in her own country; Mrs. Southey, who was known to literature when Miss Caroline Bowles; Sarah Doudney; Mrs. Sergeant and her daughter, Adeline Sergeant; and Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, a good woman of Puritan-times.

CAROLINE BOWLES became the second wife of Robert

Southey, poet-laureate, in June 1839. She wrote many short pieces both before and after her marriage, but the one sacred piece which has found its way into various hymnals is the following, entitled, "The Mariner's Hymn." It should be mentioned that Mrs. Southey was the daughter of a sea-captain, therefore her imagery is naturally of the sea and seafaring things.

"Launch thy bark, mariner !
Christian, Heaven speed thee !
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee.
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come ;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home !

"Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee ;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee ;
Reef in the foresail there,
Hold the helm fast, —
So—let the vessel wear,
There swept the blast !

"What of the night? watchman,
What of the night?
'Cloudy—all quiet yet—
No land—all's right.'
Be wakeful, be vigilant ;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seems
Securest to thee.

"How gains the leak so fast?—
Clear out the hold !
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out the gold !

There, let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights ;
Hurrah ! the harbour's near !
Lo, the red lights !

“Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland.
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam ;—
Christian, cast anchor now ;
Heaven is thy home !”

Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS, the novelist, was born at Westerfield, Suffolk, in 1836, and has been known for many years as a talented contributor to the periodical literature of this generation. A short poem of hers, entitled, “Gethsemane,” seems to me to be ever more and more truthful and pathetic. How many noble souls have walked in Gethsemane since Christ their Lord walked there ! And such walks, such agonies, are and must be endured *alone*. It is this idea which the poem so beautifully brings out.

Like Him, while friends and lovers slept,
Have we not all, heart-broken, crept
Into thy shadows once, and wept,
Gethsemane !

“ We knew not how the day had run,
We only knew that hope was gone,
And fain no more would greet the sun,
Gethsemane !

“ Our mothers slumbered in the tomb ;
Love, though immortal, could not come,
To cheer their children in thy gloom,
Gethsemane !

“Not with us was our true helpmeet,
Who bore us sons, and made life sweet,
And loved us with a love complete,
Gethsemane !

“Not with us might the friend abide,
Who, ever trusty, ever tried,
Fought out truth's battle by our side,
Gethsemane !

“We were alone, the world was still,
The breath of heaven seemed cold and chill ;
We beat our breasts, and wept our fill,
Gethsemane !

“Prone on the ground our limbs were spread ;
We wished it were our dying-bed,
Since hope and joy and faith were fled,
Gethsemane !

“But late there broke a little light
Into the darkness of the night,
And we were taught to pray aright,
Gethsemane !

“Then Christ himself said, standing near,
‘O fellow-mourner, have no fear ;
I weep with thee, and God is here,
Gethsemane !’”

JEAN INGELow, who is known and loved as a poetess wherever the English language is spoken, was born in Suffolk in 1830. She has written many volumes of poetry, nine of them being reprinted in the Tauchnitz Collection. We have only space to quote the four concluding verses of a poem, entitled, “Song for the Night of Christ's Resurrection.”

“ In regal quiet deep,
Lo, one new waked from sleep !
Behold, he standeth in the rock-hewn door.
Thy children shall not die ;
Peace, peace, thy Lord is by !
He liveth ! They shall live for evermore !
Peace ! Lo ! he lifts a priestly hand,
And blesseth all the sons of men in every land.

“ Then, with great dread and wail,
Fall down, like stones of hail,
The legions of the lost, in fearful wise ;
And they whose blissful race
People the better place
Lift up their wings to cover their fair eyes,
And through the waxing saffron brede,
Till they are lost in light, recede, and still recede.

“ So while the fields are dim,
And the red sun his rim
First heaves, in token of his reign benign,
All stars the most admired,
Into their blue retired,
Lie hid ; the faded moon forgets to shine,
And, hurrying down the sphery way,
Night flies, and sweeps her shadow from the paths of day.

“ But look ! the Saviour blest,
Calm after solemn rest,
Stands in the garden 'neath the olive boughs.
The earliest smile of day
Doth on his vesture play,
And light the majesty of his still brows,
While angels hang with wings outspread,
Holding the new-won crown above his glorious head.”

Mrs. CRAIK, known as the author of “ John Halifax, Gentleman,” and many other works of a pure and healthy nature, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826, was married in 1865, and died in 1888. The little

poem we quote owed its origin to the "cotton famine" in Lancashire in 1863. Some cotton had been imported into that district, where for many months the mills had been closed, and as a consequence much distress had been experienced. When the bales of cotton arrived, the people went out to meet them, kissed them, wept over them, and finally sang the "Doxology" over them. This incident inspired the lines we now give :—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :
Praise him who sendeth joy and woe ;
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,—
Oh ! praise him, all that dies or lives.

"He opens and he shuts his hand,
But why, we cannot understand ;
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still all-perfect God.

"We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man ;
We women, when afflictions come,
Can only suffer, and are dumb.

"And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sunlike, through the sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

"Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies ;
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God."

The preceding poem, as we have said, owed its origin to the cotton famine, and is therefore local in character; but the following "Psalm for New-Year's Eve" really

displays more poetic power. We therefore make no apology for quoting it.

“ A Friend stands at the door ;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and threescore ;
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land,
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by ;
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

“ O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Losing for ever, with half-sigh, half-grasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine.
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed ; let the old year go.

“ O New Year, teach us faith !
The road of life is hard.
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's ; who saith,
' Make straight paths for your feet,'—and to the opprest,
' Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest.'

“ Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, oh ! bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life—the hope that never dies.

“ Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind—
Love, special, close, in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find ;
And love that turns above
Adoringly, contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for thy love divine.

“Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou ledest onwards to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.”

FRANCES BROWNE, known as the “Blind Poet of Ulster,” was born in 1816, at Stranorlar, in the county of Donegal. She came of humble parentage, her father being only the postmaster of the little town. When eighteen months old she lost her eyesight, and one would have supposed that she was shut out from the acquirement of knowledge by this misfortune; yet, owing to the possession of an active and inquiring mind, ever on the alert to gain information, she triumphed over her physical disability, and became known as possessed of singular intelligence. Giving an account of her own career, she says that her intellectual tastes were first quickened by the preaching of the village clergyman. Then she heard interesting books read; then the works of Walter Scott, Burns, Pope, Milton, Byron, and other poets. She felt the poetic inspiration, and dictated some poems to an amanuensis, and when about twenty years of age sent a few of these poems to the editor of the *Athenæum*. They were favourably received, and in time she became a contributor to various periodicals. In 1844 a volume of poems by her, entitled, “The Star of Attégheí, and other Poems,” was published by Moxon, who also wrote a sympathetic preface. In this preface he finely said,

"The bard gathers dignity from the darkness amid which she sings, as the darkness itself is lightened by the song." She died in 1864. The specimen of her poetry which we give is entitled, "The Hope of the Resurrection," and was suggested, Miss Browne said, by the question of an African chief to a missionary,—probably Dr. Moffat.

" Thy voice hath filled our forest shades,
Child of the sunless shore ;
For never heard the ancient glades
Such wondrous words before.
Though bards our land of palms have filled
With tales of joy or dread,
Yet thou alone our souls hast thrilled
With tidings of her dead.

" The men of old who slept in death
Before the forest grew,
Whose glory faded here beneath
While yet the hills were new ;
The warriors famed in battle o'er,
Of whom our fathers spake ;
The wise, whose wisdom shines no more,—
Stranger, will they awake ?

" The foes who fell in thousand fights
Beneath my conquering brand,
Whose bones have strewed the Caffre heights,
The Bushman's lonely land ;
The young who shared my warrior-way,
But found an early urn,—
The roses of my youth's bright day,—
Stranger, will they return ?

" My mother's face was fair to see,
My father's glance was bright ;
But long ago the grave from me
Hath hid their blessed light.

Still sweeter was the sunshine shed
By my lost children's eyes,
That beam upon me from the dead,—
Stranger, will they arise?

“ Was it some green grave's early guest
Who loved thee long and well,
That left the land of dreamless rest
Such blessed truths to tell?
For we have had our wise ones, too,
Who feared not death's abyss,—
The strong in hope, in love the true,—
But none that dreamed of this.

“ Yet if the grave restore to life
Her ransomed spoils again,
And ever hide the hate and strife
That died with wayward men,
How hath my spirit missed the star
That guides our steps above,
Since only earth was given to war,—
That better land to love!”

Miss AGNES STRICKLAND, historical writer and poet, but chiefly known by the “Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest,” in twelve volumes, wrote one or two sacred pieces worth recalling. It is very probable that the extent and importance of the historical labours of Miss Strickland and her sisters have obscured the poetical productions, as it is mostly on the former that their literary fame will rest. No less a poet than Thomas Campbell eulogized her poetry. However, little of it is known now. Miss Strickland was born in 1796, and died in 1874. The poem we now quote is entitled, “Lilies of Jerusalem,” and was written to illustrate our Lord's

words, "Consider the lilies, how they grow." It is too lengthy to give entire.

- " Fair lilies of Jerusalem,
 Ye wear the same array
 As when imperial Judah's stem
 Maintained its regal sway.
- " By sacred Jordan's desert tide,
 As bright ye blossom on
 As when your simple charms outvied
 The pomp of Solomon.
- " The lonely pilgrim's heart is filled
 With holiest themes divine,
 When first he sees your colours gild
 The fields of Palestine.
- " Fresh springing from the emerald sod,
 As beautiful to see
 As when the meek, incarnate God
 Took parable from ye.
- " What rose amidst her fragrant bowers
 That steals the morning glow,
 Or tulip, queen of Eastern flowers,
 Was ever honoured so ?
- " But ye are of the lowly train
 Which He delights to raise ;
 Ye bloom, unsullied by a stain,
 And therefore ye have praise.
- " Ye never toiled with anxious care
 From silken threads to spin
 That living gold, refined and rare,
 Which God hath clothed ye in ;
- " That ye, his simplest works, should shine
 In such adornments dressed,

That mightiest kings of Judah's line
Could boast of no such vest.

“ Ye still as mute memorials stand
Of Scripture's sacred page,
Sweet lilies of the Holy Land,
And bloom in every age.”

MARY HOWITT, *née* WOOD, was born of Quaker ancestry, at Uttoxeter, in 1804, and was married, in 1823, to Mr. William Howitt, also a member of the Society of Friends. The young couple commenced a literary career, which continued without intermission up to their deaths. Mr. Howitt died first, but his wife survived until 1888, having joined the Roman Catholic communion in her old age. Their works were numerous, many of them being joint productions. Mrs. Howitt translated much from the Scandinavian; and the specimen we give, entitled, “The Horizon,” is from the Finnish language. The little poem represents a conversation between a child and his mother, on heaven.

“ See ! where to earth bends down the sky !
See how the morning clouds, uprolled,
Tinge the far forest with their gold !
And we delay, both thou and I,
To go to heaven, my mother dear,
When every day it is so near.

“ ‘ Come,’ said the mother, ‘ no delaying—
Come, let us go then.’ And they went,
On heavenly objects both intent ;
And onwards through the woodlands straying,
’Mid shadows soft and purple light,
Seemed paradise itself in sight.

“ ‘ How beautiful ! This sure must be
Eden itself ; what fruit ! what flowers !

And yet—heaven is not in these bowers,
O'er church and moor it seems to flee ;
Far off I see the golden cloud
With splendour all the village shroud.'

“ ‘ My child, while thou on earth sojourneest
Will heaven elude thy eager quest :
Where'er thy steps may be addressed,
Whether to north or south thou turnest,
Where the sun rises or descends,
Still to heaven's gate thy travel tends.

“ ‘ Hear'st thou that voice in mid-air pealing ?
Us doth it to God's house invite.
This is his day ; on this his light,
Comfort, and peace he is revealing ;
There stands his church in day's clear flame—
Thy heart within it glows the same.

“ ‘ Come, child, the world thou must explore,—
From paradise thou, too, must go ;
And as we thus roam onward, so
Thy whole life's region travel o'er ;
And when thy pilgrimage is done,
Heaven will not fly thee, but be won.' ”

SARAH DOUDNEY has been known to the world of literature for years as a very successful writer of stories. This novelist with a purpose has, however, also made some efforts in hymn-writing, as will be seen by the one specimen we quote. Rev. W. Garrett Horder thinks it probable that Miss Doudney's hymns will probably win far wider recognition and quotation in hymnals than they have hitherto. It sometimes takes years for even good hymns to find their positions in our hymn-books ; but there is no doubt that with the wider culture and truer poetic instinct of Christian people in these days, many hymns written by culti-

vated writers will supplant the older and more uncouth versification of former years. This hymn is said to be a child's hymn, but it is equally suitable for those of "larger growth."

"For all thy care we bless thee,
O Father, God of might,—
For golden hours of morning,
And quiet hours of night.
Thine is the arm that shields us
When danger threatens nigh,
And thine the hand that yields us
Rich gifts of earth and sky.

"For all thy love we bless thee;
No mortal lips can speak
Thy comfort to the weary,
Thy pity for the weak.
By thee life's path is brightened
With sunshine and with song;
The heavy loads are lightened,
The feeble hearts made strong.

"For all thy truth we bless thee—
Our human vows are frail;
But through the strife of ages
Thy word can never fail:
The kingdoms shall be broken,
The mighty ones will fall;
The promise thou hast spoken
Shall triumph over all.

"O teach us how to praise thee,
And touch our lips with fire;
Yea, let thy Dove, descending,
Our hearts and minds inspire.
Thus, toiling, watching, singing,
We tread our desert way,
And every hour is bringing
Nearer the dawn of day."

Another gifted authoress, named SARAH WILLIAMS, "a Welsh girl of genius who died young," wrote many striking poems, sacred and otherwise, under the *nom de plume* of "S. A. D. I. E." Sarah Williams was one of Dean Plumtre's pupils at Queen's College, and a most promising one too. Though the dean was a very busy man, and much engrossed in his work, both ecclesiastical and literary, he found time to help many literary aspirants, especially if they happened to be among his pupils. He would read their manuscripts, and write them long and helpful letters. He thought so much of Sarah Williams's genius that, after her early death, he collected her scattered poems together into a dainty little volume, and prefaced them with a most appreciative and graceful memoir. Most of the poems are thoughtful, tender, and sparkling with flashes of genius or touches of pathos. The readers of *Good Words* some twenty years back must have noticed many such. I do not know that she wrote hymns, considered strictly as such, but one or two selected portions of verse from her pen have found their way into hymn-books. The Rev. W. Garrett Horder gives one such under the heading "Litanies." It runs thus—

"Because I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark,
O Lord, I do repent.

"Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on,
O Lord, I do repent.

“Because I spent the strength thou gavest me
In struggles which thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer thee,
O Lord, I do repent.

“Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
O Lord, I do repent.”

“Adeline” was a familiar signature to hymns and poems in the religious magazines of a past generation. It was the literary *nom de plume* of Mrs. ADELINE SERGEANT, wife of the Rev. John Sergeant, Wesleyan missionary in Jamaica, and afterwards itinerant minister in different circuits of Methodism. This devoted couple had spent the first years of their married life in mission work in the West Indies with much success, but on account of failure of health on the lady's part, had returned to England, where Mr. Sergeant had been transferred to the ranks of the itinerant ministry. The writer met Mrs. Sergeant at Weston-super-Mare in 1867, and was much struck by her worn yet refined countenance—worn by long consumptive sufferings. At that time she wrote little, being almost too feeble; yet that the light of genius still burned in the wasted frame, it was only too apparent. The writer was then very young both in life-experience and authorship, but she can recall perfectly well the sainted halo and atmosphere of “quiet confidence” which hung about this good woman's presence. Mr. Sergeant was then Wesleyan minister at Weston-super-Mare, but shortly afterwards they removed to a London circuit, and there

the course of each was soon finished. Among the hymns which Mrs. Sergeant composed we may quote one, entitled "My Blessings."

"For thousand thousand mercies new,
At dawn and vesper hour,
The early and the later dew,
The sunshine and the shower ;
For founts of ever-springing bliss,
For hope's unclouded ray,
For life's thrice blessed sympathies,
We bless thee day by day.

"For fond affection's richest love,
For household tones of mirth,
For melodies that hourly pour
From hearts of kindred birth,
For many a fireside thrill of love,
For many a joyous lay,
For peace that emblems peace above,
We bless thee day by day.

"For untold sympathy that dwells
Enshrined in love's fond breast,
For springs that sorrow most reveals,
Thrice hallowed and thrice blest ;
For waves of blessedness that sweep
Our lot in radiant day,
For happiness unknown and deep,
We bless thee day by day.

"For hope of better things above,
Through Him who died for all,
For love divine, eternal love,
That raised us from our fall ;
For all the Christian's holy dower,
His anchor, hope, and stay,—
For *all*, our God of love and power,
We bless thee day by day."

Another poem, in blank verse, entitled "Nebuchadnezzar," was contributed to the *Youth's Instructor* in 1838. It is only one out of many such contributions, and illustrates the poetic faculty of the authoress.

"Abroad he walked, and gazed on palaces
And gilded halls and towering battlements,
That sparkled in the crimson light of eve.
His brow was stern, and from his piercing eye
Contemptuous pride flashed forth. Ten thousand bowed
And owned him as their sovereign. Flatterers knelt,
And adulation's richest incense poured
Upon the altar of his vanity.
He spake, and it was done; commanded, and his laws
Were heard and feared by nations strong and wise.
Pleasure with siren voice his spirit lured,
And music's notes awoke his heart to joy:
It seemed as though the world were made for him,
As fame and honour should attend his steps,
And round his brow entwine a fadeless wreath.
With rapturous gaze he looked on Babylon,
Seat of his grandeur and magnificence.
Pride filled his heart; elate with self-applause,
He rashly thought to spurn the sacred rule
Of heaven's eternal King:—

'My power and strength
Have built this mighty city! By my word,
And for the honour of my majesty,
Its glittering towers first rose, and they shall stand
As glorious trophies of my kingly might!'

Scarce fell the words presumptuous from his lips,
When lo! a voice in thunder deep and loud,—

'THY KINGDOM IS DEPARTED! With the beasts
That range yon desert plain shall be thy home,
Thy dwelling-place. Far from the haunts of men
Thou shalt abide, and grass shall be thy meat,
Till thy proud spirit bend in holy awe
Before the throne of heaven; till thou confess
That God most high the sceptre sways on earth,

And power and might bestows on whom he will.
Such was his doom, who, filled with impious pride,
Forgot the Source, the Author of his power,
And gloried in a glory not his own."

Mrs. Sergeant's young daughter, now well known in literature by her own name of ADELINE SERGEANT, was then a school-girl, and had inherited not only her mother's poetical talent, but a facility of thought and composition which bade fair to command fame in the future. She wrote short poems when very young, in spite of school duties, recreations, and other employments, purposely designed to fill up both time and mind. In a little "Introduction" to a volume of her daughter's poems, published in 1866, Mrs. Sergeant says:—"Some of the pieces were composed when the writer was only eleven years old, the others between that age and her fourteenth year. It may be right to say that her first compositions date from a much earlier period. For some two or three years every device was resorted to, by recreation, employment, and school duties, to divert the mind. Those efforts, however, were unsuccessful, and what was evidently the gift of nature was allowed to develop itself." In this volume of poems are many pieces worthy of quotation, but the little poem given below, entitled "My Life," has a plaintive yet sweet note of its own, which commends it to thoughtful readers. Probably, while busy in her work as a successful novelist, Miss Sergeant little thinks how many darkened lives have gathered comfort from these lines.

“Far be it from me I should choose
A life of constant light,
For where the shadows are not deep
The sunshine is not bright.

“To speak, to touch another’s heart,
We must have felt the woe ;
And words that heal another’s smart
Proceed from those who know.

“Experience teacheth us alone
What joy can never do ;
We cannot comfort ere we feel
The loss and sorrow too.

“To have no grief were but to fill
Our lives with dreary joy ;
Lone we should stand if nought we met
Our comfort to destroy.

“Each one has met with woe, and I
Shun not the general fate ;
I would not fear to meet the storm,
But calmly turn and wait.

“I would not have all joy, all woe,—
I ask for dark and light ;
For where the shadows are not deep
The sunshine is not bright.”

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE, *née* SINGER, was born at Ilchester in 1674, but resided during much of her life at Milborne Port, in Somersetshire. While resident there she was occupied largely in writing poetry, but is chiefly known to posterity by a little book of devotional meditations, written in the style of those days, called “Devout Exercises of the Heart.” Dr. Watts once proposed marriage to her, but she refused him,

courteously and firmly. The good doctor rebelled much against the lady's decision, sending back to her the message that "flesh and blood could not bear the denial;" to which the lady replied that if flesh and blood could not bear it, "skin and bones must," for she was determined not to accede to his request. The lady afterwards married Mr. Thomas Rowe, and died at Frome in 1737. Dr. Watts says that she often wished and prayed for sudden death; and in this particular she obtained her request, for after retiring to her room in her usual health one evening, she very quietly passed away. Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages," commenting upon this, says: "Dost thou ask, O converted reader, which is best—to be snatched to heaven in a moment or two, or to be thrown on a lingering bed, and so, if the Lord please, be able to bear some testimony to his love, power, and faithfulness? I answer, Leave the whole matter to him. If possible, do not entertain a wish one way or the other." The specimen of her poetry which we now quote is in blank verse—a favourite style of hers. It is entitled, "An Address to the Saviour."

"I will not let thee go without a blessing.
By thy great name I enter my protest
Never to leave thee, till I see thy word
Accomplished to my vows, till thou with full
And cloudless demonstration to my soul
Reveal thy promised grace. Regard my sighs,
My secret pantings to be near to thee.
Wilt thou for ever fly my earnest search,
Shut out my prayer, and keep this painful distance?
Where is the obstacle, the fatal bar,

The cursed partition that divides my soul
From all its joys ? 'Tis sin, detested sin.
From hence arise these separating clouds,
These sullen shadows that conceal thy face,
And darken all the prospect of my bliss.

“ But thou, the fair, the bright, the Morning Star,
Canst with thy darting glories chase the shades,
And break the thick, the complicated night.
In great forgiveness thou wilt raise thy name ;
And much forgiven, I shall love thee much,
And stand a glorious instance of thy grace :
Where sin abounds, its lustre shall abound.
My grateful heart and tongue, to praises tuned,
Shall tell with transport the amazing heights
Of love, of wisdom, of redeeming grace.

“ Jesus, my only hope, my Advocate,
My gracious Mediator, O defend
My trembling guilty soul from all the storms
Of wrath divine ! be thou a hiding-place,
A covert from the wind, a safe retreat,
From all the terror of avenging power
And justice infinite. Thy blood can cleanse
My deepest stains, and purify my soul
From all its native and contracted guilt.
In that clear fountain of immortal life
Let me be cleansed and thoroughly sanctified.
I come a helpless, miserable wretch,
And throw myself and all my future hopes
On mercy infinite ; reject me not,
Thou Saviour of the sinful race of men.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Minor Hymn Writers.

AMERICAN.

MRS. SIGOURNEY is known to the English public more as a poetess than a hymn writer, yet she wrote some hymns of considerable merit. She was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in the year 1791, the only child of parents in the middle rank of life. It is said that she very early exhibited indications of genius, being accustomed at eight years of age to scribble poetical effusions. She must have produced some poems of merit in these youthful days, for her first volume of poems was published when she was only sixteen years of age. When about twenty she was married to Mr. Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, Connecticut, and possessed of much literary taste. From that time she devoted her leisure hours to writing poetry, and in this way produced several volumes of poems. "Pocahontas," a story of Indian life and manners, in connection with the adventures of Captain John Smith in Virginia in 1607, is perhaps her longest composition ; but among her shorter ones may be found

many sacred pieces—such as, “Abraham at Machpelah.” “Aaron on Mount Hor,” and “Feeding the Multitude.” She wrote also a few hymns, of which we give one or two specimens. In 1840, Mrs. Sigourney visited France, England, and Scotland, finally passing the winter of 1840–41 in Paris, where she was most hospitably entertained. It is said by those who knew her that she was a devoted wife and mother, and that she excelled in all domestic knowledge and management. She doubtless possessed what has been so felicitously styled “sanctified common sense.” We give two specimens of her powers. The first is entitled “The Lost Day.”

“Lost ! lost ! lost !

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise ;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones
All changeful as the light.

“Lost, where the thoughtless throng

In fashion’s mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly’s song,
Leaving a sting behind.
Yet to my hand ’twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

“Lost ! lost ! lost !

I feel all search in vain ;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne’er be mine again.
I offer no reward
For this till heart-strings sever ;

I know that Heaven's intrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

" But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead.
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there ? "

Another hymn, written on the verse, " At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased," is in a somewhat different style from that so well known, composed by Rev. Henry Twells, and commencing, " At even, ere the sun was set." English congregations are very familiar with Mr. Twells's rendering of the incident, but this of Mrs. Sigourney's has also made its own mark.

" Judea's summer day went down,
And lo ! from vale and plain,
Around the heavenly Healer thronged
A sick and sorrowing train.

" The pallid brow, the hectic cheek,
The cripple bent with care,
And he whose soul dark demons lashed
To foaming rage, were there.

" He raised his hand : the lame man leaped,
The blind forgot his woe,
And with a startling rapture gazed
On nature's glorious show.

" Up from his bed of misery rose
The paralytic pale,

While the loathed leper dared once more
His fellow-men to hail.

“ The lunatic’s illumined brow,
With smiles of love o’erspread,
Assured the kindred hearts that long
Had trembled at his tread.

“ The mother to her idiot boy
The name of Jesus taught,
Who thus with sudden touch had fired
The chaos of his thought.

“ Yes, all that sad, imploring train
He healed ere evening fell,
And speechless joy was born that night
In many a lonely cell.

“ Ere evening fell ! O ye who find
The chills of age descend,
And with the lustre of your locks
The almond blossoms blend,

“ Haste, ere the darkening shades of night
Have every hope bereaved,
Nor leave the safety of your soul
Unstudied, unachieved.”

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, a younger sister of Lucretia Davidson—both of them poetesses of no mean promise in the United States—has contributed two or three hymns of no small value to the Church’s hymnological store. She was the daughter of a physician, Dr. Davidson of Plattsburgh, in the State of New York. She was born in 1823, and very early evinced the dawnings of unusual genius. Unfortunately, however, this genius was allied to a fragility of constitu-

tion and delicacy of temperament which resulted in early death. So precocious was she, we are told by Washington Irving (who wrote her biography), that at six years old she "read with enthusiastic delight" the poetical works of Thomson, Cowper, Milton, Byron, and Scott. Like Dr. Watts, she "lisped in numbers," writing very often in rhymes, without thinking of it, before she could compose even a proper letter. At ten years of age her mental activity was almost alarming. Her mother says: "She composed and wrote incessantly, or rather would have done so, had I not interposed my authority to prevent this unceasing tax upon her strength." Fugitive pieces were produced every day—such as "The Shunammite," "The Nature of Man," "Belshazzar's Feast," etc. But the sword was too keen and active for the scabbard—the mind wore out the body. Hemorrhage of the lungs commenced, and continued until consumption had done its work, with only brief intervals of cessation. "O mother, *I am so young!*" she exclaimed one day, as she realized that the progress of her malady meant death. It seemed that, with the growing power of song, she desired to win fame as the world opened out before her—a desire which perhaps her friendship with Miss Catherine Sedgwick stimulated and increased.

Writing to a young friend about this time, she gave this account of her literary activity:—"You ask me what I am reading. Alas! bookworm as I am, it makes me draw a long breath to contemplate the works I have laid out for perusal. In the first place, I am

reading Condillac's 'Ancient History,' in French, twenty-four volumes, and Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' in four large volumes. I have not quite finished Josephus. In my moments of recreation I am poring over Scott's bewitching novels." But consumption had laid its chilling hand upon her, and in spite of the utmost care she sank lower and lower, until she seemed upheld only by the power of her mind. To use one of her own exquisite expressions, she was "a spirit of heaven fettered by the strong affections of earth." She ultimately passed away to the spirit land at the age of fifteen years and eight months, in November 1838. It is not our purpose to give specimens of literary work, or one might quote some beautiful little poems, but one or two of her hymns will be quite sufficient to indicate her poetical talent. Had she been permitted to attain womanhood, there is no doubt that she would have made her mark on the poetical history of the United States. The following is her rendering of the Hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm:—

"Where from thy presence shall I flee?
Where seek a hiding-place from thee?
If the pure breath of heaven I share,
Lo, I shall find thy Spirit there.

"If, wandering to the depths of hell,
I trust in secrecy to dwell,
Behold, in all thy power and might,
Thou, Lord, shalt pierce the veil of night.

"If on the radiant wings of morn
To unknown lands I'm gently borne,

There, even there, thy hand shall lead,
Thy voice support my sinking head.

“ If to my inmost soul I say,
Darkness and night shall shroud my way,
That darkness shall dissolve in light,
And day usurp the throne of night.

“ Each breeze which fans the twilight hour
Speeds onward, guided by thy power ;
Each wind which wildly sweeps abroad
Is teeming with the voice of God.”

Another specimen is an extract from “ The Shunamite.” Being a long poem, however, we can give only the closing lines, which are a good example of her power in writing blank verse.

“ Behold the prophet ! Lo ! the man of God
Is lowly bending o’er the couch of death,—
His long, dark mantle floating loosely round
His tall, majestic form ; his silver locks
Parted far backward on his noble brow,
And his full piercing eyes upraised to heaven.
His hands are clasped, the feeble fingers
Tremble with emotion, and from his lips
Bursts forth an ardent prayer. He ceased,
And on the body stretched his aged form,
Pressed his warm lips upon the marble brow,
And chafed the infant limbs.
’Tis done ! behold the sleeping child awakes,
And sweetly smiles upon the holy man.
And lo ! the weeping mother clasps her boy
Again, redeemed from the embrace of death,
And strains him to her throbbing heart, as though
She feared the ruthless tyrant yet once more
Might snatch him from her arms ;
While the dread prophet stands aloof from all,
And views the object of his fervent prayer
Restored again to love, and light, and life.”

There is a sweet hymn on private prayer, commencing,

“ I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,”

which may be seen in many collections of sacred song. Its history is this:—Many years ago there lived a good woman in a little mountain village in Massachusetts, whose home presented no quiet corner wherein, at that time, she could pour out her soul to God in prayer. Therefore she sought a sanctuary outside her cottage. By the side of a little brook, and under the shadow of a shelving rock, among the trees and alder bushes, she retired day after day to pray and to study her Bible. She had received no school education; but, self-taught as she was, she delighted in the beauties of nature, and, like the Bard of Avon, could discern “sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything.” But spying eyes had marked her; and one evening, as she sat perusing her Bible in this little sanctuary, a neighbour broke in upon her privacy, and rudely reproached her for her custom of leaving her daily duties in order to gain this retirement. She was so pained by these reproaches and taunts that she returned home, and pouring out her soul first to God in prayer, she took a pen and wrote this beautiful hymn. Dr. Nettleton afterwards included it in his “Village Hymns,” and from thence it has been copied into some hymnals in England. The writer’s name was MRS. PHEBE HINSDALE BROWN, and her son, the Rev. S. R. Brown,

who tells the tale, has been for many years a successful missionary at Yokohama, Japan.

He speaks thus of his mother :—" Many prayers have gone up from that solitary place, not only for herself and her children, but for those that were afar off. Her heart was as broad as the world in its sympathies. Long before there was a foreign missionary organization in this country, she used to send the small sums she could earn or save to the early missionaries in India and South Africa, through a Christian merchant of Philadelphia, whose ships visited those regions. She gladly gave up her only son to go to China, and then again, in her old age, to go to Japan. When she parted with him in 1859, as she took her seat in a railway carriage to go a thousand miles west to find her last home on earth, there was no tear in her eye, and the only symptom of emotion observable was a slight quiver of her lip as she kissed him good-bye." It is recorded by another authority that she was a woman of many good deeds, and, among other things, educated three Chinese youths, who became valuable members of society. She was born in 1783, and died in 1861. The hymn in question runs thus :—

" I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

" I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

" I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

' I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

" Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day."

Mrs. ELIZABETH A. C. ALLEN, the popular authoress of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and perhaps better known by her pseudonym of "Florence Percy," has written one little poem entitled "Bringing our Sheaves with us." As a contributor of poems and stories to the periodical press of America she is very widely known.

" The time for toil is past, and labour come
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

" Last of the labourers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest ! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain ;—
Master, behold my sheaves !

" Few, light, and worthless, yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

“ Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves :
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
Master, behold my sheaves !

“ I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility ;
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

“ So do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do ;
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.”

Mrs. EMMA LAZARUS is a native of New York, having been born there in 1849. She is well known in the literary world of America by her contributions in prose and verse to the periodicals, and by a volume of poems issued in 1866. The hymn we now quote is based upon the passage in Ecclesiastes, “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”

“ Remember Him, the only One,
Now, ere the years flow by—
Now, while the smile is on thy lip,
The light within thy eye.

“ Now, ere for thee the sun have lost
Its glory and its light,
And earth rejoice thee not with flowers,
Nor with its stars the night.

“ Now, while thou lovest earth because
She is so wondrous fair,
With daisies and with primroses,
And sunlight, waving air,

“ And not because her bosom holds
Thy dearest and thy best,
And some day will thyself infold
In perfect, loving rest.

“ Now, while thou lovest violets,
Because 'mid grass they wave,
And not because they bloom upon
Some early shapen grave.

“ Now, while thou lovest music's strains,
Because they cheer thy heart,
And not because from aching eyes
They make the tear-drops start.

“ Now, while thou lovest all on earth,
And deemest all will last ;
Before thy hope has vanished quite,
And every joy has passed.

“ Remember Him, the only One,
Before the days draw nigh
When thou shalt have no joy in them,
And, praying, yearn to die.”

We now come to a hymn writer who has a vast audience on this side the Atlantic, owing to her connection with Sankey's "Songs and Solos,"—one, too, who has ministered comfort to thousands.

Mrs. VANALSTYNE, *née* Miss FANNY CROSBY, author of "All the way my Saviour leads me," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Through this changing world be-

low," "Rescue the perishing," and other beautiful hymns, has been blind from infancy. Although thus afflicted, she is said by those who know her to be one of the most cheerful of individuals. She is an American lady; and a writer in the *New York Evangelist* gives the following particulars of an interview with her:—

"When we saw her she was knitting an intricate piece of lace, which, on examination, was found not to have a misplaced stitch in it. Her fingers moved busily while she talked in a modest way of the talents God had given her, saying what a comfort it had been to her that she had been enabled to write words that had helped other souls on to heaven. Her whole face was illuminated with a light reflected from *His* face (so we thought), as she told us the story of her 'Rescue the perishing,' and the satisfaction it gave her to know it had been the means of bringing many wandering ones home to God.

"After a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, Miss Crosby returns to her quiet room and pours forth her soul in song. It was at such a time as this that she wrote 'All the way my Saviour leads me.'.....Miss Crosby says that, of all the hymns she has written, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus' is her favourite. To be

' Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,'

must be to her, as she tries to feel her way through the

darkness and amid danger, a sweet protecting rest to meditate on. To many a sorrowing soul, whose eye of faith has become dim by the mysterious going away of some loved one, has this hymn brought comfort and light." It is said that the hymn was written for music in about twenty minutes. If so, the lines surely embodied feelings and convictions of years.

We are told that when Bishop Hannington was being dragged along the ground to a cruel death, he astonished his savage murderers and comforted himself by repeating this hymn in broken snatches. We will now quote two hymns not quite so well known to the general reader.

" All the way my Saviour leads me ;
What have I to ask beside ?
Can I doubt his tender mercy
Who through life has been my Guide ?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell ;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

" All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living Bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see !

" All the way my Saviour leads me ;
Oh the fulness of his love !
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.

When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus leads me all the way.”

Another hymn is,—

“ Light and comfort of my soul !
When the billows o’er me roll,
Thou dost bid me in thy Word
Cast my burden on the Lord.
Jesus, Saviour, once betrayed,
Sacrifice for sinners made,
Wretched, lost, to thee I fly ;
Save, O save me, or I die !

“ Lord, my soul in tears would mourn
All the anguish thou hast borne ;
In the garden I would be
Lonely watcher still with thee.
Thou hast suffered, thou hast bled,
Thorns have pierced thy sacred head ;
Jesus, while I cling to thee,
Let thy sorrows plead for me.

“ Mocked and scourged, condemned to die,
On the cross extended high ;
Tenant of the lonely tomb,
Mighty Conqueror o’er its gloom ;
Crowned victorious, God of love,
In thy Father’s home above,
Grant my soul a place at last
When the storms of life are past.”

The hymns of PHEBE and ALICE CARY are general favourites wherever known and sung. The sisters were born on a farm eight miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio, and early manifested the poetic faculty. Phebe was more robust than her sister Alice, and devotedly

attached to her. When grown to womanhood, the two sisters removed to New York, and gained their living by their contributions to literature. It is said that in their religious creed they were Universalists; but however that may be, their hymns have been adopted by all sorts of hymn-book compilers, and sung by Christians of all denominations. It is said, too, that one of Phebe's hymns, "One sweetly solemn thought," hummed over unconsciously in a gambling-den in China, was the means, by reviving old memories, of saving more than one man, who heard it, from the dissipations of gambling life. Alice Cary died in the beginning of 1871, and Phebe Cary died at Newport, Rhode Island, of grief and exhaustion, caused by the death of Alice, a few months later. The sisters "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided." After twenty years of literary life, they both rested from "their labours."

We quote, as a specimen of Phebe's poetic power, a piece little known to English readers, entitled "Overpayment."

" I took a little good seed in my hand,
And cast it tearfully upon the land,
Saying, ' Of this the fowls of heaven shall eat,
Or the sun scorch it with his burning heat.'

" Yet I, who sowed oppressed with doubts and fears,
Rejoicing, gathered in the ripened ears ;
For when the harvest turned the fields to gold,
Mine yielded back to me a thousandfold.

" A little child begged humbly at my door ;
Small was the gift I gave her, being poor,

But let my heart go with it ; therefore we
Were both made richer by that charity.

“ My soul with grief was darkened, I was bowed
Beneath the shadow of an awful cloud,
When one whose sky was wholly overspread
Came to me, asking to be comforted.

“ It roused me from my weak and selfish fears,
It dried my own to dry another's tears ;
The bow, to which I pointed in the skies,
Set all my cloud with sweetest promises.

“ Once, seeing the inevitable way
My feet must tread through thorny places lay,
' I cannot go alone,' I cried dismayed ;
' I faint, I fail, I perish without aid.'

“ Yet when I looked to see if help were nigh,
A creature weaker, wretcheder than I,
One on whose head life's fiercest storms had beat,
Clung to my garments, falling at my feet.

“ I saw, I paused no more ; my courage found,
I stooped and raised her gently from the ground :
Through every peril safe I passed at length,
For she who leaned upon me gave me strength.

“ Once, when I hid my wretched self from Him,
My Father's brightness seemed withdrawn and dim ;
But when I lifted up my eyes, I learned
His face to those who seek is always turned.

“ A half-unwilling sacrifice I made,
Ten thousand blessings on my head were laid ;
I asked a comforter upon me to descend,
God made himself my Comforter and Friend.

“ I sought his mercy in a faltering prayer :
Lo ! his infinite tenderness and care,
Like a great sea that hath no ebbing tide,
Encompassed me with love on every side.”

Another little poem of hers, entitled "Chastening," though not strictly a hymn, is so good that it is worth quoting.

" Crooked and dwarfed the tree must stay,
Nor lift its green head to the day,
Till useless growths are lopped away.

" And thus doth human nature do :
Till it hath careful pruning, too,
It cannot grow up straight and true ;

" For, but for chastenings severe,
No soul could ever tell how near
God comes to whom he loveth here.

" We learn at last how good and brave
Was the dear friend we could not save
When he has slipped into the grave.

" And after He has come to hide
Our lambs upon the other side,
We know our Shepherd and our Guide.

" And, thus by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
God brings us compensating good.

" For faith is perfected by fears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And love looks into heaven through tears."

CHAPTER IX.

Minor Hymn Writers.

AMERICAN.—(Continued.)

A SWEET little hymn, composed upon the words,
“ Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me,” was
written by Miss MARY KENT STONE, daughter of Dr.
Stone, Dean of the Theological School at Cambridge,
Massachusetts.

“ Lord, with a very tired mind
I seek thy face ;
Thy shadowing wing alone can be
My resting-place.
O let the everlasting arms,
Around me thrown,
My secret sanctuary be
From ills unknown.

“ Thou knowest, Lord, the hidden cross
None else may see,
For thou appointest every grief
That chastens me.
And I may plead with thee, my God,
For patient strength,
That this thy discipline of love
Bear fruit at length.

“ I need not fear to tell thee all,
My heavenly Friend,

Of conflict, longing, vague unrest—
Thou seest the end ;
And thou wilt lead my weary feet
From world-worn ways,
Through paths of everlasting peace,
To calmer days.

“ Lord, dwell within my heart, and fill
Its emptiness ;
Set thou its hope above the reach
Of earthliness.
Baptize its love, through suffering,
Into thine own,
And work in me a faith that rests
On Christ alone.”

Miss MARY G. BRAINERD has given us a favourite hymn of trustfulness and confidence in God. It appears in a mutilated form in Sankey's "Songs and Solos," but we here give the whole of the poem. It is eminently suitable for the New Year.

“ I know not what shall befall me ;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step in the onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

“ I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year ;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear ;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

“ For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink,

Or if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

" It may be he keeps waiting,
Till the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

" O restful, blissful ignorance !
'Tis blessed not to know ;
It holds me in those mighty arms
That will not let me go,
And sweetly hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

" So I go on not knowing—
I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light ;
I would rather walk with him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

" My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word ' He knows.' "

Mrs. CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Gilman of Charleston, South Carolina, was born in Boston at the end of the last century, and has now "gone over to the majority." The following hymn, written by her, has a curious little reminiscence attaching to it. A gentleman resident at Salem, Massachusetts, and a constant attendant at one of the churches there, had noted for many years all the

hymns which were announced by different ministers to be sung. Being curious to see which hymn had been most frequently sung during those years, he found that the following was that hymn. Mrs. Gilman also wrote a little poem entitled "Mother, what is Death?"

"Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father, let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

"Is there a time of racking grief
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father, break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

"Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father, still my hopes will roam
Until they rest with thee, their home.

"The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn and twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

"And while such lofty memories roll
In solemn grandeur o'er my soul,
May Christ be with me—he who came
To teach 'our Father's' tender name."

Mrs. J. C. R. DORR, of the State of Vermont, gives us many hymns and poems on sacred subjects. She indeed belongs to American literary ranks, seeing that she has written much for the periodical press of her native land, and has issued several volumes of prose and verse, among them a volume, entitled "Friar

Anselmo, and other Poems." The specimen hymn we give is entitled "Not mine."

"It is not mine to run with eager feet
Along life's crowded ways my Lord to meet ;
It is not mine to pour the oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe and linen fine ;

"It is not mine to break at his dear feet
The alabaster box of ointment sweet ;
It is not mine to bear his heavy cross,
Or suffer for his sake all pain and loss ;

"It is not mine to walk through valleys dim,
Or climb far mountain heights alone with him ;
He has no need of me in grand affairs
Where fields are lost or crowns won unawares.

"Yet, Master, if I may make one pale flower
Bloom brighter for thy sake, through one short hour ;
If I in harvest-fields, where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf for love to keep ;

"May speak one quiet word when all is still,
Helping some fainting heart to bear thy will ;
Or sing one high, clear song on which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,—I ask no more."

Mrs. MARY RILEY SMITH, wife of the Rev. Albert Smith of Rochester, New York, has written many hymns and religious pieces. The one we quote is written on the passage, "His name shall be in their foreheads."

"When I shall go where my Redeemer is,
In the far city on the other side,
And at the threshold of his palaces
Unloose my sandals, ever to abide,
I know my heavenly King will smiling wait
To give me welcome as I touch the gate.

“ O joy, O bliss ! for I shall see his face,
And wear his blessed name upon my brow—
The name that stands for pardon, peace, and grace,
The name before which every knee shall bow :
No music half so sweet can ever be
As that dear name which he shall write for me.

“ Crowned with this royal signet, I shall walk
With lifted forehead through the eternal street ;
And, with a holier mien and gentler talk,
Will tell my story to the friends I meet,
Of how the King did stoop, his name to write
Upon my brow in characters of light.

“ Then, till I go to meet my Father's smile,
I'll keep my forehead smooth from passion's scars,
From angry frowns that trouble and defile,
And every sin that desecrates or mars,
That I may lift a face unflushed with shame
Whereon my Lord may write his holy name.”

Miss MARY WHITWELL HALE was eminent as a teacher and writer in America during the first half of this century. She was born in 1810, and, after spending a life of eminent usefulness for others, died in 1862. She composed some hymns, of which the following is a specimen :—

“ Father, enthroned above,
Thou source of light and love,
On thine eternal name my voice would call ;
Hear me as thus I pray,
And let a heavenly ray,
Gently as night-dews, on my spirit fall.

“ While suppliant thus I kneel,
Let me thy presence feel
In the bright noontide, as the evening shade ;

When in the hour of prayer
I bring to thee my care,
May my heart's confidence on thee be stayed.

“ Spare thou the loved and dear,
Life's trial way to cheer,—
Long may their faithful, changeless love be given ;
And, 'mid my lonely grief,
Grant me the sweet relief
To trust to meet those cherished ones in heaven.

“ And to my fainting heart
Wilt thou thine aid impart ?
In weakness, mighty One, I bend to thee.
When the fierce storm is nigh,
And raised to thee mine eye,
Wilt thou my strength in earthly weakness be ?

“ When the dark hour has passed,
Of earthly woe the last,
And the soul quits its prison-house of clay,
Thou to whom death must bow,
Great King of kings, wilt thou
Receive my spirit to eternal day ? ”

Miss LUCY LARCOM'S productions have been for many years well known to American readers. She was born in 1826, and commenced at an early age to contribute to various periodicals, beside being assistant-editor of a paper called *Our Young Folks*. One of her hymns is headed “ Our Christ ; ” another, “ Strangers and Pilgrims ; ” but the one we now give has found its way into some English hymn-books. It refers to angel-ministry.

“ Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know ;

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

“ Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere we meet,
Though unfledged and songless.
Birds of Paradise ;
Heaven looks at us daily
Out of human eyes.

“ Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise,
By the same straight pathway
Prince and beggar rise.
If we drop the fingers ;
Toil-embrowned and worn,
Then one link with heaven
From our life is torn.

“ Hand in hand with angels :
Some are fallen, alas !
Soiled wings trail pollution
Over all they pass.
Lift them into sunshine,
Bid them seek the sky ;
Weaker is your soaring
When they cease to fly

“ Hand in hand with angels :
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.
Some dear hands are loosened
From our earthly clasp,
Soul and soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

“ Hand in hand with angels—
 ’Tis a twisted chain
Winding heavenward, earthward,
 Linking joy and pain.
There’s a mournful jarring,
 There’s a clank of doubt,
If a heart grows heavy
 Or a hand’s left out.

“ Hand in hand with angels,
 Walking every day,
How the chain may lengthen
 None of us can say ;
But we know it reaches
 From earth’s lowliest ones
To the shining seraph
 Throned beyond the sun.

“ Hand in hand with angels :
 Blessed so to be ;
Helped are all the helpers—
 Giving light, they see.
He who aids another
 Strengthens more than one ;
Sinking earth, he grapples
 To the great white throne.”

Mrs. SARAH ELIZABETH MILES, *née* APPLETON, has written many hymns and sacred poems. She was born in Boston in 1807, and was married to the Principal of the Boston High School. The hymn which we now quote is given also by Rev. W. Garrett Horder in his “Hymn Lover.”

“ Thou who didst stoop below
 To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
 Thy blessed labours done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.

“ Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee.
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

“ It was no path of flowers
Which through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

“ O thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife—
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed ;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.”

Mrs. MARY A. R. WAKEFIELD, *née* PRIEST, was born in 1836, at Royalstown, State of Vermont, and in her youth worked in a factory at Hinsdale, New Haven. While a factory operative, she wrote the following lines, entitled “Over the River.” At the age of twenty-nine she was married to Lieutenant Wakefield, and died in September 1870.

“ Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see ;

Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

“ Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie—I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

“ For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the sunny sail,—
And, lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart ;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,—
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

“ And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the better land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.”

Mrs. HELEN L. PARMELEE of Albany, New York State, wrote a volume of "Poems, Religious and Miscellaneous," which were issued in book form, just after her death, in 1864. We give this specimen, entitled "Comfort in Sorrow:"—

- " In the hours of pain and sorrow,
When the world brings no relief,
When the eye is dim and heavy,
And the heart oppressed with grief,
While blessings flee,
Saviour, Lord, we trust in thee.
- " When the snares of earth surround us—
Pride, ambition, love of ease,
Mammon with her false allurements,
Words that flatter, smiles that please—
Then, ere we yield,
Saviour, Lord, be thou our shield.
- " When forsaken, in distress,
Poor, despised, and tempest-tossed,
With no anchor here to stay us,
Drifting, sail and rudder lost,
Then save us, Thou
Who trod this earth with weary brow—
- " Thou, the hated and forsaken ;
Thou, the bearer of the cross,
Crowned of thorns and mocked and smitten,
Counting earthly gain but loss.
When scorned are we,
We joy to be the more like thee."

Another good specimen of Mrs. Parmelee's hymns is the following, entitled "That City:"—

- " I know the walls are jasper,
The palaces are fair,

“ And to the sound of harpings
The saints are singing there ;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees ;
But, oh ! to make my heaven
It needeth more than these.

“ Read in the sacred story ;
What more doth it unfold,
Beside the pearly gateways
And streets of shining gold ?
No temple hath that city,
For none is heeded there ;
No sun nor moon enlighteneth—
Can darkness then be fair ?

“ Ah, now the bright revealing,
The crowning joy of all !
What need of other sunshine
Where God is all in all ?
He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all his own—
He whom my soul adoreth,
The Lamb amidst the throne.

“ Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me !
Dim were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea.
He gilds earth's darkest valleys
With light, and joy, and peace ;
What then must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease !

“ Speed on, O lagging moments !
Come, birthday of the soul ;
How long the night appeareth !
The hours, how slow they roll !
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride !
And when mine eyes behold Him,
I shall be satisfied.”

Miss ELIZA SCUDDER was born at Boston in 1821 ; and though known as the writer of many hymns, has received but scant recognition, partly, perhaps, because of the fact that she never issued her compositions in volumes, but allowed them to be scattered about in the pages of various American hymnals and periodicals. Rev. W. Garrett Horder says of her productions: "A tiny little volume of only fifty pages, 'Hymns and Sonnets' is more worthy of retention than many a portly volume. In my judgment, two of her hymns, especially, are among the very finest of modern times ; there is strength, tenderness, melody, every quality needful to a good hymn, to be found in them..... When the Church frees herself from a blind clinging to old hymns, simply because they are old, and becomes free to receive whatever is worthy for her worship-song, Miss Scudder will be more largely represented in our hymnals." We append two specimens. The first is on "The Love of God," and is numbered 334 in "Congregational Hymns."

"Thou grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, boundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall—
O Love of God most free !

"When over dizzy heights we go,
A soft hand blinds our eyes,
And we are guided safe and slow—
O Love of God most wise !

"And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,

Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace—
O Love of God most strong !

“ The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toilworn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind.

“ But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within.

“ And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee.”

Her “ Vesper Hymn ” is full of quiet, thoughtful beauty.

“ The day is done—the weary day of thought and toil is past ;
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired earth at last ;
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,
In Thee alone the soul outworn refreshment finds and rest.

“ Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like those o'erarching skies,
And to thy firmament of love lift up these longing eyes ;
And folded by thy sheltering hand, in refuge still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep.

“ And when, refreshed, the soul once more puts on new life and power,
O let thine image, Lord, alone gild the first waking hour ;
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow fairer than morn's first ray,
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendour of the day.

“ So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher life be born,
Shine out, true Light, to guide my way amid the deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that dayspring to illumine.

" I cannot dread the darkness, where thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise, unless thy smile I see.
Creator, Saviour, Comforter ! on thee my soul is cast ;
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be thou my first and last."

We next give a specimen poem by Miss MARGARET MERCER, daughter of John Mercer, Governor of Maryland. She was born in 1791, and died in 1846, after suffering in a most practical way for her convictions of duty. She was very rich, having inherited from her father a large number of slaves ; but she voluntarily reduced herself from affluence to poverty by giving freedom to these slaves. After this she supported herself by working as a school-teacher until her death. The piece we quote is entitled " An Exhortation to Prayer," and while not exactly a hymn of the sort that can be sung, it contains so many ideas common to hymns that, being further a production of an uncommon woman, it deserves to be better known.

" Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
Compose thy weary limbs to rest,
For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep ;
Nor though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or though in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

" For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes hath closed,
That earthly care and woes
To thee may e'er return ?
Arouse, my soul,
Slumber control,

And let thy lamp burn brightly.
So shall thine eyes discern
Always things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

“Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow,
And thou art sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

“Hast thou no being than thyself more dear
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry lowering sky,
For whom thou wakest and weepest?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek thou the covenant ark of prayer,
For He that slumbereth not is there.
His ear is open to thy cry;
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

“Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless number—
And with them raise
The note of praise
Reaching from earth to heaven,—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head
Prayer-crowned on blessed bed.”

Another American singer has but lately passed away—HELEN HUNT JACKSON, perhaps better known by her customary initials, "H. H." She was born in 1831, her father being Professor Fiske of Amherst, Massachusetts. She was married first to Major E. B. Hunt of the United States Engineers, and resided for some time at Colorado Springs; and afterwards to a Mr. Jackson. We quote a hymn of hers, entitled "He Remembereth."

" Dear Lord, of all the words of thine
Which for our comfort rise and shine
Through sacred air on every page,
From sacred lips in every age,
No one has brought such blessed cheer
To me—no one is half so dear ;
No one so surely cometh home
To every soul, as this which from
A pure heart wrung with sorrow came—
' For He remembereth our frame.'

" Not merely that he can forgive,
And for his love's sake bade us live,
When we in trespasses and sins
Are dead, but that our conscience wins
From him such pity as alone
To fathers' yearning hearts is known ;
Such pity that he even calls
Us sons, and in our lowest falls
Sees never utter, hopeless shame—
' For he remembereth our frame.'

" Dear Lord, to thee a thousand years
Are as a day ; with contrite tears
One prayer I pray. My little life—
Its good, its ill, its grief, its strife—
O let it in thy holy sight,
Like empty watches of a night,

Forgotten be ! And of my name,
Dear Lord, who knowest all our frame,
Let there remain no memory
Save of the thing I longed to be."

Another of Mrs. Jackson's poems is entitled "Spinning," of which poem it has been observed that "no finer symbolic picture of human life has ever been framed."

- " Like a blind spinner in the sun,
 I tread my days:
I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind, no more I ask.
- " I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came
 And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, ' Since you
Are blind, but one thing can you do.'
- " Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
 And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
 And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.
- " I know not why, but I am sure
 That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
 Past time and race,
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accursed.
- " I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
 From one short word
Said over me when I was young;
 So young I heard

It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

" But whether this be seal or sign
 Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
 I never doubt;
I know he set me here, and still,
Though glad and blind, I wait his will,

" But listen, listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,—
' Thou poor blind spinner, work is done.'"

We now close this section with two hymns from Miss HARRIETT M'EWEN KIMBALL, an American writer of sacred poetry. She is a native of Portsmouth, New Haven, and still resides there. The first hymn is entitled "The Blessed Task."

" I said, 'Sweet Master, hear me pray—
 For love of thee, the boon I ask—
Give me to do for thee each day
 Some simple, lowly, blessed task.'
And listening long, with hope elate,
I only heard him whisper, 'Wait.'

" The days went by, but nothing brought
 Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
 And found the waiting hard to bear;
But when I said, 'In vain I pray,'
I heard him gently answer, 'Nay.'

" So, praying still and waiting on,
 And pondering what the waiting meant,

This knowledge sweet at last I won;
And oh, the depth of my content!
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

“ And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.”

The other hymn runs thus :—

- “ Jesus ! the ladder of my faith
Rests on the jasper walls of heaven,
And through the veiling clouds I catch
Faint visions of the mystic seven.
- “ The glory of the rainbowed throne
Illumes those clouds like lambent flame,
As once on earth thy love divine
Burned through the robes of human shame.
- “ Thou art the same, O gracious Lord !
The same dear Christ that thou wert then;
And all the praises angels sing
Delight thee less than prayers of men.
- “ We have no tears thou wilt not dry,
We have no wounds thou wilt not heal,
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel.
- “ Thy pity, like the dew, distils;
And thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.
- “ Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charmed music of thy voice,
That calls all wearied ones to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice.”

CHAPTER X.

Hymn Writers for the Quiet Hour.

I.—MRS. BARBARA MACANDREW, *née* MILLER.

THERE are a few lady hymn writers whose compositions are neither to be found in hymn-books for public worship, nor very widely quoted in books of praise. Neither are they known as hymn writers for children. Indeed they write for the most part for sick and suffering ones, for sad and weary workers, for heart-broken penitents, and for bereaved, trembling mourners. In all their poetry may be found touches of pathos, evidently wrung from the heart's deepest experiences, scraps of spiritual autobiography, and many snatches of "songs in the night." Such writers are fitting companions for the quiet hour, for the weary invalid, or for the despondent mourner. Among them we would quote, as being pre-eminently "daughters of consolation," "B. M.," author of "Ezekiel," Mrs. Elizabeth A. Godwin, Caroline M. Noel, Hetty Bowman, and Anna Shipton. They all come into this category, and no record of hymnology would be

complete or comprehensive which omitted to take note of them.

Mrs. B. M. MACANDREW ("B. M.") has produced a volume containing a number of her poems entitled "Ezekiel, and Other Poems, by B. M." This volume is full of beautiful poems, which, though not exactly answering to the style of hymns, contain many of the best characteristics of good hymns. There is one hymn written to be sung at the opening of All Saints' Church, Chester, and commencing, "Come to bless thy people, Lord," which deserves to be more popular for this kind of service.

But the specimen we prefer to quote is a beautiful little poem, entitled "Coming," written on the text, "At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."

" ' It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me ;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *my* feet :
Therefore I tell you, Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar ;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,

For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

“ ‘ It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house ;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed :
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

“ ‘ It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun,
Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill :
Behold, I say unto you, Watch ;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home ;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

“ ‘ It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn ;

When the waves are laughing loudly
 Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
 About the door ;
With the long day's work before you,
 You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbours come in to talk a little,
 Of all that must be done ;
But remember that I may be the next
 To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
 For evermore :
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
 In your room,
And it may be in the morning
 I will come.'

" So He passed down my cottage garden,
 By the path that leads to the sea,
Till he came to the turn of the little road
 Where the birch and laburnum tree
 Lean over and arch the way ;
 There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
 As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up his hands in blessing—
 Then I saw his face no more.

" And I stood still in the doorway,
 Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
 Though I crushed them and let them fall ;
Only looking down the pathway,
 And looking towards the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
 When he would come back for me,
Till I was aware of an angel
 Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
 In the light of God most high.

He passed the end of the cottage
 Towards the garden gate,—
 (I suppose he was come down
 At the setting of the sun
 To comfort some one in the village
 Whose dwelling was desolate),
 And he paused before the door
 Beside my place,
 And the likeness of a smile
 Was on his face :—
 ‘ Weep not,’ he said, ‘ for unto you is given
 To watch for the coming of His feet
 Who is the glory of our blessed heaven ;
 The work and watching will be very sweet
 Even in an earthly home,
 And in such an hour as you think not
 He will come.’

“ So I am watching quietly
 Every day.
 Whenever the sun shines brightly
 I rise and say,—
 ‘ Surely it is the shining of his face,’
 And look unto the gates of his high place
 Beyond the sea,
 For I know he is coming shortly
 To summon me.
 And when a shadow falls across the window
 Of my room,
 Where I am working my appointed task,
 I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
 If he is come ;
 And the angel answers sweetly
 In my home,—
 ‘ Only a few more shadows,
 And he will come.’ ”

II.—MRS. ELIZABETH A. GODWIN.

MRS. ELIZABETH A. GODWIN was born at Thorpe Hamlet, Norfolk, but afterwards resided for many years at Clifton. She has contributed a number of lyrics to the periodicals, and issued two volumes entitled "Songs for the Weary," and "Songs amid Daily Life." Of her poems we will quote two, entitled, respectively, "Women" and "Eventide."

WOMEN.

- " We women have so many cares
 Clustering around our way,
And though they may be trifles small,
 They shade the summer day,
And keep the soul from wandering free
In the sweet land of phantasy.
- " The daily work to watch and pray
 For wisdom from above,
That every duty may appear
 A mission full of love ;
Thus 'midst the cares which fold us round,
A blessing will be surely found.
- " Man may go forth to mighty deeds,
 To works of power and fame,
Whilst crowds applaud, and wondering own
 The greatness of his name ;
But in the shadow of our nest
We find the work that suits us best.
- " And if amidst the daily task
 We seek our Saviour's aid,
To help us in each busy hour
 Through sunshine and through shade,
We shall at last, in heavenly rest,
Feel that our labours have been blest.

“ ’Twas a fair lot, like her of old,
 To sit at Jesus’ feet,
 And with a calm and quiet heart
 To hold communion sweet ;
 But busy hand and active heart
 May find alike ‘ the better part.’

“ And at the last great judgment-day,
 Names that are now unknown,
 Save in the household circle small,
 The Saviour then will own,
 And many a timid form will stand
 A victor at his own right hand.

“ To me it seems a blessed thought
 That when he lived below,
 He knew a mother’s tenderness,
 Wept for a woman’s woe ;
 And still remembers in his rest
 Woman’s true heart and faithful breast.

“ And he is near in every home—
 The Watcher and the Guide—
 To help the weak and troubled ones,
 To comfort and to chide.
 Like Bethany, each home may find
 Duty and love alike combined.”

EVENTIDE.

“ The shadows are falling around me,
 The evening is drawing nigh,
 My steps grow faint and weary
 Beneath the twilight sky ;
 And I think of a home beyond the night,
 Of a land where the sun is ever bright.

“ For I know in that fair country
 My youth will return to me,
 And all the weariness vanish,
 The pain and weakness flee.
 Oh, what will it be to wake above
 With no setting sun in the land I love !

“ So I rest awhile in the twilight,
And I find the Master there ;
He talks to me in his tender voice,
And calms each anxious care ;
Whilst he whispers : ‘ The river is not deep ;
I will be near, thy steps to keep.’

“ Then troubled thoughts and fears depart,
And my soul is hushed to rest ;
I tell my Saviour I trust in him,
And shelter upon his breast :
For trusting my all on him alone,
He will plead for me at the judgment-throne.

“ So a blessing comes with the evening hour,
As I wait by the river’s side,
Watching the shadows as one by one
They fall on the quiet tide,
Whilst I think of the brightness across the wave,
The morning land beyond the grave.”

III.—CAROLINE M. NOEL.

CAROLINE M. NOEL is known principally by a little volume entitled “ The Name of Jesus, and other Poems, for the Sick and Lonely,” issued in 1884. Some previous editions had been put forth during the author’s lifetime, but this later and completed one appeared after her death. Her poems are peculiarly those belonging to the ministry of consolation, for she suffered a long illness of twenty years before the end came, and thus she “ learned in suffering what she taught in song.” Her poems, therefore, contain the ripe fruits of a character developed in the school of suffering. We may trace in them all a tender humility, a child-

like trustfulness, a settled peace, and an unshaken confidence. The poems are what they profess to be—written most emphatically *for the sick and lonely*. She wrote a few hymns for the public services of the Church, but the great bulk of them are for the quiet hour and the sick-room. We quote a poem entitled “Night” as being especially suitable for sick-chambers.

“ How heavily the evening lies
On aching limbs and sleepless eyes !
And as the day gives place to night,
The spirit seems to lose its light.

“ The past breaks loose upon the soul,
Oppressing it beyond control ;
While thickly from the future, glare
Visions of anguish and despair.

“ Conscience and fancy—thoughts of all
That most can harass and appall —
A strange, tumultuous vigil keep,
And only hope and reason sleep.

“ O troubled heart ! O fevered head !
There watches One beside thy bed,
Calmer than moonlight on a flower,
Stronger than Satan’s wildest power.

“ He knows the night who made it pass
At first like breath from gleaming glass,
When at his word, ‘ Let there be light,’
The dayspring flashed, and all was bright.

“ He knows it who on mountains bare
Passed its long hours in lonely care,
Kneeling beneath the Syrian sky,
Pleading till dawn with the Most High.

“ The hurrying night-wind round him beat,
The driving sea-foam swept his feet,

As forth he walked upon the wave,
The tempest-tost to cheer and save.

“ He knows the night who felt its power
Of darkness in that evil hour,
When the betrayer's torchlight shone
On silver olive and gray stone.

“ The flight of friends, the wrath of foes,
The weight of sin, fear's sharpest throes,
The accuser's voice, the cruel storm
Of scourging on that wearied form,

“ The utter shame, the Gentiles' scorn,
Denial base, the crown of thorn,
The fiercest strain of Satan's might,—
These came upon him in the night.

“ He searched the darkness through and through ;
Its gloom for him has nothing new,
As night by night he turns us round
Into the shadowy outer bound.

“ There, when afflicted and alone,
O call upon that mighty One !
And hold him fast, and make him stay
And bless you, till the dawn of day.

“ Remember night has mercies too,
Its pains are only for a few ;
Think upon all the peace it brings,
Folding soft creatures in its wings.

“ As wearily you toss and sigh,
Thousands of infants sleeping lie,
And man, and beast, and bird, and flower,
Grow stronger for the midnight hour.

“ And if the darkness had not been,
We never should the stars have seen,
Or guessed that the clear azure sky
Veiled myriad worlds that rolled on high.

“ Then spend no more dark hours alone,
But call upon the mighty One ;
And hold him fast, and he will stay
Until the shadows flee away.”

IV.—HETTY BOWMAN.

HETTY BOWMAN was a native of Cumberland. She died in 1872, at the age of thirty-three, but not before she had succeeded in making her mark in the world of religious poetry. She wrote “Songs amid the Shadows,” “Christian Daily Life,” “Thoughts for Workers and Sufferers,” and many other works of the same kind. The keynote of her life may perhaps be best expressed in her own lines :—

“ My Master and my Lord,
I long to do some work—some work for thee ;
I long to bring some lowly gift of love
For all thy love to me.

“ The harvest fields are white—
Send me to gather there some scattered ears ;
I have no sickle bright, but I can glean
And bind them in with tears.”

One of her most characteristic poems is entitled “Tired,” which we quote.

“ Tired, only tired ! Oh, but life is hard to bear !
Full of thorns, and very dreary, full of bitterness and pain ;
And my heart it crieth—crieth till I cannot still its cry—
For the faded gleams of sunshine that come not back again.

“ Tired, only tired ! But I may not call it hard,
For sweet is in the bitterness, and in all the sweet is love—

Love ! yet faith can only watch it, like the brightness on the hills,
Too high, too far above me, in lowlands where I move.

“ The mist is thick around me, lying cold upon my heart—
It will part, I know, in God's good time, and show the
heavenly blue ;
But the *now* is not the *shall* be, and the darkness is not light,
And while the gray clouds wrap me, I cannot pierce them
through.

“ Tired, only tired ! Let me lean my head and rest,
While the voices and the laughter ripple softly through my
thought ;
While with tones of living music mingle others sweeter yet,
Though from lips for ever hushed their deepest thrill is caught.

“ For ever ! Nay, I know not, for oft I hear them speak ;
Clear as ever in the old time, I can listen to them now ;
And e'en while their whisper falleth like cool dew on drooping
flowers,
The touch of spirit-fingers lieth soft upon my brow.

“ And one day I shall hear them—oh, sure the hope and sweet !—
For while I watch and listen He is coming near and nearer ;
And the ‘sleeping’ and the ‘waking’ shall be gathered unto
him,
The broken links all bound again, the lost love dearer.

“ Tired, only tired ! I can bear my burden still,
For though sore the strain and heavy, *they* have borne and are
at peace ;
It has fallen, fallen from them, at the touch of God's own hand—
I can hear the bells of the city ringing their release.

“ And He who led them thither, the Lord on whom they leaned,
Speaketh still to hearts aweary, as he spoke in days of yore :
‘ I have borne the sultry noontide, I have watched the lonely
night ;
Patience ! my rest is round thee, my peace for evermore.’ ”

V.—ANNA SHIPTON.

THIS section would be very incomplete without a reference to Anna Shipton, a lady resident at Clifton, who has written a large number of sacred poems, and is very widely known among Christians of all denominations as the author of "Whispers in the Psalms," and many other similar productions. We give one of her poems, entitled "My Infirmary."

" I wept by the misty headland,
Down by the sea,
And none in that hour of anguish
Stood there by me.
Within and without was midnight ;
Where once had been
The smile of the Lord who loved me,
No Lord was seen.

" I said, ' On this earth's wide bosom
I walk alone ;
God hideth his face ; I'm forsaken ;
All hope is gone !
I watch for his hand in the shadows
That shroud my feet ;
I listen, and nothing I hear, save
My heart's wild beat.

" ' Cold, drear is my soul, and loveless,
Hopeless and dead,
For God hath departed for ever,'
Sadly I said.
' I shall never more bask in his presence,
Never proclaim,
With the song and the voice of thanksgiving,
Jesus' sweet name.

" ' Yet how can I marvel he leaves me,
Faithless and vain,

To walk in the light of his favour
Never again ?
My heart hath forsaken his mercies,
And mercy is past,
And my Lord, whom my sins have long wearied,
Leaves me at last.'

" Then, swift as the flash of the lightning
Passing the sky,
Came a voice like a dove's in the woodland,
So tenderly:—
' When father and mother forsake thee,
Look thou above ;
The Father eternal remembers
The child of his love.

" ' The shadows have gathered around thee,
Born of the light ;
Had the sun never risen to warn thee,
Where were thy night ?
Remember the springs in the desert,
Arid and drear ;
For thee hath the wilderness blossomed :
Why dost thou fear ?

" ' There are treasures beneath the dark waters—
Seek thou and learn ;
Hidden riches in secret places
Thou must discern.
And think not he changes or chides thee ;
Comforts decline,
But Christ made the covenant blessings
Eternally thine.

" ' He gave thee his promise to keep thee—
Can he deceive ?
He granted his Word and his Spirit—
Only believe ;
He sought thee, cast out and forsaken,
Bidding thee live ;

He gave thee the Son of his bosom—
More can he give ?’

“ Then swift on the purple headland,
Down by the sea,
The light that seemed vanished for ever
Came back to me.
And I looked on the man Christ Jesus,
On God’s high throne:
Forgive me, my Father ; I measured
Thy love by my own.”

CHAPTER XI.

Bymn Writers who were also Poetesses.

I.—MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. HEMANS was born at Liverpool on September 25, 1793, the daughter of a merchant conducting a prosperous business there. Felicia was the fifth child in the family, and even in early life exhibited proofs of the poetic temperament. When she reached the age of seven, the family were plunged into reverses through the father's failure in business. They then removed to a large old mansion near Abergele, in Denbighshire, for the sake of economy, where they resided for nine years, when they removed again to Bronwylfa, in Flintshire. She thus spent her youth among the romantic scenery of the Welsh mountains, where, amid the stimulating and soothing influences of nature, her mind developed itself.

At the age of sixteen she was introduced to Captain Hemans of the 4th Regiment, and a romantic attachment sprang up between them. Shortly afterwards he departed with his regiment for Spain, to take part in the great Peninsular War. The attachment between

the two young people, however, continued, and on Captain Hemans's return from Spain three years later they were married. The marriage does not seem to have turned out a happy one, for the young couple resided together for about six years only. Captain Hemans then, on the plea of broken health, left her for a prolonged residence in Rome, and although he survived for seventeen years after this separation, husband and wife never met again.

Before Captain Hemans left her, the poetess had become the mother of five boys, all of whom lived to grow up to manhood, and most of whom entered the army. Although deprived of the presence and help of her husband, she devoted her powers to the training and education of her sons with remarkable success, beside winning laurels in the realm of poetry. Still her lot was a lonely one. In a position so painful as must ever be that of a woman for whom the most sacred tie is thus virtually broken, all outward consolations can be but of secondary value. Yet much of this consolation was granted to Mrs. Hemans in the extending influence of her talents, the growing popularity of her writings, and the warm interest and attachment of many private friends. She devoted her literary earnings to maintaining and educating her boys, although tried by very precarious health.

At length her health broke down so greatly that she was compelled to leave Wales, and in 1831 she resolved to join her brother, Major Browne, Commissioner of Police in Dublin. She accordingly removed thither;

but her health gradually grew worse, and she died on May 16, 1835. A tablet in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, marks the spot where this gifted poetess lies at rest, bearing the following inscription: "In memory of Felicia Hemans, whose character is best portrayed in her writings." Major Browne also erected a tablet to her memory in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, which bears the same inscription.

Mrs. Hemans has been well called the "poetess of the domestic affections;" but beside these poems she wrote "The Forest Sanctuary," "Lays of Many Lands," "Records of Woman," and "Scenes and Hymns of Life." From these latter we give two specimens, which may both be found in the Rev. W. Garrett Horder's "Congregational Hymns." The first is the following, and well illustrates her power of hymn-writing:—

"He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

"The sun set in a fearful hour;
The stars might well grow dim
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow him,
That he who gave man's breath might know
The very depth of human woe.

"He proved them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round his head;

And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

"It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

"And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
Through him, through him that path who trod;
Save, or we perish, Son of God!"

The other runs thus, and is equally good:—

"Father! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son,—

"Oh, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief,
Or to the chastened let thy might
Hallow this grief!

"And thou that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
'Thy will be done;'

"By thy meek Spirit thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief—
Thou, Sufferer! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief."

II.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MRS. BROWNING, "the princess of poets," as one critic calls her, has written one or two pieces, notably "He giveth his beloved sleep," which are now recognized as suitable for divine service. This exquisite poem, sung for the first time at the funeral of her husband, on the last day of the year 1889, in Westminster Abbey, was listened to with bated breath and dim eyes by all those who chanced to be at the solemn obsequies. Dr. Bridge's "Meditation," as the musical composition is entitled, "married to immortal verse," linked the sweet genius of the poet-wife with the memory of the poet-husband. So, although one of them lies in a Florentine grave, and the other in England's Valhalla of the great and famous, it may still in a sense be said of them that "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

Elizabeth Barrett was born near Malvern, in 1809, of well-to-do parents, belonging to the mercantile class. As far as can be known, she grew up a frail, delicate, solitary girl, thinking thoughts and weaving fancies too high for common everyday speech. She displayed the literary faculty so early in life that she is said to have written verses before she was eight years of age, and as she grew older she studied Greek literature until it became a very solace and delight. A sojourn at Sidmouth with the whole family for some two years proved beneficial to her health, but a subsequent settlement in London was nearly fatal to both health and

life. She broke a blood-vessel in the lungs, which did not fully heal for more than a twelvemonth. Happily there was no predisposition to consumption in her family, or she would have succumbed to that fell disease; but as winter drew on she was ordered to Torquay in order to recover. Her eldest brother accompanied her; but after a short while a sudden fatal accident occurred, and he was drowned before her eyes, within sight of the house, one day while boating with a couple of other young men. None of the bodies were ever recovered, though large rewards were offered; and through all the following winter the poor young invalid had to listen to the wail of the winds, fighting as best she could the terrible sorrow that had darkened her life's horizon.

"This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett," says Miss Mitford. "She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but most unjust feeling that she had been in some sense the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered of the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea, and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek; in all probability she would have died without that wholesome

diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be bound so as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skilful and kind though he was, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and delight. Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends."

A great thinker somewhere beautifully says that "Providence acts with poets as we do with birds: it darkens their cages until they have learned to sing." Providence had certainly darkened Miss Barrett's life with thickest clouds of bereavement, and it was while passing under these clouds that she first uttered her tuneful songs, or rather the most tuneful of them; for she had commenced writing while at Sidmouth. "Prometheus Bound" and "Miscellaneous Poems" appeared at that time. Then before going to Torquay she had published "The Seraphim." But after this dark experience of life she made poetry her comfort. The "Lay of the Brown Rosary," "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and many others appeared in succession.

Gradually Miss Barrett's health improved, and while in her thirty-seventh year she was married to Robert Browning. It is said that there was much opposition to this marriage on the part of her family, because of

her delicacy of health ; and certainly it was difficult to forecast the future in the light of the past frailty of health which had been her lot. But the step turned out to be beneficial in every way. Immediately after the marriage Mrs. Browning accompanied her husband to Pisa, and afterwards to Florence, where they settled. One son was granted to them—at present known in the world of art as a successful sculptor and painter—and a most happy married life of fifteen years was hers. They took up their residence in a palazzo in the Via Maggio at Florence, and from thence she sent forth those poems which have mainly contributed to her fame. “Casa Guidi Windows,” “Poems before Congress,” “Aurora Leigh,” and some others were given to the world after her marriage.

“Aurora Leigh,” although a somewhat sensational subject cast into the form of poetry, is generally considered to be Mrs. Browning’s highest work. But our quotations will be drawn chiefly from her sonnets and lyrical poems. Some of these lyrics are much admired, “The Cry of the Children” among them. It is not wonderful that the writer of this poem should exclaim when dying, “I hear such beautiful voices, but the children’s are the loudest.” Her sympathies with childhood and humanity were always most intense and tender. She died at Florence just at daybreak, June 29, 1861, aged fifty-two. We now give a few specimens from her poems. The following extract, taken from a long poem, entitled “De Profundis,” is grandly solemn :—

"The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest on the longest day,
With steadfast love, is caught away,
And yet my days go on, go on.

"Breath freezes on my lips to moan,
As one alone, once *not* alone ;
I sit and knock at Nature's door
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

"I knock, and cry, Undone, undone !
Is there no help, no comfort—none ?
No gleaning in the white wheat plains
Where others drive their loaded wains ?
My vacant days go on, go on.

"For us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
Only the good discerns the good.
I *trust* thee while my days go on.

"Whatever's lost—it first was won—
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine may shine more clear.
I *praise* thee while my days go on.

"I *praise* thee while my days go on,
I *love* thee while my days go on ;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I *thank* thee while my days go on."

Among Mrs. Browning's sonnets, the following seems
to us to be specially beautiful:—

COMFORT.

“ Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
 From out the hallelujahs sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet ;
 And if no precious gems my hands bestow
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection—thus in sooth
 To lose the sense of losing : as a child
 Whose song-bird seeks the woods for evermore
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth, .
 Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.”

Mrs. Browning wrote a beautiful lyric, entitled
 “ Cowper's Grave,” which we give in the section de-
 voted to “ Fine Single Poems ;” but this seems the most
 fitting place to quote the poem referred to at the head
 of this paper :—

THE SLEEP.

“ He giveth his beloved sleep.”—Ps. cxvii. 3

“ Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is
 For gift or grace surpassing this—
 ‘ He giveth his beloved sleep.’

“ What would we give to our beloved ?
 The hero's heart to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
 The senate's shout to patriot vows,
 The monarch's crown to light the brows ?—
 ‘ He giveth his beloved sleep.’

“What do we give to our beloved ?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make—
The whole earth blasted for our sake :
‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’

“‘Sleep soft, beloved,’ we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’

“O earth, so full of dreary noises,
O men, with wailing in your voices,
O delved gold, the wailer’s heap,
O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall,
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth his beloved sleep.

“His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap :
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’

“Yea, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep ;
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard—
‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’

“For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler’s leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth his beloved sleep.

“And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, ‘Not a tear must o’er her fall!’
‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’”

III.—DORA GREENWELL.

DORA GREENWELL was born at Lanchester, in the county of Durham, December 6, 1821. Her father was a popular magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county. Her baptismal name was Dorothy; but she is best known to all her readers by the shortened form of “Dora.” From early girlhood right on to the end of life, she appears to have suffered from ill-health, and very possibly, as one result of this state of things, she took great delight in literature and poetry. In 1848 her first volume of poems appeared. At this time she was resident with her brother, the Rev. Alan Greenwell, rector of Golbourne, in Lancashire, and spent much of her time in parish work of one kind and another. In 1850 her second volume of poems was issued, with the title “Stories that might be True.” She afterwards resided at Durham, where eighteen of the best years of her life were spent, and much literary work was accomplished. She took much interest in philanthropic movements of the day, and greatly aided the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots.

While at Durham she wrote two little books which became very popular, entitled “The Patience of Hope”

and "A Present Heaven," beside many articles in the reviews. In a volume of poems published in 1869, entitled "*Carmina Crucis*," are to be found some of the poems of her mellowest years. An extract or two will prove the worth of this book. Here is one,—

"The cross is strength, the solemn cross is gain,
The cross is Jesus' breast;
Here giveth he the rest
That to his best beloved doth still remain."

Again,—

"We do but guess
At one another darkly 'mid the stir
That thickens round us; in this life of ours
We are like players, knowing not the powers
Nor compass of the instruments we vex,
And by our rash, unskilful touch perplex
To straining discord, needing still the key
To seek, and all our being heedfully
To tune to one another's."

After her mother's death in 1871, Miss Greenwell removed from Durham and finally settled in Westminster. She met with an accident early in 1881, which, acting on an always delicate constitution, caused a final breakdown. She was removed to her brother's home at Clifton, where she passed away on the 29th of March of the same year. She lies at rest in Arno's Vale Cemetery, Bristol.

The following hymn, written by her, has not, so far as we know, found its way into any hymn-book; but we quote it in the hope that it may do so, and thus become known and appreciated as it deserves:—

A SINNER AND HIS SAVIOUR.

" Oh, who are these, too long apart,
When once they've found each other's heart
Would never from the other part?
A sinner and his Saviour.

" A sinner I, but who art Thou,
With many crowns upon thy brow?
I see the thorn among them; now
I know thee for my Saviour.

" Long, long I tracked thy steps; I heard
Thy voice in many a gracious word;
I listened till my heart was stirred
To seek thee for my Saviour.

" I sought thee, seeking high and low;
I found thee not; I did not know
I was a sinner; even so
I missed thee for my Saviour.

" I saw thee sweetly condescend
Of humble men to be the Friend;
I chose thee for my Way, my End,
But found not yet my Saviour,

" Until upon the cross I saw
My God, who died to meet the law
That man had broken; then I saw
My sin, and then my Saviour.

" What seek I longer? let me be
A sinner all my days to thee;
Yet more and more—and thou to me
Yet more and more my Saviour.

" A sinner all my earthly days,
A sinner who believes and prays,
A sinner all his evil ways
Who leaves for his dear Saviour.

“ Who leaves his evil ways, yet leaves
 Not Him to whom his spirit cleaves
 More close, that he so often grieves
 The soul of his dear Saviour.

“ Be thou to me my Lord, my Guide,
 My Friend, yea, everything beside ;
 But first, last, best, whate’er betide,
 Be thou to me my Saviour.”

IV.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, the sister of Dante Rossetti, the painter and poet, was born on December 5, 1830. She is far better known as a poet than a hymn writer, having given to the world three volumes of verse, entitled respectively, “Goblin Market, and other Poems” (1862); “The Prince’s Progress, and other Poems” (1866); and “A Pageant, and other Poems” (1881). We should not look for hymns in these collections of poems; but some editors have culled verses here and there which serve as hymns: for instance, the Rev. W. G. Garrett Horder has included the following piece in his “Congregational Hymns,” No. 807:—

“ I would have gone—God bade me stay ;
 I would have worked—God bade me rest ;
 He broke my will from day to day,
 He read my yearnings unexpressed,
 And said them nay.

“ Now I would stay—God bids me go ;
 Now I would rest—God bids me work ;

He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

“ I go, Lord, where thou sendest me ;
Day after day I plod and moil ;
But Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with thee ? ”

V.—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

MARIANNE HEARN, who is better known by her literary *nom de plume* of “ Marianne Farningham,” was born at Farningham, in Kent, about half a century ago. When in her teens, and burdened by home cares and responsibilities on account of the early death of her mother, she began to write poetry, and sent her first poem in fear and trembling to the *Gospel Magazine*, where, it may be said in passing, many of our best hymns first saw the light. She entered the teaching profession after undergoing the necessary preliminary training, and afterwards became the head mistress of an elementary school in Northampton, where, in fact, her home has been ever since 1859. She, however, relinquished the work of teaching twenty-five years ago, in order to be able to devote her whole time to literature, and during this while she has edited for many years the *Sunday School Times*, besides writing for the Christian weekly press. She has been a most indefatigable Sunday-school worker, and has successfully

conducted one of the largest young women's Bible classes in this country for a long period. She has produced three or four volumes of poems, from one of which we extract the following, entitled "Waiting and Watching for Me." Perhaps one of the best known of these volumes is that one entitled "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life."

" When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest ;
When softly the watchers shall say ' He is dead,'
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast ;
And when, with my glorified vision, at last
The walls of ' that city ' I see,
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me ?

" There are little ones glancing about in my path,
In want of a friend and a guide ;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried :
But Jesus may beckon the children away
In the midst of their grief and their glee ;
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me ?

" There are old and forsaken who linger awhile
In homes which their dearest have left,
And a few gentle words, or an action of love,
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.
But the reaper is near to the long standing corn,
The weary will soon be set free ;
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me ?

" Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,

Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me ! ”

VI.—EMMA JANE WORBOISE.

EMMA JANE WORBOISE was the literary *nom de plume* of Mrs. Etherington-Guyton, a lady well known to the reading public as a successful and popular Christian novelist.

She was born in Birmingham in 1825, and afterwards removed with her parents to Bristol. They subsequently, however, returned to Birmingham ; so that it came to pass that her early life was spent in the village of Erdington, a suburb of the midland metropolis. She received an exceedingly good education ; and her great love for learning developed itself in a variety of ways, especially in the acquisition of the French and Italian languages, both of which she could speak with ease. Probably she would never have made such a mark in the world of literature had not adverse fortune come upon her father, for she commenced using her pen for her own support and that of her widowed mother while in her teens, and succeeded in making her name famous before many years had passed.

She was married at a somewhat early age to Mr. Etherington-Guyton, a young gentleman of great

promise, and nearly related to a noble family. These bright prospects were, however, soon clouded over; for within three years she was widowed and childless, her husband dying of consumption. After this she devoted herself anew to the labours of the pen, and doubtless found in hard literary work a kind of solace for her bereaved spirit. From personal correspondence we know that through all her widowed life, and amid the success which crowned her work, she was faithful to the remembrance of her early love. She passed away to rejoin him on August 25th, 1887, aged sixty-two, and was buried in Clevedon Cemetery.

Beside writing a very excellent Life of Dr. Arnold, she produced about forty volumes of tales, among which, perhaps, the palm may be given to "Overdale," "Thornycroft Hall," and "Nobly Born." She also possessed considerable poetic power, as was evidenced in a volume entitled "Hymns, Songs, and Poems," now out of print. We quote from this volume part of a hymn which ought to be better known, entitled "Do this in Remembrance of Me."

"Be with us, Saviour, in this hour,
And let us feel thy Spirit's power;
Give us a heart to love thee more
Than ever we have done before.

"Give us the grace to bear thy cross
Through shame, reproach, distress, or loss,
And through this earthly wilderness
To thee in patient hope to press.

"For where thou art we too would be,
We through the grave would follow thee;

Thy Spirit's light around us cast,
Faith waxing brighter to the last.

“ And now the blessed rite is done,
The brief, calm hour is o'er and gone;
We leave these consecrated walls,
Where such abiding comfort falls.

“ Thou wilt be with us, Saviour, now,
And all the days we pass below;
And 'mid the shadows of the tomb
Thy glance shall dissipate the gloom.

“ Then round thy throne we all shall meet—
We who have held communion sweet,
We who have mingled praise and prayer
In earthly courts, in earthly air.

“ Then will the soul unfettered soar,
Distracted wanderings grieve no more;
Called to the marriage-supper, we
Shall dwell eternally with thee.”

CHAPTER XII.

Writers of Children's Hymns.

BEFORE the days of Isaac Watts the children were wholly forgotten by hymn writers. He, on going to visit at the house of Sir Thomas Abney,—where, by the way, he was so highly esteemed as a visitor that the heads of the family would never consent to his departing,—wrote a collection of “Divine and Moral Songs,” which, according to some authorities, were composed at the request of a friend accustomed to catechise children, but which really appears to have had its birth in his desire to instruct and amuse the children of Sir Thomas Abney, as much as for anything else. They contained much doggerel—it could not be otherwise; and more stern theology—which was natural to the age. Dr. Watts was never a father, and he wrote from the standpoint of the sterner seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; therefore we miss the genial, loving tone and the hopeful theology of later hymnists for children. Women—and especially women who were mothers—have excelled in the art of writing hymns for children. Somehow

it needs mother-love to interpret divine love to the little ones.

Before Dr. Watts's time we know of only one or two hymns intended for children. One of these was written by Clement of Alexandria, and commences, "Shepherd of tender youth, Guardian of love and truth;" and the others are the morning and evening hymns composed by Bishop Ken for the boys of Winchester School; but they were as suitable for adults as for youths. Charles Wesley wrote one hymn for children, which gained much popularity, and is still largely used. It is that one commencing, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and is largely used at the present day. Still, these solitary examples do not militate against our assertion that this is a field of poetry which has been most successfully cultivated by women. Rev. W. Garrett Horder says, "The new era dawned in 1810, when Ann and Jane Taylor issued their 'Hymns for Infant Minds.'"

ANN TAYLOR was born in 1781, and JANE TAYLOR in 1783—the daughters of an engraver, who was also an Independent minister at Colchester. The childhood of the sisters was passed amidst stormy times, for the echoes of the French Revolution and the rumours of invasion by the French kept the whole south of England in turmoil and terror. Their brother, Isaac Taylor, has preserved for us many interesting reminiscences of the village home at Lavenham, in Suffolk—where considerations of economy drove the family to reside for a time—as well as furnished us

with life-like accounts of "The Family Pen." Certainly the family was a gifted one: father, mother, and children cultivated the pleasures of mind; and the duties of daily bread-winning were so mixed up with mental culture that the education of the children proceeded side by side with their initiation into work. Both Ann and Jane were adepts at engraving, spending some hours every day in pursuit of the art; but in Jane's case the engraver's needle was resigned when she took to literature as a profession.

In 1802, Jane visited London for the first time, and there made the acquaintance of the publishers. Both sisters had already written poems which attracted much attention and promised well. "Original Poems for Infant Minds" appeared first in book-form, and was soon translated into Dutch and German, as well as reprinted in America. Ten pounds formed the *honorarium* for this little book, and was valued by the recipients as only first things can be valued. Another volume of "Original Poems" followed, and then one of "Rhymes for the Nursery," which still hold their own in many quarters. "Hymns for Infant Minds" followed these, and became permanently fixed in English literature as classical poems for the little ones.

Jane Taylor, writing to a friend, says: "I think I have some idea of what a child's hymn ought to be; and when I commenced the task, it was with the presumptuous determination that none of them should fall short of the standard I had formed in my mind. In order to do this, my method was to shut my eyes

and imagine the presence of some pretty little mortal, and then endeavour to catch, as it were, the very language it would use on the subject before me. If in any instances I have succeeded, to this little imaginary being I should attribute my success. And I have failed so frequently, because so frequently I was compelled to say, 'Now you may go, my dear; I shall finish the hymn by myself.'"

We are told that hymn-writing for children cost the sisters more real work than anything else they ever wrote, and this although each was known far and near in the realm of authorship. Jane died in the spring of 1824; but Ann was married to Rev. Josiah Gilbert, tutor at Rotherham Independent College. Her literary labours continued long after Jane had passed away. In some instances it is difficult to decide which sister wrote special hymns, but in other cases the distinction is well marked. We will quote, first, two of Jane Taylor's hymns.

"When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

"Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

"Some idle play or childish toy
Can send my thoughts abroad,
Though this should be the greatest joy—
To love and seek the Lord.

“ Oh let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God would hear a prayer
That comes not from my heart.

‘ But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.”

The second specimen is,—

“ Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me ;
Oh that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be !
All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

“ While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.
Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth,
Condescend to be my Teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.”

Mrs. Gilbert's hymns claim the preference in our own mind — perhaps because of this *mother-love*, which her sister could not feel, and therefore could not express. The two we quote of hers are exceedingly well known in schools, and among little Sunday scholars.

“ Great God ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky.

" Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a feeble one can raise?

" Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee,
And try, in word, in deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

" Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

" Art thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Come down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above."

Here is the other. The theology is of the simplest,
but who shall say that even a little tot of three years
old cannot understand it!

" Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good he used to be.

" He went about, he was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

" And more than that—he told them, too,
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

" But such a cruel death he died—
He was hung up and crucified;

And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

“ And so he died, and this is why
He came to be a man and die :
The Bible says he came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

“ He knew how wicked man had been ;
He knew that God must punish sin ;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.”

Another child's hymn which, according to the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, “deserves to be reckoned classic,” is that one commencing, “I think when I read that sweet story of old.” It was written in 1841, by Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE, in a stage-coach, on a journey, for a village school near Bath. We do not know that Mrs. Luke ever wrote another hymn, but the exceeding excellence of this one makes us wonder that the writer of it never gave others to the world. It is evident that she possessed the talent for writing children's hymns, but very possibly circumstances or cares of other kinds led to her neglect of it. The whole hymn runs thus :—

“ I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then ;
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
' Let the little ones come unto me.'

“ Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
‘ For of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ ”

“ But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When dear little children from every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.”

Miss DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, who is very well known and remembered by a hymn commencing, “ A little ship was on the sea,” was born in 1779, and died in London in 1847. Her other well-known hymn for children, written in 1838, is the following:—

“ Saviour, like a shepherd lead us—
Much we need thy tender care—
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare :
Blessed Jesus !
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

“ We are thine : do thou befriend us ;
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock ; from sin defend us ;
Seek us when we go astray :
Blessed Jesus !
Hear young children when they pray.

“ Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
Blessed Jesus !
Let us early turn to thee.

‘ Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will ;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill :
Blessed Jesus !
Thou hast loved us, love us still.”

There is one good child's hymn, written by Miss ELLEN ISABELLA TUPPER, daughter of Martin F. Tupper, the author of “Proverbial Philosophy.” It was written in 1867, and contributed to the “*Lyra Britannica*.” We think, on reading it, that our readers will agree in our opinion of its merits.

“ Listen to the wondrous story,
How upon the Christmas morn
Jesus left the realms of glory,
As a little babe was born ;
Left those bright and happy regions
Of his Father's home above,
And the glorious angel-legions,
In his great and boundless love.

“ Came into a lowly manger,
Dwelt beneath a humble shed,
And among his own a stranger,
Knew not where to lay his head.
Went from city unto city,
All his life was doing good ;
Weeping o'er his friend with pity,
When beside his grave he stood.

“ Love all human love exceeding
Brought him to a cruel death ;

Even then, though hanging bleeding
On the cross, his latest breath
Spent he for his murderers, praying
To his Father to forgive ;
To the thief repentant saying,
' Thou in Paradise shalt live.'

"Oh, what love in God the Father
To bestow his only Son !
Oh, what love in Christ, who rather
Than the world should be undone
Came himself to seek and save us,
Came to claim us for his own,
Freely all our sins forgave us,
Raised us to his glorious throne !"

Mrs. ANNE SHEPHERD, *née* HOULDITCH, authoress of "Around the throne of God in heaven," was the daughter of the Rev. Edward H. Houlditch, and was born at Cowes, Isle of Wight, in 1809. After her marriage to Mr. Shepherd she wrote two novels, which attracted much attention, and also a little book, entitled "Hymns Adapted for the Comprehension of Infant Minds." The following hymn was included in this collection, and has won a large measure of favour. The authoress died in 1857.

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory !

"What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there ?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory !

“Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory !

“On earth they sought their Saviour’s grace,
On earth they loved his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory !”

Mrs. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN, wife of Rev. W. W. Duncan, minister of Cleish, in Kinross-shire, wrote a hymn which is probably more used as a child’s evening prayer than any other hymn, save perhaps Charles Wesley’s “Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.” She was born in 1814, and died in 1840. The hymn referred to is the following :—

“Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

“All the day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me ;
Listen to my evening prayer.

“Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.”

A lady named Mrs. SHELLY wrote a very tender hymn for little ones, commencing, “Lord, a little band

and lowly," under the following circumstances. She says, giving her own account of the matter:—"At a Sunday-school meeting in Manchester, the Rev. John Curwen one evening gave a lecture on singing. He sang a very pretty and simple tune, to which he said he had no suitable words, and wished that some one would write a hymn to it. I wrote these verses, and gave them to him after the close of the meeting."

"Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee ;
Thou art great and high and holy,
Oh how solemn we should be !

"Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where he is gone ;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

"For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

"Let our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong ;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song."

There are two hymns for children by EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, a relative of Charlotte Elliott, commencing, respectively, "There came a little Child to earth," and "Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown," which are great favourites. We quote the latter of these.

“Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown
When thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For thy holy nativity :
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee !

“Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree ;
But in lowly birth thou didst come to earth,
And in great humility :
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee !

“The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree ;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee :
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee !

“Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set thy people free ;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary :
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea !

“When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choir shall sing
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saying, ‘Yet there is room—
There is room at my side for thee !’
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.”

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, wife of the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, is, beyond comparison, one of the best writers of hymns for children. It also goes without saying that she is a good hymn writer for adults as well, for many of her productions are as

familiar as household words in most of the Protestant churches of Christendom. Mrs. Alexander was born in Dublin; but her father, Major Humphreys of Strabane, was an Englishman. She was married in 1850 to Dr. Alexander, whose knowledge, literary taste, and cultivated imagination are well known. Dr. Alexander's wise counsel and sound judgment were of much value to his wife in her hymn-writing labours. She, however, wrote her "Hymns for Little Children" in 1848, two years before she was married. The "Poems on Old Testament Subjects," in which is included "The Burial of Moses," followed this volume, but not till after her marriage; and this was followed by "The Legend of the Golden Prayers," which is now out of print. Many of her hymns were written at the request of the editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," or for special occasions, for different friends—very often for Sunday schools and for children's gatherings. The one we now quote is set to a lively tune called "Irby," by Dr. Gauntlett.

“ Once, in royal David's city,
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for his bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ that little child.

“ He came down from earth to heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
 And his cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth the Saviour holy.

“ And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms he lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

“ For he is our childhood's pattern :
Day by day like us he grew ;
He was little, weak, and helpless ;
Tears and smiles like us he knew.
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

“ And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love ;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

“ Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When, like stars, his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.”

Mrs. Alexander has written so many good hymns that it is difficult to make a selection. “Jesus calls us ; o'er the tumult” and “The roseate hues of early dawn” are for adults, while in another section we give her “Burial of Moses” as a specimen of a fine sacred poem.

HELEN TAYLOR, a cousin of Ann and Jane Taylor, issued some volumes of poetry for children, under the titles of “The Sabbath Bell” and “Missionary Hymns.” But, perhaps owing to the greater popularity of her two cousins, these hymns and poems have been

much neglected. The Rev. W. Garrett Horder first rescued some of them from their oblivion, and quoted them in his "Book of Praise for Children," and he anticipates for them a great future. The following one is an exceedingly good child's hymn about heaven, and quite free from those morbid fancies which frequently disfigure so many other hymns on the same subject.

" I love that holy scripture
Where I am truly told
About the heavenly city,
With walls of precious gold :

" About the shining river,
That goeth through the street,
The boughs of life above it,
Where fruit and blossom meet :

" About the good and perfect,
With crowns like yonder sun,
Who won those shining garlands
Where children's feet may run.

" This world is sometimes happy,
With pleasant things I love ;
But it must be far better
To dwell in heaven above.

" Not that the walls are golden,
The gates are always bright ;
Not that the river poureth
Through every street its light ;

" Not that a pleasant music
From golden harps is stirred,
And every sound is sweeter
Than ever ear hath heard ;—

" But there shall never enter
The dark, rude thoughts of sin,

That here are always watching
To come the heart within.

“ And there we shall not find it
So very hard to be
Gentle and true and patient,
For we the Lord shall see.

“ And so we shall grow like him,
All holy things to love ;—
Oh, it must be far better
To dwell in heaven above.”

JANE E. LEESON, who late in life joined the Roman Catholic communion, wrote a volume of poetry for children in 1842, entitled “Hymns and Scenes of Childhood.” The following hymn is taken from that volume:—

“ Sweet the lessons Jesus taught,
When to him fond parents brought
Babes for whom they blessings sought,
Little ones like me.

“ Jesus did not answer nay,
Bid them come another day ;
Jesus did not turn away
Little ones like me.

“ No : my Saviour's hand was laid
Softly on each infant head ;
Jesus, when he blessed them, said,
‘ Let them come to me.’

“ Babes may still his blessing share,
Lambs are his peculiar care ;
He will in his bosom bear
Little ones like me.

"Saviour, on my infant head
Let thy gracious hand be laid,
While I do as thou hast said,
Coming unto thee."

To an obscure and uneducated woman, named **MARY MASTERS**, we owe one short lyric, well known to the majority of Sunday scholars. It is the following:—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end."

Mary Masters had very little education, and less encouragement, for her parents strongly opposed her literary efforts; but she succeeded in publishing a little volume in 1755, entitled "Familiar Letters and Poems upon Several Occasions," in which the above lines appeared.

As a proof that hymns for children are now considered indispensable, we may mention that both Roman Catholics and Jews have issued hymnals for children. There is this difference, however: many writers in the Roman Catholic Church have written good hymns of this kind, but it is not known that a single Jew ever has. It is singular, too, that the only compendium of children's hymns used by the members of the Jewish communion is a selection made by a Jewish lady from the Rev. W. Garrett Horder's "Book

of Praise for Children." This hymn-book is used by children in Jewish schools both for week-days and Sundays.

It is not known that the Society of Friends possesses any compilation of hymns; certainly they have not one for purposes of worship, although many such volumes may be used by devout members of the Society for purposes of private devotion.

CHAPTER XIII.

Queenly and Noble Hymn Writers.

I.—“CARMEN SYLVA,” QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

ELIZABETH, the present Queen of Roumania, is known far more widely by her literary pseudonym than by her real name. But the reading public have learned to recognize in “Carmen Sylva” a real poetess, and to love her songs. Of late she has also won some fame as a novelist, but her first laurels were won as a poetess.

She was born in 1844, a princess of Nassau, and a daughter of one of those petty German princes who ruled over pettier states, until Prince Bismarck remodelled the map of Europe, and absorbed the little principalities into the larger kingdoms. Her father's realm was Wied-neu-Wied-upon-Rhine, and her parents were much beloved among their subjects. The little Elizabeth learned to read at the age of three; for she was a precocious child, and so intelligent that it was impossible to keep her idle. But she not only learned languages, music, and fine embroidery, as became a princess; very wisely she also acquired the feminine lore which made her clever at sewing, cook-

ing, and nursing. We are told that from the age of five years she ardently desired to be a schoolmistress; and she was accustomed to gather the children of the village near her home around her in her father's park, and play with them as well as teach them. She became early acquainted with sorrow, for sickness and suffering were constant visitors at the castle. Her parents and a younger brother were for years great invalids, and her ministrations in their sick-rooms begat in her deep sympathy for the sick, whom she aided so liberally, both by active service and gifts from her little stores, that it became doubtful at times whether she would leave herself sufficient wherewith to obtain necessary clothes. With such ready, self-sacrificing sympathy, it is not wonderful that she should make her *début* before the literary world with a poem on "Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage." She had seen and experienced what she wrote of.

In 1869 she was married to Charles, King of Roumania, and was not long in getting to be so endeared to her subjects that their favourite term for her was "little mother." Her only child was taken away at the age of four years by an attack of scarlet fever, and this seemed to be the hardest blow of all. Indeed, its effects are seen in her poetry, which, always melancholy, took on a deeper, tenderer tone from that time. She poured out her woes in song, and found in work for her people an antidote to her own afflictions.

During the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, and while her husband was at the front, fighting like a brave

soldier, Queen Elizabeth remained at home to succour the wounded and dying. She was constantly to be found in the hospitals, tending the wounded, comforting the dying, and cheering those poor fellows who had to undergo painful operations. After the war was over, the wives of the Roumanian soldiers subscribed for a statue of her Majesty. It stands to-day in the public square of Bucharest, and represents the queen giving a drink of water to a wounded soldier. It is not only an ornament to the city, but also proves a nation's gratitude.

In order to find time for her literary pursuits, the queen is in the habit of rising very early, and writes until eight o'clock, often gaining in this way three or four hours before the ordinary engagements of the day begin. In her own words—for this time “she can be a woman and author; for the rest of the day she must be queen.”

From her recently-published “Life” we quote two specimen hymns written by the Queen of Roumania. Here is her “Confirmation Hymn,” as translated by Sir Edwin Arnold. Referring to this rite, she wrote to her brother: “I am sure you can understand what I feel in having entered into the year in which I have to bind myself with a promise before the altar to become a responsible member of human society. I think of it with real apprehension, for I am not yet ripe for it.”

“Praise ye the Lord who in mightiness hath wrought ye;
Praise him who safely with blessings hath brought ye;

Praise him, thou earth, and thou star of the sky ;
Let what hath being the Lord glorify !

“ I will give thanks to him, Father of life ;
I in his way will walk, faithful in strife ;
I for his light will seek, guiding us all ;
Him I will love, for without him I fall.”

The following hymn was written in English in
1868 :—

“ Through life's deep shadow, grief and pain,
Where none by me beloved remain,
I ever heard the echoing strain—
O serve the Lord with gladness !

“ In sorrow and in anguish cast,
When hope and joy away were passed,
It oft came sounding on the blast —
O serve the Lord with gladness !

“ But now I know the joy that stays,
The ever bright and sunny rays,
And soft and low I sing the praise—
O serve the Lord with gladness !”

II.—MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THIS unfortunate queen, celebrated alike for her beauty, wit, learning, and misfortunes, was born in 1542, the only child of James V. of Scotland, by a French princess, Maria of Lorraine. James died when the little Mary was only a few days old, and the widowed mother, with her infant, was left to encounter, undefended by a husband, the stormy factions of that most stormy period of Scottish history. For six

years the child resided in the palace of Linlithgow, under the united guardianship of her mother and the Earl of Arran, the next heir to the Scottish throne; but when Mary was about six years of age, she was taken by her mother to France, and sent to a convent-school for the daughters of the French nobility. Here Mary became proficient in the Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian languages, and developed a taste for music and poetry. Many of her poetical compositions of this date were of much promise.

When in her sixteenth year, Mary was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. of France; but after about eighteen months of married life, and only six months after his accession to the French throne, Francis died. Thus, by cruel bereavement, she was again left friendless, and exposed to the plottings of enemies.

After this Mary returned to Scotland, but her affections were in "*la belle France*;" and no wonder, for the times were not such as would suit a weak, shrinking woman, young in years, newly widowed, and full of foreboding as to what the future might have in store.

Under pressure from Queen Elizabeth of England, who all along regarded Mary as a dangerous rival, Mary married Lord Darnley, by whom she had one son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. Darnley died a violent death, and she afterwards married the Earl of Bothwell. Her conduct has been much condemned in relation to the intrigues and intimacies which prevailed at the Scottish court at that time, and

certainly some things appear suspicious. But the kingdom was distracted by tumults and civil war, the Scots were a quarrelsome and half-civilized people, and noble plotted against noble in the endeavour to seize the throne. These troubles caused Bothwell to fly the kingdom, and Mary was carried prisoner to Loch Leven Castle. From thence she went into England, after an eleven months' captivity, and threw herself on the generosity of Queen Elizabeth. But the English queen was a very wary foe. Mary had been, while resident in France, so ill-advised as to assume the arms and title of Queen of England, in addition to that of France and Scotland, and Elizabeth never forgave the offence, seeing that by it a doubt was cast on her own legitimate title to the succession.

Elizabeth, who could be brave and generous when she chose, was a woman who could stoop to crush an enemy mercilessly, especially if that enemy were a woman. To her eternal dishonour, it must be recorded that she did this with the unfortunate Mary. She had got her enemy into her power, and with a refinement of cruelty of which no woman should have been capable, she kept her a prisoner in one castle or another for nineteen weary years. At last, upon what is now considered a trumped-up charge of conspiracy against Elizabeth, she was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, February 8, 1587, in the forty-fifth year of her age. Her son, although King of Scotland at this time, made no attempt to rescue his mother from her imprisonment and doom ; but after his accession to the English

throne, he paid her the tardy honour of interring her remains in Westminster Abbey.

It is said that she wrote the following "Lament" and "Prayer" during her imprisonment at Fotheringay, and when expecting death :—

"Alas ! what am I ? what my life become ?
 A corpse existing when the pulse hath fled,
 An empty shadow, mark for conflict dread,
 Whose only hope of refuge is the tomb !
 Cease to pursue, O foes, with envious hate,
 My share of this world's glories hath been brief ;
 Soon will your ire on me be satiate,
 For I consume and die of mortal grief.
 And ye, my faithful friends, who hold me dear,
 In dire adversity, and bonds, and woe,
 I lack the power to guerdon love sincere.
 Wish, then, the close of all my ills below,
 That purified on earth with sins forgiven,
 My ransomed soul may share the joys of heaven."

Her "Prayer" runs thus :—

"O Lord God,
 I've trusted in thee ;
 O Jesus beloved,
 Now liberate me !
 In fetters so galling,
 In tortures appalling,
 I long after thee.
 In moaning, in groaning,
 On bent knee atoning,
 I adore thee,
 I implore thee
 To liberate me."

III.—ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

THIS royal hymnist was the daughter of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland. She was an infant when her father succeeded to the English throne in 1601; but as she grew up into childhood and young womanhood, she displayed such charms of mind and disposition that by universal consent she won the title of "Queen of Hearts." She is stated to have been, according to a chronicler of the time, "a princess of lovely beauty." He further says that she was justly renowned for wit, memory, judgment, knowledge of music, languages, and piety. While a girl she suffered much from the loss of her brother, Henry, Prince of Wales, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who died of fever, leaving the succession to the throne to devolve on the ill-fated Charles I. At this time she was betrothed to Frederick V., Count Palatine of the Rhine; but even the prospect of marriage did not wean her from the loved brother. She tried to gain admission to his chamber disguised as a maidservant; but too strict a watch was maintained to allow of the scheme succeeding, and the young man died, sadly moaning, "Where is my dear sister?" It was while this early and very bitter bereavement was darkening her life that she composed the poem which we append.

She was married when very young, and passed to her husband's palace at Heidelberg, where she became a mother at eighteen. Shortly afterwards she was raised with her husband to the dignity of the throne

of Bohemia. But scarcely had the young couple been seated on the throne ere the dreadful Thirty Years' War broke out, and from that time misfortune dogged Elizabeth's steps. After years of warfare her husband fell, and she was left widowed and beggared, with a young family to bring up. After thirty years of desolate widowhood she returned to England, at the age of sixty-five, almost a stranger in the land of her youth. During her absence her elder brother, Charles I., had lost his head on the scaffold, and Cromwell now ruled, while the country had passed through the horrors of civil war. She was so poor that she was forced to part with her children, in order that they might be trained and supported by friends. The youngest of these children, Sophia, from whom our Queen Victoria is descended, was said to be "the most accomplished woman in Europe." Elizabeth died at last in Leicester House, Leicester Square, leaving behind her a tender memory as a hymnist and a Christian. Her chief production runs thus:—

"This is joy, this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure,
And enjoy them at full leisure
Evermore in richest measure.

"God is only excellent,
Up to him let our love be sent ;
Whose desires are set or bent
On aught else shall much repent.

"Theirs is a most wretched case,
Who themselves so far disgrace

That they their affections place
Upon things named vile or base.

“Let us love of heaven receive ;
These are joys our hearts shall heave
Higher than we can conceive,
And shall us not fail or leave.

“Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day,
Suddenly they pass away,
And we cannot make them stay.

“All the vast world doth contain
To content man's heart are vain ;
That still justly will complain,
And unsatisfied remain.

“God most holy, high, and great,
Our delight doth make complete ;
When in us he takes his seat,
Only then we are replete.

“Why should vain joys us transport ?
Earthly pleasures are but short,
And are mingled in such sort
Griefs are greater than the sport.

“O my God, for Christ his sake,
Quite from me this dulness take,
Cause me earth's love to forsake,
And of heaven my realm to make.

“If early thanks I render thee,
That thou hast enlightened me
With such knowledge that I see
What things most behoveful be,

“That I hereon meditate,
That desire I find (though late)
To prize heaven at higher rate,
And these pleasures vain to hate.

“ O enlighten more my sight,
And dispel my darksome night,
Good Lord, by thy heavenly light,
And thy beams most pure and bright.

“ Since in me such thoughts are scant,
Of thy grace repair my want ;
Often meditations grant,
And in me more deeply plant.

“ Work of wisdom more desire,
Grant I may with holy fire
Slight the world, and me inspire
With thy love to be on fire.

“ What care I for lofty place,
If the Lord grant me his grace,
Showing me his pleasant face,
And with joy I end my race ?

“ This one thing is my desire,
This doth set my heart on fire,
That I may receive my hire
With the saints' and angels' quire.

“ O my soul, of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth ;
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

“ From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above ;
Set thy heart and fix thy love
Where thou truest joy shalt prove.

“ If I do love things on high,
Doubtless them enjoy shall I ;
Earthly pleasures if I try
To pursue, they faster fly.

“ O Lord, glorious, yet most kind,
Thou hast these thoughts put in my mind ;

Let me grace increasing find,
Me to thee more firmly bind.

“ To God glory, thanks, and praise,
I will render all my days ;
Who hath blessed me many ways,
Shedding on me gracious rays.

“ To me grace, O Father, send,
On thee wholly to depend ;
That all may to thy glory tend,
So let me live, so let me end.

“ Now to the true Eternal King
Not seen with human eye,
The immortal, only wise true God,
Be praise perpetually.”

IV.—LOUISA, ELECTRESS OF BRANDENBURG.

LOUISA, wife of the Elector of Brandenburg, has furnished our hymn-books with one notable hymn—that one commencing “ Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ”—made familiar to us by the translation of it given by Catherine Winkworth in the “ *Lyra Germanica*.” Her life possesses many points of interest, for the memory of her piety shines forth as a bright star from out the darkness of the seventeenth century.

Louisa was the daughter of the Prince of Orange, and granddaughter of the Admiral Coligny who was so brutally massacred on St. Bartholomew’s day in Paris. She therefore came of a good Protestant stock, and her mother (who was daughter of the admiral) carefully trained her in all branches of feminine know-

ledge and art, as well as in the graver subjects of study. She is said to have been tall and graceful. When nineteen she was married at the Hague, in 1646, to the Elector of Brandenburg; but the Prince of Orange being seriously ill, she remained at home to nurse him until she closed his eyes in death. Her father's illness was a long one, and shortly after it ended her first child was born. After a little more delay the Electress set out for Berlin with her infant and suite, anticipating the delight of her husband at welcoming both wife and heir. But it was late in the autumn, the whole country was devastated by war and famine, and severe weather set in early. Her own health suffered much, her little son died, and when she reached Berlin, towards the end of 1649, it was with empty arms and a sorrow-stricken heart that she presented herself before her husband. But he was tenderly attached to her, and even wished her to accompany him in his campaigns, which perhaps was not wise, seeing that her health was so broken.

The Elector valued his wife's counsel above that of his advisers, and appealed to her judgment on all affairs of State; while she, on her part, aimed at doing good to the people of Prussia. She established model farms in various parts of the land, and brought over skilled agriculturists from Holland to superintend them. She introduced the potato to the people, and founded schools for their children all over the land. But she grieved that no second son had come to gladden their hearts, and keep civil war from their midst; for it was almost

a certainty that if no heir to the throne survived the Elector, a war of succession would follow his death. At last she offered her husband to be divorced on the score of childlessness if he so willed ; but, to his lasting credit, he firmly refused, saying that he would never consent to ignore his marriage-vow, and that if God were to see fit to punish them and their land with childlessness, they must unhesitatingly submit to the calamity.

But the trouble never came. She ultimately became the mother of three more sons, the youngest of whom became in after years the first *King* of Prussia. She founded an orphanage at Oranienburg as an act of thanksgiving for the birth of her sons ; and after making her memory adored by the people of her country, died of slow decline, at the age of thirty-nine, in 1667.

It is said that in time of war Louisa had every soldier supplied with the Scriptures, and with a hymn-book, containing, among other hymns, several of her own compositions. One of her hymns, which is still sung in Germany at funerals, commences,—

“ Christ, the Rock on which I build,
And my Saviour, ever liveth ;
Should not he with joy be filled
Who the blessed truth receiveth ?
Though the night of death may bring
Some dark thoughts upon his wing.”

The one which we quote in full is, however, still less known. It is translated by Miss Winkworth, and given in her “ Christian Singers of Germany.”

PENITENCE.

- “ I will return unto the Lord
 From all my evil ways ;
 O God, do thou thy help afford,
 Teach me to seek thy face,
 Thy Holy Spirit's strength impart,
 Who can anew create my heart ;
 Deny me not this grace.
- “ For man sees not his wretched plight
 Till thy touch makes him see ;
 Without thy Spirit's inner light
 All blind and dead is he—
 Brass'd in sense and will and deed :
 O Father, let me now be freed
 From this great misery.
- “ Lord, knock in mercy at my door,
 And all that I have done
 Against thee do thou set before
 This heart, till it is won
 To mourn that it was e'er so weak,
 And in my grief adown this cheek
 Let tears of sorrow run.
- “ For of thy gifts, ah, what a wealth
 Hast thou on me bestowed !
 To thee I owe my life and health,
 My cup hath overflowed ;
 Than food and raiment thou dost grant
 So much besides that no real want
 Hath darkened my abode.
- “ And thou in Christ hath rescued me
 From out of death's dark flood,
 Thou dost not leave my soul to be
 In lack of any good ;
 And lest I dwell in careless ease,
 Forgetting Him who gave me these,
 Betimes I feel thy rod.

“ Have I then striven, as sure I ought,
To love thee and obey ?
Ah no ! this heart and conscience, fraught
With grief, full truly say.
I have forgot thee, and they mourn
With deep remorse and anguish torn
For sin's long easy sway.

“ Till now, in false security,
My conscience slept and said,—
‘ There yet is time enough for thee ;
God is not stern,’ it said ;
‘ So strict account he doth not keep.
The Shepherd's patience with his sheep
Not soon is spent or fled.’

“ But suddenly that sleep was broke,
And now my heart will break ;
Thy voice in mighty thunders spoke,
Thy lightnings made me quake.
I see the realms of death and hell
Advance in power I cannot quell,
My soul their prey to make.

“ Ah, Jesu Christ ! our mighty Rock,
I flee alone to thee ;
Within thy clefts from every shock
O hide and shelter me !
O Lamb of God, didst thou not bear
All sins of men, and even my share,
Upon the fatal tree ?

“ Then with thy Father intercede,
That he no more should think
Of all my sins, each evil deed
That makes me quail and shrink ;
Ah, let the burden of my guilt,
For which such precious blood was spilt,
Beneath the ocean sink.

“ And henceforth will I, day by day,
With strenuous, ceaseless care,

From all false pleasures turn away,
And rather all things bear,
Than willingly to sin give place.
Dear Lord, give me thy strength and grace
To do as I declare."

V.—JEANNE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

JEANNE of Navarre holds an honoured place in civil and religious history. She is said to have written hymns and religious ballads which caused many of the French nobility to receive their first sincerely religious impressions; she also filled a large place in the public eye as a defender of the Huguenot faith. D'Aubigné, in his "Reformation," says of her: "The goodness of her heart, the purity of her life, and the abundance of her works, spoke eloquently to those about her of the beauty of the gospel."

Her childhood was not a happy one. As often happens to those "born in the purple," petty jealousies and possible alliances loomed too big in the distance to allow of her enjoying the usual freedom of child-life. She was born at the Palace of Fontainebleau, on January 7, 1528, the eldest child of Henry II., King of Navarre, and his wife Marguerite, who happened also to be the sister of Francis I., King of France. This relationship really formed the basis of most of her life-troubles; for Francis desired to get the infant Jeanne into his own hands, with the intention not only of preventing a marriage into the Spanish royal house—

with which he was then at feud—but also of marrying her to one of his own sons in due time. Francis appointed that the infant Jeanne should be taken from her parents, and brought up at a lonely castle called Plessis-les-Tours, under the care of tutors and governesses; and here she actually spent five years in a sort of gilded imprisonment.

Contrary to his previous intentions, Francis ordered Jeanne, at twelve years of age, to marry the Duke of Cleves. He appeared to be unexceptionable in point of character and accomplishments; but the girl conceived such a violent dislike to him that the wedding was carried out only after a measure of violence had been resorted to. After the ceremony Jeanne was relegated to the guardianship of her mother for two years, the Duke of Cleves undertaking not to claim his young bride for that time. Before that time arrived, however, Francis had, for reasons of State, veered round again, and ordered that the marriage should be annulled. To this measure Jeanne joyfully assented; and she was eventually married, in October 1548, to Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme. By him she had three sons, the youngest of whom lived to grow up and to succeed herself in the kingdom of Navarre, being known to history as the famous Henry of Navarre.

But Duke Antoine was fickle and furious; the powers of France and Spain were jealous of each other, and equally so of the little Protestant kingdom of Navarre; while Jeanne herself had forsaken the

Catholic faith for the Lutheran, and so had drawn upon her devoted head all the lightnings of bigoted hatred. It is more than probable that eventually her faith cost her her life; but at this time Popish emissaries tried their best to induce Antoine to forsake Protestantism, and conform to the Catholic faith. Catherine de Medici and the Papal legate promised to make it easy for him to divorce Jeanne and to marry Mary Stuart, thereby securing by this means the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Navarre as the reward of his compliance. It was a splendid prize which was held out to him, and he immediately commenced a series of petty persecutions toward his wife, which showed that he was not above swallowing the bait, and sacrificing both love and honour.

But soon after this Antoine died, killed by a wound received at the siege of Rouen, and Queen Jeanne became a widow at the age of thirty-four. Thenceforward she became a protectress of the Huguenots, and her little kingdom the resort of those of them who were harried by Romanist France. After the death of Condé, the great Huguenot leader, her own son Henry took the command of the army, assisted by the veteran Coligny.

It is recorded that Jeanne was possessed of a passionate love for literature, and once, when at Paris, visited the famous printing establishment of the early printer, Robert Stephens. She could fully appreciate the power which the new and wondrous art of printing was destined to exercise over the minds of men,

and ardently desired to see Protestant books scattered broadcast among her subjects.

In 1572 she went to Paris, to assist at the marriage of her son Henry with the sister of Charles IX., King of France. While there she paid many visits to Parisian shops, and made many purchases; among others to that of René, the notorious perfumer and poisoner. Of him she bought some gloves and laces; but it is supposed that the gloves were poisoned by command of Catherine de Medici, who hesitated not to employ René whenever she required that somebody should be quietly and quickly put out of the way. Jeanne was taken violently ill the same night, and died in excruciating agony on the third day at the age of forty-four. To satisfy the outcries of the people of Navarre, Charles caused a *post-mortem* examination of the body to be made, but the poison was too subtle to be discovered; yet to this day it is believed by French Protestants that the Queen of Navarre was done to death by poison communicated to the system by means of a pair of gloves. It was only two months after this that the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place in Paris.

The little poem which we quote runs thus:—

“ Who would be a Christian true
Must his Lord's example follow—
Every worldly good resign,
Earthly glory count but hollow.
Honour, wealth, and friends so sweet,
He must trample under feet;—
But, alas! to few 'tis given
Thus to tread the path to heaven.

“ With a willing, joyful heart,
His goods among the poor divide;
Others’ trespasses forgive,
Revenge and anger lay aside.
Be good to those who work you ill;
If any hate you, love them still;—
But, alas! to few ’tis given
Thus to tread the path to heaven.”

“ He must hold death beautiful,
And over it in triumph sing,
Love it with a warmer heart
Than he loveth mortal thing;
But, alas! to few ’tis given
Thus to tread the path to heaven.”

VI.—SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

SELINA, Countess of Huntingdon, is not by any means a voluminous hymn writer; but one of her hymns—perhaps attributed occasionally to Charles Wesley—occupies a place in most hymnals. We allude to the well-known one commencing, “When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.” It appeared in the “Collection of Hymns sung in the Countess of Huntingdon’s Chapels,” along with several others of her own composition. The whole hymn runs thus:—

“ We soon shall hear the midnight cry,
And Gabriel’s trump shall shake the sky,
And cleave the starry plain;
The angel-herald shall proclaim
Redemption through the slaughtered Lamb,
And break death’s powerful chain.

“ Then shall the Judge descend in clouds
Circled around with countless crowds
Of the celestial choir ;
Before whose rapid glorious ray
The frightened heavens shall flee away,
And hide themselves in fire.

‘ How, how shall sinners venture nigh
Before the Lamb in yonder sky ?
Yet, oh, they must draw near
To hear the dreadful word—Depart !
Which, like some deadly-pointed dart,
Their hearts will wound and tear ;

“ While vengeful, fiery tempests hurled
Shall chase them downward to the world
Of everlasting pain :
Then they their helpless grief shall mourn
Who to the Lamb would never turn—
The Lamb for sinners slain.

“ Dear Lord, I sink at thy pierced feet ;
O let me by experience sweet
Taste thy forgiving love ;
And when thou dost to judgment come,
Take me with thee to thy blest home
In Salem’s land above.

“ Oh, when my righteous Judge shall come
To fetch his ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
So sinful and unfit to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

“ I love to meet among them now,
Before Jehovah’s feet to bow,
Though viler than them all ;
But who can bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out
When he for them shall call ?

“ Dear Lord, prevent it by thy grace ;
O let me see thy smiling face
In this my gracious day :
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall away.

“ Among thy saints let me be found
Whene’er the archangel’s trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the crowd I’ll sing,
Till heaven’s resounding mansions ring,
The riches of thy grace.”

Lady Huntingdon, nicknamed by Horace Walpole “the Queen of the Methodists,” was born on August 24, 1707. She was the second daughter of Earl Ferrers, and her family traced its descent back to the days of Edward the Confessor. It could boast of alliances with royal houses, as well as with some of the highest nobles, both in England and on the Continent. The little Lady Selina was a thoughtful child, and accustomed to seek relief from her childish troubles in prayer to God: thus the child was mother to the woman.

When twenty-one years of age, she became the wife of Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon, a man of exemplary and even of pious character. As became her position, she mingled with society, attended court, and sometimes patronized fashionable amusements, but her heart was never in them. Finding “a lack” somewhere, like the young ruler of the days of the Messiah, she turned to the performance of good works, and ministered to the poor and sick on her husband’s estates, with much self-denying fervour. Yet she

confessed that of heart-religion she at that time knew nothing. But she was to find out.

She was awakened to this sense of false effort by the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley. She lived in the times of the evangelistic revival of the eighteenth century, when the trumpet-tongues of these preachers fell upon the ears of torpid Christians, and still more torpid Churches, with a startling power. People of all ranks and conditions attended the "preachings"—oftener held in fields and on commons than in consecrated buildings—and among these listeners were the sisters and wife of Lord Huntingdon. Lady Margaret Hastings, one of the earl's sisters, was the first to find faith and salvation. Conversing afterwards with Lady Huntingdon, she said that "since she had known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." This statement aroused in her dismay: for if such a salvation were a prime necessity before a person could enter heaven, then, alas! she felt amazingly unfit, seeing she had never experienced any such blessing. She had, up till now, rested upon her own good works, charities to others, and many prayers; but if these were useless to attain the end in view, what more could she show? To add to her distress, a dangerous illness took hold of her at this juncture, and she was brought to the verge of the grave. Compelled thus to face death, she could not shirk the questions which welled up in her heart. How, how could she meet God, seeing that her own righteousness was as "filthy rags"? Then she

remembered Lady Margaret's words; and taking the one grand, inevitable step, she cast herself with all her fears and terrors upon Christ, and he failed her not. From that bed of sickness Lady Huntingdon rose another woman. Being saved and forgiven, she now showed her faith by her works. She worked for others out of love to Christ, *because he had saved her*, not in order to induce him to save her.

Thenceforward life was another thing to Lady Huntingdon. Having received the humbling doctrines of the cross herself, she endeavoured to teach them to others: but she had to meet with rude rebuffs. Having commenced attending the preachings of the new Methodist society held in Fetter Lane, she proceeded to invite others to listen too. But these invitations were in no wise cordially received by the titled ladies to whom they were addressed. The Duchess of Buckingham was persuaded to go once, but wrote a very rebellious note to Lady Huntingdon concerning the doctrines to which she then listened. "I thank your ladyship," she said, "for your information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so at variance with high rank and good-

breeding." Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, also consented to go to one of the services, and confessed that she felt more happy and contented after an hour's conversation with Lady Huntingdon than after a whole week of amusements.

The "offence of the Cross" bore fruit in the usual backbitings at court and other places. One day, at court, the Prince of Wales inquired of Lady Charlotte Edwin where Lady Huntingdon was that she so seldom visited the circle. Lady Charlotte replied with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The prince shook his head, and turning to Lady Charlotte, said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me up with her to heaven."

The king himself thought highly of Lady Huntingdon, and to one of the fine ladies who spoke sneeringly of her, replied, "Pray, madam, are you acquainted with Lady Huntingdon?"

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Have you ever been in her company?"

"Never," replied the marchioness, astonished to hear George III. so much in earnest on the subject.

"Then I have," said the king. "Never form your opinion of any one from the ill-natured remarks of others. You have my leave to tell everybody how highly I think of Lady Huntingdon."

Some years later, when she had employed zealous Methodist preachers to minister in her chapels, one of the bishops one day lamented the intrusion of such

preachers into his diocese, and poured out these lamentations into the ears of majesty itself. He concluded by asking the king what he should do with the preachers.

"Make bishops of them," replied George.

"That might be done," observed the bishop; "but, please your majesty, we cannot make a bishop of Lady Huntingdon."

"Well," said the king, "see if you cannot imitate the zeal of these men;" while the queen added, "And as for her ladyship, you cannot make a bishop of her, 'tis true; but it would be a lucky circumstance if you could, for she puts you all to shame."

Thus the mouths of the detractors were stopped, and the good countess went on her way, heeding neither the frowns nor the smiles of the world.

But discipline and trial came to her, as to all who desired to witness for God in that crooked generation. She was bereft of her husband and two sons within a short period of each other, and was left a widow with four children. Owing to these bereavements, she possessed fuller liberty to use both house and fortune for her Master; and most fully and unreservedly did she do so. She threw open her house for evangelistic services, and on one day a week George Whitefield, her ladyship's chaplain, preached to the poor in the kitchen; while on two days weekly he did the same thing to large parties of the nobility in her drawing-rooms. Among the other drawing-room listeners to the doctrine of salvation by Christ alone were to be found

the infidel Bolingbroke, and the sneering, worldly Chesterfield; and although they themselves profited not by this sound of the gospel, it is recorded that converts were to be found within both these noble families.

Still, her ladyship's path was not all sunshine. Few walk the narrow road in silver slippers, and the countess found that she was in danger of anything rather than the woe which is pronounced against those whom all the world shall speak well of. She animadverted upon some balls and parties given at the house of a certain dignitary of the Church, and thus drew down upon herself very unpleasant abuse. Indeed, on this occasion so high ran the feeling on both sides that George III. gave her a private audience in order to hear her side of the matter. The king concluded that memorable interview with these words: "I have been told so many odd stories of your ladyship that I am free to confess I felt a great degree of curiosity to see if you were at all like other women; and I am happy to have an opportunity of assuring your ladyship of the very good opinion I have of you, and how very highly I estimate your character, your zeal, and your abilities, which cannot be consecrated to a more noble purpose." He further told one of the bishops that he "wished there was a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in the kingdom."

Her own view of personal consecration was thus expressed: "When I gave myself to the Lord, I likewise devoted to him all my fortune, with this reserve

that I would take with a sparing hand what might be necessary for my food and raiment, and for the support of my children, should they live to be reduced." Acting on this principle, she not only supported poor ministers, but built and endowed chapels all over the land, sometimes selling her jewels to raise funds, and founded a college for the training of students for the ministry at Trevecca, in Wales. Among the godly clergymen who co-operated with Lady Huntingdon in these labours of faith and charity, we find the names of Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine, Venn, Townsend, Fletcher, Berridge, Toplady, and Haweis, as well as Nonconformists such as Hawkesworth, Wilks, and John Clayton. Mr. Fletcher of Madeley was the first president of Trevecca College, and the countess resided in it a good part of each year. This college has been removed of late to Cheshunt, and has continued to train men for the ministry right down to the present day; while the spiritual good wrought by the "Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion," as it was called, will never be known until the last day of account.

But the longest and most useful lives must come to an end. In November 1791, Lady Huntingdon broke a blood-vessel, and though raised up at that time, lingered on in feebleness and weakness until the following June, when she passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-four, leaving behind her the testimony, not only of a peaceful deathbed, but of a life devoted to the furtherance of the gospel.

The countess directed that the liturgy of the Church

of England should be read in all her chapels, and the "Connexion" itself regarded as a missionary and evangelistic body rather than as a denomination. She compiled and issued a hymn-book for use in her Connexion, giving it the following quaint title and superscription,—

A SELECT COLLECTION OF HYMNS

Universally sung in all the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels.

COLLECTED BY HER LADYSHIP.

"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God."

Lady Huntingdon herself wrote several of the hymns in this "Select Collection," some of them being more distinguished for quaint originality and spiritual experience than for poetical expression. Among these may be included the following:—

"The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love;
He is my choice—from him I would not move.

"Away, then, all ye objects that divert,
And seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

"That uncreated beauty which hath gained
My ravished heart has all your glory stained.

"His loveliness my soul hath prepossessed,
And left no room for any other guest.

"Above's my home, my country is above,
That blessed land of life and light and love.

"There my dear friends fled home with God are blest,
Thither are swiftly hastening all the rest.

" There lives my Lord, and there I long to live ;
He gave these longings, and himself will give.

" In the meantime, Lord, show thyself to me,
Till thou shalt please to take me up to thee.

" In thee now let me find so much of rest
As may with more desire inflame my breast.

" So seize on me that we no more may part ;
Till thou shalt take my soul, Lord, keep my heart,

" And dwell in me till I with thee shall dwell ;
This earth with thee is heaven, without thee, hell."

Another hymn runs thus, and stood first in the original "Selection":—

" Companions of thy little flock,
Dear Lord, we fain would be ;
Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
To thee, our Shepherd, flee.

" Oh, might we lean upon that breast
Which love and pity fill,
And now become those lambs caressed
That in thy bosom dwell !

" How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand
Which leads to pastures fair ;
Shows Canaan's milk-and-honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

" As one in heart we all rejoice
The sinner's Friend to praise ;
The Shepherd died, oh, 'tis his voice !
He'll us to glory raise."

We conclude with another specimen, which is composed to a more vigorous measure. Yet here and there may be discovered a halting line. It has been, in fact,

observed of Lady Huntingdon's hymns that they are of very unequal merit, so that some really fine stanzas are to be found coupled with many lame, poor ones. Her Judgment Hymn is without doubt the finest, and has survived the lapse of time and change of taste better than any other of her compositions.

“ O happy saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

“ Redeemed from sin and toil and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life—
An opened cage to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

“ And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains ;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

“ They gaze upon his beauteous face,
His lovely mind and charming grace ;
And gazing hard with ravished eyes,
His form they catch and taste his joys.

“ He cheers them with eternal smile ;
They sing hosannahs all the while,
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

“ Ah, Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep ;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.”

VII.—LADY LUCY WHITMORE.

LADY LUCY WHITMORE, daughter of the Earl of Bradford, born 1792, died 1840, composed one hymn suitable for Lent, beginning, "Father, again in Jesus' name we meet." This hymn first appeared in 1824, in a volume entitled "Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week, with Fourteen Original Hymns." Of these hymns only the one we quote appears to be known or used at the present time.

"Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet ;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

"Alas ! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove ;
But now, encouraged by thy voice we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

"Oh by His name in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh by his love which every love excels,
Oh by his blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blessed mercy's gate, and take us in."

VIII.—ANNA, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

ANNA, Countess of Winchelsea, is one of the noble writers who have devoted their pens to the work of praising God. Wordsworth said of her poems that, with the exception of Pope's, they were the only ones worthy of note between Milton's "Paradise Lost" and

Thomson's "Seasons." A volume of poems by Lady Winchelsea was published in 1731, eleven years after the poetess herself had passed away. She is best known at this date by a little poem entitled "The Atheist and the Acorn." We give a couple of verses from a somewhat lengthy hymn of praise, entitled "Nature's Praise."

" To the Almighty on his radiant throne
 Let endless hallelujahs rise !
Praise him, ye wondrous heights to us unknown !
Praise him, ye heavens unreached by mortal eyes !
Praise him, in your degree, ye sublunary skies !

" Praise him, ye angels that before him bow,
 You creatures of celestial frame,
Our guests of old, our wakeful guardians now,—
Praise him, and with like zeal our hearts inflame,
Transporting then our praise to seats from whence you
 came ! "

CHAPTER XIV.

A Hindu Hymn Writer.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.

IT is one proof of the catholicity of the Christian Church that her "sweet singers" have come from all branches, all sections, all creeds, and all lands. Far-off India has supplied a singer of Christian songs of no mean order. Although at present her poems and hymns are mostly known to the world which reads mission literature, we think it not unlikely that in time to come some of her strains may be heard in the sanctuaries of our country. As far as we know, her poems and hymns are mainly known to the public through their publication by the Rev. Charles Bullock, in a little volume entitled "From India's Coral Strand" (and it is to this volume we are indebted for the specimens we give); but some years ago a poem of hers, commencing,—

"Listen, listen, English sisters,
Hear an Indian sister's plea!"

attracted much attention from all who were interested in Indian zenana missions. It was called by Frances

Ridley Havergal "a splendid missionary appeal;" and, indeed, appeared first in print in consequence of Miss Havergal's recommendation.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh was born at Benares, "the sacred city" of India, on September 11, 1853, of Christian parents. Her father belonged to the Brahmin caste, and was a native pastor, having been baptized under the name of Nehemiah. The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh was at one time filling an honoured position in the suite of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, but afterwards became a valued and useful worker in the evangelization of his countrymen. Ellen's mother died shortly after the birth of the babe, and the child was adopted first by Mrs. Smailes, an indigo-planter's wife, and then, after the Indian Mutiny in 1857, by the Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Storrs, who trained her up as their own child. By them she was brought to England, in 1865, and educated. As she grew up to young womanhood, she entered into Christian work in the rural English parishes where Mr. Storrs ministered, and in course of years grew to know Miss Havergal and other workers for the Church Missionary Society. Both from a desire to help Indian zenana missions, and from early associations, she began to write poems bearing on that subject, and finally decided to return to India, to labour for the evangelization of her Indian sisters. She left England in 1880 for this purpose.

The following hymns are of such a character that they draw forth a response from every Christian heart. The first is entitled "The Great Refiner."

“Take my heart, O Great Refiner,
Plunge it in the cleansing flame ;
Heat the furnace seven times hotter,
I shall still adore thy name.
I shall hail its hungry roaring,
’Twill be music in my ear,
If amid its fiery anger
Thy sweet, gentle voice I hear.

“Yes, I love thee, Great Refiner,
Yes, I love the burning light
Dearer than the costliest jewel,
Sparkling beautiful and bright.
Is it true that I am worthy
Thus to be made pure from dross ?
If it were not wholly cleansed,
Wouldst thou count it as a loss ?

“Oh, how wonderful thy goodness,
Far beyond my highest thought !
I can only take, rejoicing,
What thy tender care has brought.
Purged, and tried as gold or silver,
This is what I long to be ;
Perfected, and wanting nothing,
Work thine own sweet will in me.

“Grand assurance ! thou art watching
Most intently all the while ;
Welcome is the fining process
Carried on beneath thy smile :
Or if thou in love withholdest
Thy felt presence, it is well ;
Faith shall triumph over feeling,
Peace shall still within me dwell.

“Welcome, welcome every dealing,
Pain or pleasure, joy or woe ;
All is sent, O Great Refiner,
By a loving hand, I know.



Another
breathes f
a true Ch
emplifies
Father.”

‘

“ ‘Thou knowest how I long to do
The thing that pleaseth thee;’
Then, Lord, my failing strength renew—
‘Thou understandest’ me.

“ ‘Thou knowest,’ Lord, on thee I wait;
‘Teach me to do thy will.’
Obedient at thy palace-gate,
Speak, Master! I fulfil.

“ ‘Thou knowest,’ Lord, the way I take;
I do not wish to see
One step beyond; for Jesus’ sake
All shall be well with me.”

The last specimen which we give is entitled “Over Yonder.” It runs on similar lines to that piece commencing, “Oh to be over yonder” in the Sankey collection, but is more adapted for congregational singing.

“ No disappointment yonder,
All hopes are there fulfilled;
No blighted prospects yonder,
All anxious thoughts are stilled.

“ No weary heart-aches yonder,
Love there is firmly sealed;
No wounded feelings yonder,
All smarting sores are healed.

“ No dark suspicions yonder,
There all are frank and free;
No morbid fancies yonder,
But perfect sympathy.

“ No restless yearnings yonder,
All, all are satisfied;
No cares or worries yonder,
All needs are well supplied.

-
- “ No midnights over yonder,
We shall not need them there;
No burning noontides yonder,
No scorching, dazzling glare.
- “ No warfare over yonder—
No battle-cries shall ring;
No bloodshed over yonder,
Where Jesus Christ is King.
- “ No angry billows yonder,
But one calm crystal sea;
No shipwrecks over yonder,
No dread calamity.
- “ No pain, no sickness yonder,
All tears are wiped away;
No death, no parting yonder,
There life is one glad day.
- “ No sin-stained garments yonder,
But bloodwashed, spotless, clean;
Ah! that is why up yonder
No shade of grief is seen.
- “ What is there over yonder?
No human tongue can tell;
But *he* our Lord is yonder,
And therefore all is well.”

CHAPTER XV.

Translators of Hymns.

SEVERAL ladies who are hymn writers are also known as translators of hymns. No hymn-lover would willingly be without those gems of Christian song which come to us from foreign languages; and we owe a large debt of gratitude to those writers who have rendered them into our own tongue.

Conspicuous among these translators is the name of Mrs. CHARLES, the well-known and talented author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," "The Three Wakings," and many other volumes. Mrs. Charles was a daughter of the late John Rundle, M.P., and was born about 1826. She has been for some years a widow, and devotes her leisure to literary work. Mrs. Charles has also written some excellent original hymns, and we prefer in this volume to quote two of these rather than any of her translations. The one given in Section XVI., entitled "Sympathy," can scarcely be called a hymn, if strictly judged; but it is so good that it is included in the "Hymnal Companion to the Book of

Common Prayer," and also in "Congregational Hymns."
The other is as follows:—

- " Around a table, not a tomb,
 He willed our gathering-place to be;
When going to prepare our home,
 Our Saviour said, 'Remember me.'
- " We kneel around no sculptured stone,
 Marking the place where Jesus lay;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
 The stone for ever rolled away.
- " Nay! sculptured stones are for the dead,—
 Thy three dark days of death are o'er;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
 Our living Light for evermore!
- " Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
 O Master, are thine own possessed;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
 The purple robe, the seamless vest.
- " Nay! relics are for those who mourn
 The memory of an absent friend;
Not absent thou, nor we forlorn!
 'With you each day until the end!'
- " Thus round thy table, not thy tomb,
 We keep thy sacred feast with thee,
Until within the Father's home
 Our endless gathering-place shall be."

Mrs. Charles has preserved many ancient hymns for us. It is interesting to recall the fact that some hymns written in the earliest days of English Christian poetry have been translated by Mrs. Charles, as well as hymns of the early Church. Here is a verse of a Syrian hymn on Palm Sunday,—

“ He calls us to a day of gladness,
Who came to us the King's own Son;
Go forth with boughs of palm to meet him,
And him with loud hosannas own.”

Here is a verse from the Venerable Bede's hymn
on the Ascension,—

“ A hymn of glory let us sing;
New hymns throughout the world shall ring;
By a new way none ever trod
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.”

Two sisters are next well known as joint-translators of “Hymns from the Land of Luther”—namely, Miss JANE BORTHWICK, and Mrs. SARAH FINDLATER, wife of the Rev. Eric Findlater of Lochearnhead, Scotland. Both sisters are natives of Edinburgh. It is often difficult to say to which sister particular translations are to be attributed. In addition to the work of translation, both sisters possessed the poetic faculty, and wrote hymns of their own. The following one, which is very popular as a leaflet for letters, was written by Miss Jane Borthwick :—

“ Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet—thou knowest, Lord.

“ Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed,—
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid,

And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

“Thou knowest all the present,—each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear!
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone!

“Thou knowest all the future,—gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this—*thou knowest, Lord.*

“Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing—
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o’erflowing,
O Saviour! thou hast wept, and thou hast loved!
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

“Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at thy feet,
On everlasting strength and weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed, we leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.”

As a specimen of Mrs. Findlater’s power as a translator, we quote a few lines of one of Gerard Tersteegen’s hymns,—

“Lord, there are bending now before thee
The elders with their crownèd glory,
The firstborn of the blessed band;
There, too, earth’s ransomed and forgiven,
Brought by the Saviour safe to heaven,
In glad unnumbered myriads stand.

Loud are the songs of praise
Their mingled voices raise.
Ever ! ever !
We too are thine, and with them sing,
'Thou, Lord, and only thou, art King.'

Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1829–1878) is favourably known to the lovers of hymnology as the author of "Christian Singers of Germany," and by many excellent translations of German hymns. We give one short translation by Miss Winkworth of a hymn written by Paul Eber about 1546. It is one of two hymns written by him for the dying, and has been regularly used at death-beds and funerals in both Catholic and Protestant Germany ever since. It is entitled—

DEATH IN THE LORD.

"I fall asleep in Jesus' arms,
Sin washed away, hushed all alarms;
For his dear blood, his righteousness,
My jewels are, my glorious dress,
Wherein before my God I stand,
When I shall reach the heavenly land.

"With peace and joy I now depart,
God's child I am with all my heart.
I thank thee, death, thou ledest me
To that true life where I would be;
So, cleansed by Christ, I fear not death—
Lord Jesus, strengthen thou my faith."

We now quote some verses of a translation of one of Georg Neumark's hymns by her. It is growing into use in English hymnals of later years.

“If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through all evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

“Only be still, and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent.
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

“Nor think, amid the heat of trial,
That God hath cast thee off unheard;
That he whose hopes meet no denial
Must surely be of God preferred:
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.”

Miss FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, one of the earliest and most successful translators of German hymns, was born at Oxford, and resided there for many years. One of Gellert's hymns, commencing, “Jesus lives, no longer now,” was translated by her, and is extensively used in English hymn-books. Another favourite was translated by her from H. T. Schenk's hymns, and runs thus:—

“Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King!

“Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,

These whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,—
Whence came all this glorious band?

“These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng :
These who well the fight sustained
Triumph with the Lamb have gained.

“These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

“These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at his command ;
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Favourite Single Poems.

I.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, wife of the present Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, is well known as a hymn writer of the best order. A more extended notice of her appears in another section.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—

Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the Spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble drest,

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hill-side for a pall,—
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.

God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

II.—COWPER'S GRAVE:

BY MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, born 1809, died 1861 ; wife of Robert Browning the poet. The story of her life is given in a previous section.

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying ;
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying.
Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish ;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing !
O Christians, at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging !
O men, this man in brotherhood
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory ;

And how when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration ;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise,
By wise or good forsaken ;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken.

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him ;
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Toward his love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars,
Harmonious influences :
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number,
And silent shadows from the trees
Refreshed him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chills removing,
Its women and its men became,
Beside him, true and loving.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods,
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With silvan tenderesses.

And while in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated,—
Nor man nor nature satisfies
Whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses ;
That turns his fevered eyes around,—
“ My mother ! where’s my mother ? ”
As if such tender words and deeds
Could come from any other !

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o’er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love,
Th’ unweary love she bore him !
Thus woke the poet from the dream
His life’s long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes
Which closed in death to save him.

Thus ? oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth
Could image that awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew,—
“*My Saviour ! not deserted !*”

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face
No love was manifested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
Th' atoning drops averted ?
What tears have washed them from the soul,
That *one* should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate
From his own essence rather ;
And Adam's sins have swept between
The righteous Son and Father :
Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry
His universe hath shaken ;
It went up single, echoless—
“ My God, I am forsaken ! ”

It went up from the Holy's lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost no son should use
Those words of desolation !
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition ;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision !

III.—THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

BY MISS A. SERGEANT.

The following poem by Miss Adeline Sergeant, the accomplished novelist, is so excellent a rendering of an old legend that I make no apology for inserting it in this section.

“Lo!” quoth the giant, “I am strong—
To no man doth my strength belong;
Whom shall I serve? for I am worth
The greatest monarch on the earth—
Where is he? I will even go
And seek a mighty master now;
For I am strong and most men weak:
If I would find what I would seek,
I must go forth; for he shall be
One that can do more mightily
Than I, or never else can he
Be lord and master over me;
To none but to the mightiest kings
Great Christopher his tribute brings!”
He took his staff and journeyed forth,
To east, and west, and south, and north,
Until he came unto a king
Whose praises all mankind did sing.
“Greatest of all great kings art thou!
Before thy footstool see me bow.
Behold! I offer willingly
My strength and service unto thee!”
He said, and bent his mighty knee.
“Rise up!” then quoth the king, “O rise!
Thou hast found favour in my eyes;
Thou shalt my trusty servant be.
Come! fill the goblet, drink the wine!

Nor care nor sorrow shall be thine ;
Come ! we will hear the minstrel sing,
And pass the night in revelling !”

The minstrel came at close of day,
He sang a wild and mournful lay ;
While high upon his golden throne
The king sat listening, great and lone,
Until there came the name of One,
At which the king, in short unrest,
Did cross himself upon his breast.
Then quoth the giant, “ Why that sign ? ”—
“ To save me from the ill design
And power of Satan, whom I fear
More than all kings of earth and air.”—
“ Then,” said the giant, “ there is one
Whom thou dost fear ? this dost thou own ?
Unto his presence I go now,
For I have made a solemn vow
That I will only homage give
To greatest monarch that may live.”

Then went he forth upon the plain,
And wandered up and down again,
Till, marching towards him, did he see
A band of soldiers merrily ;
And at their head he saw a man
Like none since first the world began.
“ Whom seek'st thou,” said he, “ Christopher ? ”—
“ Satan I seek.”—“ Behold him here.”
Then fell the giant to his knee,
And what he said before said he.
Quoth Satan, “ Rise and follow me.”
They travelled on for many a day,
Through many a wild and dreary way,—

Until one morn the giant eyed,
Erected by the green wayside,
A cross ; which, when the fiend did know,
He turned, and would no farther go.
Said Christopher, " Why do ye so ?"—
" I fear Christ Jesus," Satan cried,
" Who for all sinners bled and died."—
" What ! dost *thou* at another quake !
To him my service will I take."
So left he Satan from that hour,
And never served that master more.

He sadly wandered to and fro,
Knowing not whither he should go :
Thus he approached a hermit's cell,
From whence he heard a tinkling bell ;
And found a holy man, who there
Had vowed to spend his life in prayer.
Said he : " If thou wilt Jesus find,
Thou must strive well with heart and mind ;
And he will give thee duties hard,
For which thou must be well prepared,
So thou must fast." Said he, " Now, nay,
For so my strength I cast away."—
" Then make thy prayers to him all day."
Said he, " I know not how to pray."—
" Then stand upon yon river-brink,"
The hermit said, " and thou wilt see
Many in crossing fall and sink ;
To save them let thy duty be."
The giant did the monk's command ;
He many saved and brought to land,
Guiding the weak with trusty hand,—
All the day long, and all the night,

Saving men's lives by wondrous might,
In storm and sunshine, dark and light ;
So that the Lord of heaven looked down,
And looked no more with dreadful frown,
But with a smile, and said, " Lo, he
Hath found the way of serving me !"

The night was dark, and cold, and gray,
The waters moaned upon their way ;
And Christopher, with ne'er a fear,
Sat by the firelight warm and cheer.
And as he watched, he heard a lone,
Soft voice mix with the waters' moan :
" Christopher," said it, " take me o'er !"
And yet no form the giant saw.
He heard again,— " O Christopher,
Carry me o'er the waters drear."
He looked, and saw a little child
Stand by the waters dark and wild,
With outstretched hands, and garments bright
As stars which gem the skies at night.
He took the child upon his arm,
And vowed to keep it safe from harm ;
Then plunged into the waters cold,
While heavier grew the infant hold
Upon his shoulders : on he went,
Though winds and waters fiercely blent,
As if to stay his bold career,
And force his steadfast heart to fear ;
And heavier still his burden grew,
Yet not a doubt his spirit knew,
And with his staff and nigh-gone strength
He struggled to the shore at length.
" Who art thou, child ? thou art to me

As heavy as the world might be !”
The child made answer,—“ Christopher,
Thy service is accepted. Here,
Go plant thy staff ; it shall take root,
And blossom, bearing leaves and fruit.”
The child then vanished from his sight,
And in the dark and silent night
Saint Christopher fell on his face,
And worshipped in the holy place ;
For he had carried o’er the Lord,
And whom he *served* he now *adored* !

IV.—LIFE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Mrs. Barbauld, author of “Hymns in Prose” and many other productions, was born in 1743, married to Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a French Huguenot, in 1774, and died in London in 1825. A full account of her life and works appears in another section.

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me’s a secret yet.
But this I know—when thou art fled,
Where’er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that there remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly ?
Where bend unseen thy trackless course ?
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound, I !

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came

Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed ?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour,
To break thy lance and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
Oh, say what art thou when no more thou'rt thee.

Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

V.—SCHOOL LIFE

BY MRS. E. A. GODWIN.

I SAT in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there ;
But my eyes were dim with weeping.
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing his face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done!"
And the Master came not near me,
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my heavy sorrow
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard him say,
"My child, thou must bear the burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face divine
Had given me power to trust him,
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And thus I learned my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone:
He only knows the tears I shed,
For he has wept his own.

But from them came a brightness,
Straight from the *home* above,
Where the school life will be ended
And the cross will show the love.

VI.—SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. CHARLES.

Mrs. Charles, the accomplished author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" and many similar works, is a writer of original hymns as well as a translator and novelist. She is resident in London, and still follows the profession of literature.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two!

For the heart grows rich in giving—
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep beneath the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And, together, both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty ?
None but God its void can fill ;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power ?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

VII.—THE CHANGED CROSS.

BY MRS. C. HOBART.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needed discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, almost, and yielding to despair,
The thought arose, My cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see ;
Oh ! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around ;
Even Nature's voices uttered not a sound ;

The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me, trembling as I lay,
And "Follow me," he said; "I am the way."

Then speaking thus, he led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took;
But all at once my frame beneath it shook.
The sparkling jewels, fair they were to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if any there could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.

Wondering I gazed ; and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that cross, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me ;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair !
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found ;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart ;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me ;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then with lightened eyes and willing feet
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—
The only one, of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest ;

And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh, how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because he knows the end.

VIII.—NO SECT IN HEAVEN

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a Churchman down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated upon the tide ;
And no one asked in that blissful spot
If he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made :
"My coat and hat must be all of gray ;
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in ;
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat—
A moment he silently sighed over that ;
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away, away ;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms,
Tied neatly up, in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing—
That the people in heaven "all round" might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked his surprise, as, one by one,
The "Psalms and Hymns" in the waves went down.

And after him, with his manuscripts,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness ;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do ?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there, on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide ;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came ;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end ?"—
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."—
"But I have been dipped, as you see me now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you.
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss ;
But you must go that way—I will go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might
Away to the left—his friend on the right—
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down ;
Of women there seemed a wondrous throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *Old* or the *New* way, which it should be ;
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,—
“ You're in the *Old* way, and I'm in the *New* ;
 That is the false, and *this* is the true.”
Or, “ I'm in the *Old* way, and you're in the *New* ;
 That is the false, and *this* is the true.”

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek ;
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,—
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross o'er the swelling tide,—

A voice arose from the brethren then :
“ Let no one speak but the holy men ;
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
‘ Let the women keep silence all ’ ? ”

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream ;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,

And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side.

Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And Priest, and Quaker, and all who died
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, nor suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, nor MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

THE END.

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